



THE INFANTA MARIA DE LA PAZ (PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND OF BAVARIA)

THROUGH FOUR REVOLUTIONS 1862-1933

BY

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OF BAVARIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN

SET FORTH FROM HER DIARIES AND
CORRESPONDENCE BY HER SON

H.R.H. PRINCE ADALBERT OF BAVARIA

AND EDITED WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES BY
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TO
MY MOTHER

To-day, on your seventieth birthday, I offer you this book that we have made together. Of your seventy years we have shared forty-six, and in good times or in bad there has never been a misunderstanding between us. I thank you for your unending love and patience, and pray with all my heart that you will be spared to us for many years to bless and protect us as you have always done.

ADALBERT.

MUNICH :
The twenty-third of June, 1932.

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INTRODUCTION

ALL Royal personages have a unique and invaluable birthright of which no revolution can deprive them : they are so fortunate as to be born internationally minded. This qualification belongs in an unusual degree to the great Royal House of Bourbon, branches of which have reigned for hundreds of years in France, Spain, the Two Sicilies and Parma : moreover, by the marriages of Princesses and Princes of this ancient House, Bourbon blood flows in the veins of nearly every European Royal Family.

The authoress of these Memoirs, Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, born an Infanta of Spain, was educated in France, married in Germany, is closely related to the Royal families of Italy, Austria, France, Belgium, Prussia, Portugal and, more distantly, to those of Sweden, Luxembourg, and Great Britain. The Princess is therefore by birth, education, circumstances and, as it also happens, by temperament and experience, unusually well qualified to write a volume of reminiscences in many ways unique. If one has close blood relations in every country in Europe, extreme nationalism, a rigidly narrow outlook in politics, in culture or even in religion is quite impossible. Nor should it be forgotten that the members of the European Royal Houses were, to their great honour, the first to renew international amity and friendship after the War, even as throughout the War they were amongst the very few who succeeded in retaining a measure of international sanity and charity. For these reasons alone Princess Ludwig Ferdinand's intimate yet objective record has an unusual value and usefulness at the present moment ;

moreover, a pageant of historic personages, it is a definite contribution to the history of the past seventy years. Indeed, to be privileged to know the Princess personally, or even only through her writings, is a precious enlargement of international goodwill and Christian charity.

Born with an ambition to be a writer the Princess has kept a diary since she was twelve years old, and has so industriously cultivated her literary gifts that she has won a name for herself in both Spain and Germany. Anyone wishing quickly to reassure themselves as to her ability to write with charm and a moving simplicity need only turn to her account of the illness and death of her sister-in-law Mercedes, bride of her brother Alfonso XII., the piteous "five months' Queen," or the account of the fantastic dinner-party given to her by Ludwig II. on the roof of his Palace, to her tribute to the great Spanish violinist Sarasate, or to her description of the first state visit of her nephew King Alfonso XIII. to the Court of Bavaria.¹

Since the death of her elder sister the Infanta Isabel two years ago, there can hardly be a person alive who combines personal experience of the Spanish revolution of 1868, the French revolution of 1870, the German revolution of 1918, and the Spanish revolution of 1931: and not only personal experience of them in their historic aspect, but intimate, inside knowledge of what they meant to the chief actors, not only as Royal personages, but as suffering human beings. We are, therefore, all indebted to the Royal authoress for setting forth these things with directness and a quiet humour for our pleasure, and for the guidance of historians. The Princess writes of what she has seen, known and felt, and does so in an unpretentious, modest style that reflects the graciousness, candour and sincerity of her character and personality. Inevitably at times something of the wistful attraction of the original Spanish, French or German evaporates in translation, but not much, because the authoress is

¹ See pages 71, 121-4, 276-8.

unusually fortunate in having as her translator her younger son Prince Adalbert, and Miss Emma Delaney, her friend and lady-in-waiting for many years : these two, it can unhesitatingly be said, intimately know the Princess's very thoughts. In addition to all this Princess Ludwig Ferdinand is extraordinarily fortunate in being able to reinforce her Diary and enrich her narrative with such a generous number of unpublished letters from prominent personages of the past century as can hardly ever have appeared before in any single volume ; certainly no other writer of memoirs could possibly have been in a position to reproduce some sixty unpublished letters from Queen Ysabel of Spain, and ten or twelve intimate epistles from the romantic and mysterious King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, who is, so far, only known as a correspondent through his published letters to Wagner.

In delving into his mother's rich and apparently exhaustless store of letters Prince Adalbert has displayed an admirable skill in extracting rare morsels for our pleasure and edification. Inevitably the many letters from the Queen Regent Cristina of Spain to her sister-in-law appearing in this volume have been selected for the purpose of carrying on the story, and while each one of them does something to make known to us that attractive and remarkable woman, the letter in which she describes the state of Spain at the time of the war in Cuba proves her to have been a wise, cautious and far-seeing Ruler, and exhibits some of her many difficulties and the courage and self-abnegation with which she met and overcame them.

The letters from the Infanta Isabel and Queen Margherita of Italy give us portraits of two of the most attractive Princesses of the nineteenth century ; while the three or four letters from the Emperor William II. reveal him as possessing a simplicity, charm, courtesy and humanity which it has long been the fashion to deny him : it is in a matter like this that Princess Ludwig Ferdinand enables us to rectify for ourselves the hasty and unbalanced judgments of contemporary history.

It is, however, when circumstances compelled him to limit himself to one letter from some historic personage that Prince Adalbert displays rare editorial skill. What could be more self-revealing than the single examples of their correspondence that we have here from Prince Adalbert's grandfather King Francisco de Asis, the Empress Frederick, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Queen Amélie of Portugal?—King Francisco, formal, courtly, courteous, a student and scholar, able to speak and write with urbane elegance in half a dozen languages—perhaps a little chilly and over-precise; the Empress Frederick, in the depths of almost chronic woe, using a superscription her son William II. would not have employed in his most arrogant moments; King Ferdinand, possessor of the best brain in Europe, displaying with somewhat sardonic humour, on a stage far too small, his tenacity, shrewdness and foresight; Queen Amélie, the most tragically fated Bourbon Princess of our time, tenderly submissive to the will of God; proudly, courageously devoted to her remaining son and to her hapless country.

In the letters of his here quoted, and in all her descriptions and references to him, we are given an unforgettable portrait of Alfonso XII. as a King and as a brother and friend; nor is the portrait of his only son Don Alfonso XIII., although more familiar, any less interesting and revealing. All these letters, and many more, reflect for us in a self-held mirror the personality and character of their respective writers, and therefore enlarge our knowledge of human nature and, where necessary, correct our historical perspective. Nor are we limited to Royal personages. The Princess, like her mother Queen Ysabel II. and her sisters the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, ever went out of her way to meet the truly great—the musicians, poets, painters, writers, teachers and philanthropists of her day and generation. The poor and lonely she has ever loved. Only two classes did she avoid—politicians and war-mongers. Towards the rest of

our variegated world her heart and mind were always open.

In the interests of clearness and convenience it should perhaps be said here that in order to perfect her knowledge of that language, the very early Diary of the authoress was kept in French ; from her return to Spain after the Accession of her brother Alfonso XII. it was for the most part kept in Spanish. The correspondence of Queen Ysabel II. and all the members of the Spanish Royal family, including the Queen Regent Maria Cristina, was conducted in Spanish ; King Ludwig II. of Bavaria wrote to Princess Ludwig Ferdinand in French and to his cousin her husband in German ; all the letters of the Emperor William II. here quoted were written in French although, as a general rule, he wrote in German ; King Ferdinand of Bulgaria wrote in German ; the Empress Frederick, Queen Margherita of Italy and Queen Amélie of Portugal wrote in French. Princess Ludwig Ferdinand wrote her *Impresiones* in Spanish ; her son Prince Adalbert is entirely responsible for the German version of *Through Four Revolutions* ¹ and, except where they bear the Prince's initials, the notes throughout are by the Editor.

II

It is, however, by the portraits of her father the King Consort Francisco and her mother Queen Ysabel II. that Princess Ludwig Ferdinand places us most deeply in her debt. It is noteworthy that Don Francisco had almost as great a predilection for English as Ludwig II. had for French ; partly educated in England, he spoke and wrote our language with ease and correctness, was always elegant in dress and manner, declared that only English clothes were fit to cover a gentleman, and only English servants

¹ *Vier Revolutionen und einiges dazwischen* : zusammengestellt von ihrem Sohne Dr. Phil. Prinz Adalbert von Bayern : München, Hans Eder Verlag, 1932.

sufficiently quiet, unobtrusive, well trained and efficient to wait on one. His wife Queen Ysabel, his daughter the Infanta Eulalia, and most of their family, shared this admiration for our country; and, with a copy of the most flattering photograph of every eligible Princess in Europe lying on his desk, did not his grandson King Alfonso XIII. unhesitatingly choose his Consort in England?

By quoting so many of Queen Ysabel's characteristic letters Princess Ludwig Ferdinand provides historians with indispensable material. Eschewing politics, the Princess presents us with a most attractive picture; and its authenticity is self-evident inasmuch as it is largely Queen Ysabel herself who paints it for us. It makes us understand why Ysabel was adored throughout Spain—is indeed loved and remembered there to this very day—and suggests interesting and perhaps not entirely valueless parallels between the two most notable contemporary Queens Regnant.

Queen Ysabel's admiration for England and the British Sovereign made her desirous of wearing the Garter. She let her wish be known, and there can be no doubt but that Queen Victoria would have been glad to grant it. However, there was then no precedent; until King Edward VII. bestowed the Order on Queen Alexandra the only woman who had worn it was Queen Victoria herself and she was Sovereign of the Order by virtue of her birth.

Queen Victoria was eleven years older than Ysabel and was always concerned for the welfare of the girl Sovereign whose earlier destiny was in so many respects similar to her own. She was also interested in Ysabel's mother La Reina Gobernadora Cristina, the widow of Fernando VII. In January, 1837, she wrote to her uncle Leopold King of the Belgians¹:

. . . I trust, notwithstanding what you say, I may yet live to see Spain and Portugal settled. . . . Pray, dear Uncle,

¹ *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861*: Edited by A. C. Benson, M.A., and Viscount Esher, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. London: John Murray, 1908.

may I ask you a silly question ?—is not the Queen of Spain rather clever ? . . . And do you know what sort of people are about poor little Queen Isabel ? . . .

Receiving no answer this persistent young Princess, who, within six months, was to be Queen, wrote again from Claremont fourteen days later :

. . . There were two questions in my last letter but one, which you have not answered, dear Uncle. They are : 1st, What you think of the Queen Christina of Spain, what opinion *you* have of her, as one cannot believe *reports* ? 2nd, If you know what sort of people are about poor little Queen Isabel, and if she is being *well* or *ill* brought up ? . . .

If Queen Victoria was the greater Sovereign, Ysabel was perhaps in some ways the greater woman. Victoria won admiration and reverence ; Ysabel passionate hate or passionate love. Both were intensely and absolutely feminine. Through a wise marriage, strenuous training, self-discipline, and unyielding effort lasting many years, Queen Victoria became the historic embodiment of common sense. Monumental. Queen Ysabel never had this good fortune. Supremely happy in her home life, married to a Consort of fine intellect and strong character on whom she could depend for wise, disinterested unselfish advice, who quietly, firmly and consistently curbed her autocratic tendencies, Victoria went through the first forty-two years of her life, and the first twenty-four of her reign, impregnably guarded. Nor was she less fortunate in her public life. While Lord Melbourne was guiding like a tender, wise father the first footsteps of the young English Queen, one of Ysabel's Ministers, after forcing his way into her presence, was using physical violence to make her sign a state document against her will. True, when her subjects heard rumours of this they rushed to the Palace to defend her ; but then, and later, their young Sovereign was the victim of intrigues, pressures, secret ultimatums such as no schoolgirl could withstand, and of which the bulk of her people were of necessity entirely ignorant. These and many other

similar hateful early experiences left Ysabel ever afterwards too susceptible to the influence of those who employed courtesy, kindness and flattery; over-suspicious, sometimes indeed resentful, of good advice where it was accompanied by any hint of censure or arbitrariness. Neither Ysabel nor Victoria ever forgot—or permitted anyone else to forget—that she was a Queen Regnant.

Against a list of Victoria's Prime Ministers which included such illustrious names as those of Melbourne, Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury and Rosebery, what had poor Queen Ysabel to show?

Perhaps no woman in history has been more misunderstood and maligned than Ysabel II. This was inevitable because she was born, brought up, reigned and abdicated in the very centre of European and domestic storm and faction, and her position as Heiress to the Throne was challenged from her birth by the Carlists. Her mother La Reina Gobernadora Cristina was a remarkable and able woman, but nothing she did, or could have done, saved her daughter from being the plaything of the intensely bitter factionism of Spanish politics from the day when a baby of three she succeeded her father Fernando VII., until the day when thirty-five years later she quitted Spain a sorrowful and disillusioned woman. Whatever Ysabel's inheritance from her father, she inherited from her mother a proud spirit, dauntless courage, and a strong, perhaps stubborn will. During one of the many political crises of which La Reina Gobernadora was the victim she had to flee from her house in Madrid to her daughter's Palace for safety. When they strongly advised her to steal away like a thief and across the frontier secretly like a felon she exclaimed: "I leave this Palace as a Queen or as a corpse"!

Another example of her quickness was the well-known witty thrust at Espartero, who was of humble origin and who had repeatedly treated her very badly. Reproaching him the last time she saw him she ex-

claimed : " Addio, Señor ! I have made you a Duke, I have made you everything—but not even the Almighty Himself could make you a gentleman ! "

Ysabel's marriage, " the Spanish Marriage " as it was called, which should have been purely a Spanish, indeed a domestic question, was twisted by politicians—of whom Guizot and Palmerston were the most guilty—for their own ends into a disgusting international embroglio.

Had Queen Victoria's early interest, and subsequent warm admiration, for Ysabel an ethical basis ? Did the warm, understanding woman's heart of the British Sovereign by any chance, when thinking of the Spanish Sovereign, ever echo Bunyan's immortal exclamation when he saw a poor wretch being led off to execution : There, but for the Grace of God, go I ?

And truly it was indeed a matter of the Grace of God. The English and Spanish Queens could boast (or deplore) an immediate ancestry similarly headstrong, unstable, passionate, full-blooded and morally at one with the low ideals and loose conventions of their period. Each Queen, fatherless as a baby, was born of an old, not to say decrepit, man and an affectionate impulsive woman not always sufficiently circumspect or prudent—although mentally, the Duchess of Kent was in nowise comparable to La Reina Gobernadora. Both Victoria and Ysabel, as was the fashion of the times, were impregnated from birth with a tremendous idea of Royalty. Both were entirely feminine, warm-hearted, greedy of affection, susceptible, passionate, needing, nay demanding a strong man to lean on and love. And it was just at this point that good fortune overtook Victoria and forsook Ysabel. The English Princess was carefully educated, cloistered, kept in ignorance of her great destiny till she was eleven years of age ; did not succeed till she was eighteen. Ysabel was Queen from the time she was three years old, actually taking over the reins from her mother when she was only thirteen. Nothing was allowed to compromise the success of the young Vic-

toria's upbringing and education : that of Ysabel was perpetually interfered with by family bickerings, politics, turmoils, rebellions, intrigues, jealousies, and Civil War. Nothing embittered Ysabel's youth more than the Carlist rebellions which made her suffer all her life as keenly as the Stuart rebellions made Queen Anne suffer. Yet she never lost a chance of trying to compose the feud. As late as December, 1877, when her son Alfonso XII. was on the Throne, Ysabel had her pension stopped and was branded by her political enemies and those of her son and dynasty as a traitor simply because one of her many efforts to bring about peace between the two branches of her House became public.

When Victoria first saw the Prince they wished her to marry she was so fortunate as to fall irretrievably in love with him, and so remained. Poor, unlucky Ysabel had one near relative after another trotted out for her and, with an innate womanly wisdom, rejected them all. Eventually, against her declared will, as a pawn on the complicated European chessboard of the period, she was forced into a marriage with Don Francisco de Asis, who was not only her first cousin on both his paternal and maternal sides, but was so like her in feature that he might have been her brother ! It says much for the fine native qualities of both Francisco and Ysabel that they remained good friends all their lives, and each retained in fullest measure their respect for one another and the love and devotion of their children.

Another parallel between Victoria and Ysabel is that each considered herself the modern prototype of a more illustrious ancestress : the British Sovereign firmly and unyieldingly wielding the sceptre of the great Elizabeth the Protestant ; the Spanish, that of the equally great Ysabel the Catholic. Victoria took with seriousness her title of *Fidei Defensor* ; Ysabel held as something almost sacred her obligations as *Catholic Queen*, and so much admired her great ancestress that, like her, she always spelled her name

with the old-fashioned Y instead of I, and in the Madrid Archives many documents initialled Y.II. are to be found. Yet, although both Victoria and Ysabel were sincerely religious, accepting, as was the fashion of the times, their respective creeds as the ultimate and perfect expression of the mind and will of the Creator, neither of them had an atom of fanaticism in her nature.

III

One of the most admirable qualities of Ysabel's great, warm heart was her intense love for her family, which extended in a quite unusual degree to all her grandchildren. Don Alfonso XIII. (whom she always respectfully refers to as the King) she simply adored, and he fully and gratefully returned her affection. In a letter not quoted in this volume Queen Ysabel addresses Princess Ludwig Ferdinand as "My dearest daughter Paz of my life and my heart": (for the sake of brevity when quoting letters Prince Adalbert has for the most part omitted beginnings and endings, which is rather a pity as they are peculiarly revealing). In the body of the letter in question the Queen uses more than once the endearment "Pachuca mia" (my little Paz), a delicious Basque diminutive only to be heard in the mountains around Santillana del Mar, and she repeatedly refers to her eldest Bavarian grandson Prince Ferdinand—then but a few months old and whom she had only seen once—as "my beautiful grandchild Fernandito"; she encloses a recipe for making Spanish croquettes—which, surely, would be very bad for him—and wishes she could see "my grandson, your boy, eating them." Nor does she ever neglect spiritual things: she is just about to go specially to Seville Cathedral to kneel before the body of the great San Fernando himself and hear Mass in thanksgiving to God "for having cured you so miraculously and for having given you a Fernandito so beautiful". Mothers are not, as a rule, supposed to be too fond of

their sons-in-law, but Queen Ysabel liked and admired her nephew and son-in-law Prince Ludwig Ferdinand from the moment she first saw him, and concludes this delightfully affectionate letter with : " To Ludwig a very loving embrace on my behalf ; he already knows well how much I love him, that I bless him with all my heart and love him dearly because he loves you so much, my Pachuca " . . .

To this woman, home, children, friends, affection, love—were as essential as the very air she breathed.

Of course historians are too near the times of Ysabel II., too ignorant of her personality, and too oblivious of her stupendous difficulties, to give us as yet an unbiassed judgment. Queen Victoria herself was in her youth impulsive, outspoken, unwise ; she was frequently, and for long periods, misjudged, even disliked, by her people. It is only now through the publication of the Queen's *Letters* that we are sufficiently informed to come to a right judgment of the character and achievements of the august Sovereign, and we owe it to the generosity of His Majesty King George V. and the brilliant labours of Mr. Buckle, and his predecessors Mr. A. C. Benson and the late Lord Esher, that we are at last justified in doing so. Alas ! the Spanish Queen cannot hope for equal good fortune, but, at least, her eldest surviving daughter here does much to make the Queen's character and actions understandable, and to undermine the huge, ugly, lying façade of gossip and innuendo that has been erected around Ysabel II. in the sacred name of history.

If Ysabel has been misrepresented for their own ends by political writers, she has been almost equally misrepresented by biographers and writers of reminiscences. Only the other day one read in a biography of a dancer that Liszt refused to play before Ysabel II. because Spanish etiquette precluded his being received personally by the Queen, and he declined to go to her Palace as a mere musician ! The " Spanish etiquette " of which such a fuss is made by writers

who concern themselves with the Courts of Madrid and Vienna simply never existed. If it were not mere silliness and ignorance, it would be preposterous to suggest that Liszt would not be received by the Sovereign who was not only proud to know every famous artist and writer of her time, but who paid for the education of Sarasate¹ and dozens of other musicians of lesser rank, and who brought up her son Alfonso XII. and her daughter Isabel to follow her example in this respect. It would be no less preposterous to suggest that a Sovereign who went into exile rather than allow her Ministers to dictate to her as to whom she should keep in her personal entourage would allow any etiquette, however "Spanish," to prevent her receiving anyone she wished to receive. The Queen who wrote personally to Lenbach to thank him gratefully for the mere promise to paint her portrait was not only a great gentlewoman; she was a humble admirer of genius in all its manifestations. Ysabel's utter lack of foolish pride is amusingly illustrated by an incident which took place soon after her arrival in France in 1868 as an exile. She summoned, to give her legal advice, Señor Salmeron, a noted Spanish lawyer then resident in Paris. Immediately he presented himself he considered it necessary to say:

"Of course you know I am a republican and cannot possibly address you as Majesty."

"I know it very well, and it makes no difference whatever to me. Perhaps you can bring yourself to use the word *du* and address me in the second person singular? It is the form used by my brother Sovereigns and by my children and family."

"Of course I can, with great, great pleasure, *Your Majesty*."

Ysabel's understanding humanity, sense of humour, ready tact and absolutely irresistible smile saved many an awkward situation: on the other hand, her womanly conviction that they were sufficiently potent weapons to govern turbulent Spaniards, to get always her own

¹ See page 278.

way, to overcome every difficulty, national or international, led her into many a scrape. Yet, in honesty it must be acknowledged that in the existing conditions in Spain, they were almost the only weapons she had. Martin Hume, who personally knew the Spain of Ysabel II. as no other writer or historian did, has described how, against the advice of her Ministers, Ysabel put on her robes and crown, drove unannounced to the Chamber of Deputies, faced an angry and rebellious Cortes threatening her dethronement, and in a gracious, winsome, sensible speech so won them to her that they cheered her to a man and the crisis was averted.

An old Spanish noble, the Marqués de T., who knew both King Francisco and Queen Ysabel well, was once asked by the writer to define in a sentence their personalities. He said: King Francisco was a scholar, courteous, retiring, reserved, utterly unsuited to be the husband of Queen Ysabel or King Consort of Spain. The Queen was fat, yet extremely dignified, even graceful; she had a rather ugly nose, wonderful eyes and eyelashes, an attractive voice, beautiful hands and feet, an irresistible smile, and more fascination than the combined total of any dozen women I have ever met—and I have met some of the loveliest, cleverest and most fascinating women of my time in Spain, in England and in France.

None who knew her only son Alfonso XII., none privileged to know her daughters the Infanta Isabel, the Infanta Paz and the Infanta Eulalia, or her grandson King Alfonso XIII., can doubt the authenticity of this tribute to Queen Ysabel's quenchless charm.

The misrepresentation to which Queen Ysabel has been subjected has in some degree or other followed all the members of her family. Even her eldest daughter the saintly Infanta Isabel, the adored and almost faultless idol of the Spanish people, did not escape. When the young Queen Mercedes, first wife of her only brother Alfonso XII., died tragically of typhoid fever after a brief five months of marriage,

some of the self-constituted historians of Madrid started the rumour that she had been *murdered* by her jealous sister-in-law the Infanta Isabel—presumably because if the Queen had children the Infanta would cease to be Princess of Asturias and Heiress to the Throne! The statement appeared at the time in some Spanish newspapers and was repeated here and there in newspapers all over the world—newspapers presumably that were at enmity with either Spain or the Spanish Royal House. A year later, before the Archduchess Cristina left Vienna to become the second wife of Alfonso XII., she was personally warned to beware of the Infanta Isabel, “who was a most ambitious and dangerous woman.” So is history made! And nothing is more difficult than to unmake such history because something fundamentally and almost unbelievably base and low and class-conscious in human nature makes even intelligent people ready to believe stories of dirt in high places, stories which, if told of persons in a lower grade of life, they would instinctively and indignantly repudiate.

Eminently suited by nature and temperament to be a devoted wife and mother, essentially a Spaniard with few or no ambitions outside Spain, Ysabel II., the most great-hearted of women, was cast by fate for a tragic rôle for which she was totally unsuited and which she ardently disliked. By a strange irony of history she was amply and quickly avenged. Her marriage led to the ruin of Louis Philippe and the House of Orleans; her dethronement to that of Napoleon III. and the House of Bonaparte; indeed, through the Franco-German War of 1870 her abdication led directly to the world-shaking catastrophe of 1914-1918, and the ruin of the great Russian, Austrian and German Empires.

IV

One of the most delightful things in Princess Ludwig Ferdinand's Memoirs is this overwhelming evidence

of the love and affection that existed amongst all the members of the Spanish Royal family, from La Reina Gobernadora and Queen Ysabel II. down to the present day. Even the witty pen of the Infanta Eulalia, denouncing the almost countless number of her relations and their ubiquity, shows clearly what a united family they were and are. Alfonso XII. in his love for his grandmother La Reina Gobernadora Cristina, his mother Ysabel II. and his sisters was a model of what a son and brother should be. Even Queen Ysabel's generous heart could not quite forget the treachery of her brother-in-law Montpensier to the extent of welcoming his daughter Mercedes as her son's Consort ; but she could respect her son's decision and sacrifice herself for her children ; therefore, after the Accession of Alfonso XII. and his Montpensier marriage, she returned to her exile in France, although, as we can see from her letters, it nearly broke her heart to give up the companionship of her daughters.

Queen Ysabel willingly made the sacrifice when she clearly realized that only by so doing could she prevent any suspicion of desiring to mix herself up with politics and her son's government or his family affairs. Moreover, she clearly realized that it was better for her daughters' future that they should remain at the Spanish Court. Alfonso XII. promised his mother that he would take charge of his sisters and see to their further education, which he did in a most generous way. He not only paid for all their masters and mistresses, but also for their private expenses, although, as Infantas of Spain and daughters of a Queen Regnant, each had her own appanage ; but he wished this money to remain untouched so that they might have it for their dowry later. The relations between sisters and brother were perfect ; they were bound in closest union by their love and admiration for their mother, their common love of literature, music, oratory and poetry, their deathless love for Spain.

A few weeks before the Spanish Revolution of 1931, the fourth recorded in this book, the venerable Infanta

Isabel—then almost within sight of her own death—was asked by a friend for her final judgment of her mother. She drew up her bent figure, her blue eyes—so like the lovely vivid blue eyes of that mother—glowed as those of a young girl, and her warm Spanish voice vibrated with affectionate veneration as she declared: “She was a great Queen.”

Martin Hume, already quoted, says . . . “she won all Spanish hearts . . . her people contended passionately that she was ‘*Muy reina y muy española*’—a thorough Queen and a thorough Spaniard.”

If, in all vicissitudes political or otherwise, to rise above all bitterness, and resentment, to forgive all betrayals and ingritudes, to keep alive faith in man and God, to win and hold the love of your family, of your descendants, of your friends in every country, of the people over whom you reign, even of your political foes, be a test of true greatness, then Ysabel II. need not be denied its possession.

D. C.-H.

MUNICH,

January 21, 1933.

CHAPTER ONE

The First Revolution : Spain, 1868

MY MOTHER, the Infanta Maria de la Paz (Mary of Peace), was born in the Royal Palace of Madrid on Monday the twenty-third of June, 1862, and was only six years old when Queen Ysabel's thirty-five years' reign came suddenly to an end ; it is therefore no wonder that she personally remembers but little of the political turbulence of those early days in Spain. Nevertheless, her first-hand intimate knowledge is considerable because, as one would expect, the details of her mother's reign, and its dramatic end, were continually being discussed before the members of the family, Ysabel II. being by no means reticent.

All my mother's early memories are centred around Ysabel II., not as Queen of Spain in splendour and power, but simply as her beloved parent. Not once during Ysabel's life was there the slightest friction between them, and almost as harmonious were my mother's relationships with her brother and her three sisters : Isabel, the eldest, who until the birth of her only brother was Princess of Asturias, was ten years older than my mother ; her only brother—afterwards Alfonso XII.—five years older ; Pilar, who died young, one year older ; and Eulalia, the baby, two years younger : of all the children of Queen Ysabel only these five survived.

Don Francisco de Asis—he bore the title of King Consort granted to him by his wife—my mother respected and honoured as an ever-kind and watchful father, but her mother, brother and sisters were nearer and dearer to her.

King Francisco's sister, the Infanta Amalia, had married Prince Adalbert, youngest son of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, and lived in Munich, thereby establishing close marriage relations between the Royal Houses of Spain and Bavaria, which have been strengthened in each succeeding generation: of the Infanta Amalia and her two sons Ludwig Ferdinand and Alfons, and her three daughters Isabella, Elvira and Clara, we shall hear frequently later on.

There were always a great many people in charge of Queen Ysabel's children. Each of the little Infantas had for her own particular service eight ladies and the same number of servant maids: the ladies took turns in waiting week and week about; if widows they were called *axafatas*, that is ladies of the Queen's wardrobe, whose sole duty was to hand the dresses or jewels Her Majesty was about to put on, and to receive them from her hands when she disrobed; if unmarried they were called *Camaristas* or maids of honour. Each group was directed by a lady of higher rank, and over them all reigned the *Aya*—a Grandee of Spain—the only one of them who lived outside; the others had apartments in the Palace where they resided with their families and filled an entire wing of the immense building called La Portería de Damas or residence of the Ladies-in-Waiting, which contained everything that this retinue considered necessary, even a special Chapel for themselves. When the Queen's eldest daughter the Infanta Isabel married the Conte di Girgenti in May, 1868, and her Household had to be broken up, her little sisters were given her eight discharged ladies in addition to their own! Whenever, as sometimes happened during those disturbed times, an officer was killed, his daughters were taken into the Portería de Damas as a matter of course. When a *Camarista* got married the Queen always gave her a substantial dowry from her privy purse. It would be impossible to enumerate all the dependents and hangers-on who, trading on the well-known generosity of Ysabel II., made themselves comfortable in the Portería.

The Court Physicians are amongst the most unpleasant of my mother's early recollections. They visited the children every morning and, after studying the report made out specially for each child, invariably ordered them some new medicine or other. As each doctor had his own methods and opinion the poor children were forced to swallow every week a different concoction ; the worthy Court doctors, each wishing to outdo the other in zeal, made sure during their seven days on duty that the young Infantas swallowed as great a variety of medicaments as time and their physical capacity permitted.

Dreadful, too, must have been the Court etiquette on the frequent feast days, all of which were carefully observed in the Palace ; the unfortunate children were dressed up in stiff, low-necked frocks, covered with jewels and Orders, and made to sit upright on high satin-covered chairs, all in a row in the ante-chamber of the Throne-room. There they had to remain quite still until all the Gentlemen of the Household and Officers of the Palace Guard, kneeling before them on a cushion, kissed their baby hands.

Even their daily walk was a complicated affair. They were driven to the Royal gardens, known as the Casa de Campo, or to El Pardo, the picturesque and extensive Royal estate adjoining the gardens, escorted by an equerry, grooms and outriders. Once there they might run about and play, but always under the supervision of their numerous lady guards : it was not very amusing, but the children did not know anything better.

Carnival days were an exception, and were considered particularly thrilling. The centre of Madrid swarmed with masqueraders ; custom permitted masked figures, friends or strangers, to jump up on the carriage steps, or perhaps get into the carriages and bandy jokes and wit with the occupants. On those privileged days even the strict Court etiquette was relaxed and things allowed which at no other time were permissible. For the little Infantas the Carnival

was their ideal of perfect amusement ! They were dressed up in fancy costume, and Queen Ysabel took particular pleasure in having them as pretty as possible ; they drove in an open carriage with their ladies, up and down the Salon del Prado, as the well-known fashionable promenade in Madrid was then called, and beaming with pleasure watched the “ masks ” running about from carriage to carriage, and felt themselves immensely enterprising and important. For them it was the only change in the eternal monotony of their life.

Carnival in Madrid has always remained one of the brightest spots in my mother's childish memories.

II

The revolution of September, 1868, changed everything completely : naturally it was the greatest event in my mother's childhood. To speak in detail of the political happenings that preceded the downfall of Ysabel II. would here be out of place. The revolution was the outcome of long years of ferment and agitation in the country ; however, for those most directly concerned it came—as usual—as an unpleasant surprise. Opposition, crises, and revolts were the order of the day as long as Queen Ysabel could remember. To her such conditions were nothing extraordinary, accustomed as she was to them from babyhood. Immediately after the death of her father—she was then only three years old—the First Carlist War broke out, and throughout nearly seven years devastated the country and cost much blood. It was only later Ysabel came to understand that she was indirectly the cause of the war—because she was born a girl and not a boy. Her uncle Don Carlos de Bourbon, Conde de Molina (called by his followers Carlos V.) maintained that he, and not Ysabel, was the legitimate heir of Fernando VII., insisting that his brother had no right to reintroduce the old Spanish non-Salic law

allowing the female succession.¹ But it is quite clear that Fernando VII. had this right, because the Salic law applied only to the French Bourbons, and had never obtained in Spain; it would have been an anomaly in a country where titles descend in the female line. In Spain, in the absence of sons, a woman not only inherits her father's Ducal or other title; by marriage she bestows it upon her husband should he not have one of his own: moreover, she can, and very often does, retain her own family name instead of adopting his or, alternatively, he adds her name to his own. In such conditions a female Sovereign is obviously not only perfectly legal, but perfectly appropriate.

The position in Spain attracted a great deal of attention in England. The cause of the young Queen, who was only eleven years junior of Queen Victoria, aroused considerable popular sympathy; a British Legion was organized and fought for Ysabel throughout the First Carlist War.² It was followed by interior revolts and risings against Fernando's widow, the Queen Regent Cristina, whose official title was La Reina Gobernadora, and, later on, against Ysabel herself. Generals became politicians; parties attacked each other; Ministers rose and fell; what would have been naked high treason in other armies was called in Spain *pronunciamientos* ³ and, instead of condemning, the Judges and Courts of Law mostly condoned them! The reason for this lies at the very roots of Spanish character and must always be taken into account when judging Spain and Spaniards. In Spain a man is never submerged in his office; the assumption of a priest's frock, an Alcalde's hat, a soldier's uniform, a policeman's truncheon, or even a Judge's robe or Sovereign's crown, is not permitted

¹ See Genealogical Chart No. IV.

² 1833-1840.

³ The term used in Spain to imply the determination of any party, sufficiently powerful, to make a change in the established order of the State.

by the Spaniard to modify, much less cancel, a single one of his rights as *hombre*—man: a Spaniard is always a human being first and last, and only incidentally an official.

During her long reign Ysabel had in the end always mastered the many risings and revolts, so why not now?

True, it was a bitter moment for her when, during the last years of her reign, the Duc de Montpensier, fifth son of King Louis Philippe and husband of her only sister the Infanta Luisa Fernanda, was mixed up in the conspiracies of her enemies, and had to be exiled: from Portugal he continued to plot against her with the fomenters of the coming revolution.

The fact was that in spite of all those threatening signs no one *wanted* to believe in the seriousness of the situation; as usual everyone underestimated their opponents and overestimated their adherents. In the late summer of 1868 Spain was in much the same condition as in the spring of 1931: there were very few at Court who told the Monarch the unvarnished truth, but many flatterers who diverted attention from the danger. Thus it was that the Monarchists suddenly found themselves confronted by very unpleasant facts—when it was much too late to take effective measures. Moreover, Queen Ysabel was surrounded by certain friends and advisers who were hated by the politicians and military, and who were undermining confidence in the Queen even amongst the more moderate: obstinately loyal, she continued to trust these people, and thus herself unwisely gave occasion for suspicion and even slander. Ysabel had innumerable good qualities, but they were mostly of the heart rather than of the head, and a cold and calculating discretion was not amongst them—a fact which, on the whole, endeared her to the Spanish people, who hold her memory in real affection.

Then, at length, the catastrophe actually arrived.

On the eleventh of August, 1868, the Government foolishly allowed the Queen with the King and their

children to leave Madrid for a holiday on the Bay of Biscay, and they took up their residence in the house of the Marqués de Narros in Lequeitio. This little town on the Basque coast has lately become known because the widowed Empress Zita of Austria lived there some years ; at that time it was almost unheard of outside Spain.

My mother found their life by the sea delightful. There was so much that was beautiful to observe ; they went on expeditions, and revelled in the waves and sunshine. It mattered little to the children that the Queen continuously received official and unofficial visits ; deputations from the surrounding towns and villages came to visit the Sovereign and assure her in effusive speeches of their undying devotion.

On the twenty-second of August the Queen paid a visit to the frigate *Zaragoza* which was anchored not far from Lequeitio. The Captain, one Malcampo, received his Sovereign with great enthusiasm and showed her all over the ship, she hanging on his arm as the sea was not smooth that day and Ysabel, like her mother La Gobernador Reina Cristina, was rather stout. Everyone was in the best of spirits. As the Queen was helped into a boat to be rowed ashore, she said smilingly to Malcampo : " If I fall into the water will you find someone to pull me out ? "

All within hearing laughingly protested that they were ready to give their lives for their Queen. Ysabel had not then the faintest idea that Malcampo had given a lunch on board a short time before to the Duc de Montpensier ; or that the *Zaragoza*, a few weeks later, under the command of her Captain, would play an important rôle in the revolt of the Fleet against the Monarchy : Malcampo was only one of many, and such as he always exist.

The courtiers on duty at Lequeitio went about their business and, as courtiers will, occupied themselves with routine ceremonial affairs, being at the moment principally engrossed with the arrangements for the coming reception of the Emperor and Empress of the

French in San Sebastian. Queen Ysabel had already been twice with her husband and her only son Alfonso to the Villa Eugénie in Biarritz, where the French Imperial family generally spent some weeks in early autumn. Napoleon III. and Eugénie wished to return these courtesies. The Empress was the younger daughter of the Condesa de Montijo, one of Ysabel's ladies of the Palace, and a friend of her youthful days.

Even then no one appears to have dreamed of the fantastic circumstances in which this meeting of the Spanish and French Sovereigns would actually take place. The revolution by a sudden stroke destroyed all plans. As the ship *Colon*, on the seventeenth of September, brought Ysabel and her family to San Sebastian for the Imperial meeting, Cadiz was ripe for revolution.

The news from the south naturally brought consternation to San Sebastian. The Queen's instinctive desire was to start immediately for Cadiz,¹ but her plan was rejected by her advisers as impracticable. Her courage being perfect, she then insisted in her impulsive way that she should go at once to Madrid, so as to strengthen the resistance of the loyalists by her presence—and so much was she loved by the people that, had she gone, she would probably have saved her Crown. She gave the Marqués de Novaliches² command of the loyal troops. He got together all the available forces and marched against Serrano³ and the rebels. On the twenty-eighth of September

¹ In the fourth revolution recorded in this book, that of Spain in April, 1931, on pages 354-7, Cadiz remained entirely loyal to the Monarchy and accepted the republican Dictatorship only by force.

² Don Manuel Pavia y Lacy, 1814-1896: when Alfonso XII. returned to Spain in 1875 Novaliches met him at Valencia.

³ Don Francisco Serrano, Duque de la Torre, 1810-1885; nominally a Liberal, he played a conspicuous part in various Ministries under Ysabel II.; banished in 1866, he returned in 1868, drove out the Queen and was Regent until the accession of Amadeo of Savoia. He waged successful war against the Carlists in 1872 and 1874, and was again Regent until in 1875 he surrendered power into the hands of Alfonso XII. and Cánovas del Castillo.

they met on the plain of Alcolea, near the subsequently famous bridge, and not far from Córdoba, where a violent battle took place. It ended by the defeat of the Queen's troops. Could there be a battle anywhere without at least one Englishman managing somehow to be present? John Routledge, a sturdy Northumbrian engineer, hearing of the oncoming struggle, mounted his engine, raced down the line from Córdoba to a point overlooking the battlefield, and worked like an inspired lion to help the dying and wounded.

Novaliches did everything he could; he was severely and horribly wounded; fate was against him: Ysabel's cause was for the moment lost.

The Queen's son-in-law, the Conte di Girgenti, brother of Francis II., the last King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, fighting on horseback, distinguished himself nobly at Alcolea. He was in Paris with his young bride the Infanta Isabel when the bad news from Cadiz reached him, and he at once rushed back and placed himself at the head of his Regiment, the Pavian Hussars, to fight for his mother-in-law and Sovereign. His girl wife meanwhile remained in Paris at the Spanish Embassy and as soon as she learned of the fall of the Monarchy, insisted energetically, in spite of her mere seventeen years, on leaving the Embassy (which was technically Spanish soil), and never rested until she got to the house of her aunt the Contessa di Aquila.

We shall see how, sixty-three years later, the Infanta Isabel proved herself true to her principles even unto death.

After the battle of Alcolea every possibility of saving the Monarchy was for the moment gone, although the Queen persisted in refusing to admit it. In spite of all the remonstrances of stupid friends, she still clung to her own wise intention of setting out for the capital; once there she intended to abdicate in favour of her son if nothing else was found to be practicable. She was already in the train, with the King Consort and the eleven-years-old Alfonso, when a telegram was

handed to her saying the railway line was interrupted ; she, however, protested she would go on as far as the line was free and then see if they could not reach Madrid by road : that also, or so she was told, was quite impossible. It was found out later that the telegram was a trick of her opponents to prevent her return to the capital, where they—quite rightly from their point of view—feared the effect of her presence.

With the exception of her immediate entourage, her Guard of Halberdiers, and a battalion of Pioneers, everyone now deserted Ysabel. Then followed anxious hours. Most of those remaining around the Queen advised an immediate flight over the nearest point on the French frontier. No other advice seemed possible : her position was untenable. At last even Ysabel was at the end of her resources and reluctantly gave orders for the journey to France. She took a touching farewell of her few faithful friends : many of those who had but a short time before professed their unalterable loyalty were conspicuously absent. To the sounds of the *Marcha Real* the carriages bearing the family, and their Ladies and Gentlemen, passed through the gaping San Sebastian crowds, the Pioneers protecting the procession and forming a Guard of Honour at the station.

Napoleon III. had given orders that the escort of Pioneers and Halberdiers should be allowed to accompany the Royal family over the Spanish frontier to the French town of Hendaye in order to ensure their safety. There they paid their final military honours to their Sovereign, and took leave in the most moving manner : they proved themselves at that time true and trustworthy. Their last cheer, "*Viva la Reina*," Ysabel never forgot : it was the only one raised on her sad departure.

III

All my mother clearly understood was that something very bad had happened. She was sad because

her mother was crying and her father was so serious ; the four children sat silent in the railway carriage.

At the Negresse Station, in Biarritz, Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, and Prince Loulou (the Prince Imperial) were waiting for the Spanish exiles. Ysabel embraced Eugénie, Napoleon tried to find consoling words, and Loulou, who was about the same age as Alfonso, devoted himself to his young acquaintance, while the little Infantas stood about frightened and shy. But a short time ago how differently this meeting had been planned ! Now the three Sovereigns consulted together in the waiting-room as to what was next to be done. Napoleon at once put all his Palaces at the disposal of Queen Ysabel ; in the end he and King Francisco decided that the best thing for the Queen to do was to go first to the Château de Pau ; it was close to the Spanish frontier and they could wait there quietly for further developments.

So it was that on the afternoon of the thirtieth of September in a downpour of rain Ysabel II. arrived at the Castle where her great ancestor Henri IV. of France was born. There they found the unfortunate steward in despair ; he had received orders only a few hours previously to get the place ready for the reception and housing of the members of the Spanish Royal family and their numerous suites. Some people of the retinue were able to find quarters in the few inns in the neighbourhood, but he had to make arrangements in the house for the immediate entourage. The exiles had still to acquire the art of accommodating themselves to circumstances.

The Château was more suited for a show place than for living in, although it had been renovated in the nineteenth century ; an old building of the tenth century, full of artistic treasures, is not the most convenient of dwellings. My mother for that very reason found her stay there fascinating : she looked upon her sojourn in those comfortless apartments as an adventure of the times of knighthood and chivalry. As the historic beds of Jeanne d'Albret and other celebrated

personages were too high for the children to get into they had to sleep on mattresses on the floor—which impressed them immensely : there were so many new things to see that they were always busy making voyages of discovery ; this was fortunate because their elders had far too grave anxieties to be able to spare time to amuse them.

The day after her arrival Queen Ysabel drafted a manifesto in which she declared that although she was forced temporarily from her throne, she would never abandon her rights, nor those of her successors, but would maintain them to the utmost of her ability as she had always done. It was a formal protest against the revolution and, in the presence of the Royal pair, it was ceremoniously read aloud to all the Spaniards in Pau, and then published. True, Prim¹ had at that moment usurped Ysabel's place, but later Spain, she felt sure, would re-establish the Monarchy, and the Queen owed it to her dynasty not to allow any legal informality to embarrass the future.

The next question was where they should go. The Château de Pau as a permanent residence was impossible, nor would Ysabel consent to take undue advantage of Napoleon's generous hospitality ; moreover, she could not possibly keep up a big establishment ; at the moment there was no money for such a purpose. The Queen felt keenly having to part with the few faithful attendants who wished to follow her into exile, but it had to be done. The high Court officials all declared they would never desert their sovereign-mistress and, in the end, she had to *order* them to return to Spain. Even so, there remained more people than it was easy to maintain : amongst them were Conde de Oñate, Conde del Pilar, Marqués de Loja, the doctor Corel,

¹ General Don Juan, Marqués de Prim, 1814-1870 : having failed in an insurrectionary movement in 1866 he fled to England. Later on from Brussels he guided the movement that overthrew Ysabel II. in 1868. He was War Minister under Serrano, but soon became virtually Dictator. He secured the election of Amadeo as King, and was thereupon shot by an assassin, December 28, 1870.

the chaplain Padre Claret, the Queen's lady-in-waiting Cristina de Sorundegui, and, for the children, the Marquesa de Peñaflorida and the Marquesa de los Remedios, with their servants. The ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting later changed from time to time, but the number always remained more or less the same. Paris was decided upon as a residence, Napoleon having already told the Queen that such a choice would be agreeable to him. On the sixth of November, 1868, after a five-weeks' stay at the château, Ysabel and her family left Pau for the French capital.

The Queen temporarily took up her residence in the Pavillon de Rohan¹ which joins the old and new parts of the long wing of the Louvre on the Rue de Rivoli. In Paris under the protection of the Emperor and her friend Eugénie she felt herself secure. From there she wished to put her affairs in order as much as was possible, and pave the way for her return, or that of her only son Alfonso, to Spain.

¹ Begun by Napoleon I. and finished by Napoleon III., the Pavillon is now used by the Ministry of Finance as offices and houses the Director-General of Customs.

CHAPTER TWO

The Second Revolution : France, 1870

SHORTLY after her arrival at the Pavillon de Rohan Ysabel II. bought the Palais Basilewski in the Avenue du Roi de Rome near the Arc de Triomphe ; it was subsequently renamed the Palais de Castile ; the street is now known as the Avenue Kléber and the site of the Palais is occupied by the Hotel Majestic ; however, it was some time before she and her family could move into their new house : meanwhile they remained the guests of the Emperor and Empress.

My mother had not had during all the six years of her life anything like the experiences she had gone through during her first few weeks in France : she could not of course clearly understand the reason for all those strange happenings ; yet she felt that something exceptionally extraordinary was going on, and wondered at the excitement and consternation of the grown-ups. Formerly life had been so ceremonious and tedious, and now, suddenly, everything was changed. Above all, no one had any rest ; they were—or so it seemed to her—always being driven about from one place to another in trains or carriages. Yesterday she had slept on the floor in a weird old castle ; now she was in an enormous city, bigger than she had ever thought existed. And here she was to remain ; they told her she was not to return to Madrid as they had always done after their summer stay in the country. She did not wonder over it long. To her home was where her parents, brother, and sisters were : but the parents too were changed, serious ; never so gay as before. Yet in spite of all this there

was a new freedom ; now she could play again with her dolls and toys, and it was very amusing to look out of the windows overlooking the Rue de Rivoli or the Place de Carrousel and watch all the strange things passing. There was much more to be seen than from the Palace windows in Madrid, and children soon get accustomed to new surroundings.

Queen Ysabel was glad to find so many acquaintances in Paris. When she was reigning in Spain the French capital was the centre of the exiled Spanish revolutionaries ; now all the devoted royalists came to pay their respects and propose impossible plans for the restoration. Foreign princes and diplomats made their way into her presence and did their best to cheer her up. The Queen was very sociable and such visits gave her great pleasure. Moreover, there was the constant intercourse between her family and that of Napoleon III. ; some years earlier a real friendship had sprung up between the two Spanish women ; it became even closer after Eugénie's fall, and was treasured by the Queen as long as she lived. At this period they saw one another frequently and enjoyed talking in their mother-tongue over the good old—and the bad new—times. My mother used to go with her sisters to the newly laid-out private gardens of the Tuileries to play there, or in the roomy galleries of the Palace, whilst Ysabel and Francisco visited the Imperial pair ; Alfonso and Loulou became close friends and in boyish fashion discussed their own intimate affairs. Both Napoleon and Eugénie knew how to win the hearts of little girls. My mother still remembers the presents of the Emperor ; once he gave her a doll with a trunkful of costumes, little Parisian miniature models for summer and winter, crinolines, puffed sleeves, all the very latest fashions ! Another time he gave her a complete doll's dinner service. The children usually spoke Spanish with the Empress, who was as kind and unaffected as any of her numerous Spanish aunts at home had been, and laughed and played with them. My mother also remembers Princess Mathilde, the

only daughter of King Jerome of Westphalia ; she painted very well in water-colours, and like her first cousin, the Emperor, was always kind and indulgent to the children.

One of Ysabel's greatest consolations in her exile was having her mother La Reina Gobernadora Cristina near her. Cristina had herself experienced all the pains and pleasures of being Regent for her daughter, and subsequently had three times ¹ tasted the bitterness of banishment. When the "Spanish marriage" was under violent discussion she had for some time lived in Paris under the political influence of Louis Philippe, who had placed the Palais Braganza at her disposal ; he had also lent her Malmaison, the Empress Joséphine's charming little château and park on the western outskirts of Paris.

Cristina had proved a faithful wife and a self-sacrificing nurse to her very ugly-looking old invalid husband Fernando VII., in spite of the fact that before she met Fernando she had fallen in love with a handsome young officer of the Garde du Corps ² named Munoz who, upon her first arrival in Spain, was in the suite sent to escort her from Cadiz to Madrid. Soon after she became a widow she secretly married Munoz and, later, gave him the title of Duque de Rianzares.

At the time of Queen Ysabel's arrival in Paris Cristina lived in a house in the Champs Élysées which was not far from the Palais de Castile. Now mother and daughter were both exiles they dined together nearly every day. By her second marriage to Rianzares, Cristina had a house full of children, and lived with her attractive husband very happily. Notwithstanding all this, my mother had never heard a word of this second family until she came to Paris and suddenly discovered a lot of new uncles and aunts. In public Rianzares always addressed his wife as

¹ In 1840, 1854, and, finally, in 1864.

² The Royal Horse Guards ; Alfonso XII. renamed the Regiment the Escolta Real.



LA REINA GOBLRNADORA CRISTINA 1806-1878, WIDOW OF
FERNANDO VII., AND HER TWO CHILDREN YSABEL II AND
THE INIANTA MARIA LUISA (AFTERWARDS DUCESSE DE
MONTPEISIER)

“Your Majesty” and treated her with the greatest respect; so when my mother one day asked one of the ladies-in-waiting who was this friendly gentleman who always accompanied her grandmother, she could hardly contain her astonishment when she was told the facts.

II

At that time there was another relation in Paris whom, although his family played a big rôle in my mother's life, the children had never seen—Don Carlos de Bourbon. At heart he felt himself a relative, but to all outward appearance he was Ysabel's bitterest political enemy. The grandson of the first Pretender, his followers, as we have already noted, called him Carlos VII., and, after Ysabel's exile, asserted more vehemently than ever that he was the rightful King of Spain. Ysabel's dearest wish all her life was that the unfortunate conflict between the two branches of the Royal family might be ended. But she could not surrender her children's rights, or disregard her adherents, and as Don Carlos was in a similar position this reconciliation had so far remained only a pious wish.

While Ysabel was in Pau Don Carlos travelled hurriedly from Gratz to Paris, taking up his residence in the Rue Chaveau la Garde. His wife and little daughter Blanca joined him, and he surrounded himself with his followers, just as Ysabel did with hers. One cannot wonder, knowing Ysabel's forgiving character and strong sense of family unity and loyalty, that she wished to see and speak with her second cousin, and perhaps even come to some agreement by which they could work together against Prim's usurping Government. In her impulsive way she imagined a reconciliation would be a much easier affair than it really was. As it was not possible formally to visit one another, they met one afternoon by arrangement in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Don Carlos gave

his arm to Ysabel and King Francisco to the wife of the Pretender. It must have been a funny sight ; Don Carlos was a giant in stature and Francisco small and slight. Not one of the passers-by could have had the faintest idea that this friendly walk was the first meeting between bitter foes. Naturally, little came out of this amicable open-air conference ; nor was a second one, this time in the Bois de Boulogne, more fruitful. They remained good relatives, assured one another of their mutual high esteem, but neither could abate his or her claim : they must part, and politically each go their own way as before. The meetings, and others that followed, of course became known and were afterwards frequently used by Ysabel's enemies in Spain to do her harm. She was accused of intrigue and treachery. Again and again throughout her life some of her best qualities, her most humane acts, were distorted and used against her. Indeed, in 1877, three years after the Proclamation of her son, the Spanish Government went so far as temporarily to stop Ysabel's pension on the grounds that she was conspiring with the Carlists.

The Spaniards looking for another Sovereign soon found that it was not so easy to secure one willing to wear the thorny crown of Spain. Inquiries at various foreign Courts only got refusals. There was the question of Ysabel's only sister the Duchesse de Montpensier, a Portuguese Prince, a Coburg Prince, the young Duca di Genova, his cousin the Duca di Aosta, and, most fatal of all, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Napoleon III., as Spain's nearest neighbour, must not be offended : he had already let it be known that he would consider it an affront to the House of Bonaparte if Montpensier, the son of Louis Philippe, were to become King Consort of Spain ; while the Hohenzollern Prince would be intolerable not only to him personally, but to the whole French nation.

III

The Palais de Castile was always crowded with Spaniards of every description, workers for the restoration, generals, politicians and diplomats ; many harmless unpolitical people also came to offer their help, or just to show their sympathy, according to their standing and influence in Spain. Ysabel never closed her doors to any of her compatriots ; with her good will counted far more than rank and honours. She listened to them all, and did what she thought best. Even if she no longer wished to work for herself, she felt all the more bound to leave nothing undone that might hasten the recall of her son. Yet in spite of dynastic considerations her mind was in reality much more set on a happy family life with her children than on political projects ; she was by nature a very affectionate and unaffected woman, loving her children and spoiling them as much as she could. Between her and her husband there had never been a true understanding. He was always friendly and unselfish ; he had a great courtesy of manner, and a fine taste in literature and art, but there was no real inner contact of mind between them. Always a grand seigneur, so long as his wife was reigning Don Francisco filled the uncomfortable position of King Consort with considerable tact. Now he felt free to follow his natural bent, retire altogether from public life and devote himself to his artistic and historic pursuits. He travelled a good deal, first in England, afterwards in other countries. The children were too young to give much thought as to why they did not see papa for such long intervals.

My mother's eldest sister, Isabel, and her husband the Conte di Girgenti, were also constantly travelling. As a Prince of the deposed Royal family of Naples Girgenti was of course without a home. They therefore lived in hotels in Switzerland, England and other places. Their marriage was one of those arranged Royal unions which seldom turn out happily, as Queen Ysabel knew well from her own experience. Worse

still, the young wife, soon after her wedding, discovered that her husband was an epileptic. He did not know it himself, and Isabel, a woman of the utmost rectitude and great strength and energy of mind and character, succeeded in keeping the knowledge from him, although she existed in a state of constant fear.

In February, 1869, Alfonso began his studies at the Stanislas College, while Pilar and Paz were sent to school at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in the Rue de Varennes; Eulalia, then only five years old, was kept at home. A lady-in-waiting who brought the two elder girls daily to and from school understood so little of pedagogy that she used continually to pity and lament over them because of their hard fate. At first they naturally found it difficult to accustom themselves to their new position; but very soon they felt happier on their plain wooden school benches than on their grand satin-covered chairs in the Palace of Madrid. The school, in fact, did them a great deal of good; as no one there spoke Spanish they very quickly learnt French, and felt at home and happy with their school-fellows. In the evenings they would tell their mother, full of pride, about all they had learnt, and she would listen attentively, praise them often, and seldom blame them; their home lessons over, she played card games with them and taught them embroidery, knitting and crochet. In their free time they drove through the city, or in the Bois de Boulogne, or went to play with the Prince Imperial in the Tuileries gardens. Indeed, the children found their life in Paris delightful; there were always so many interesting things to see, if only in the windows of the many smart shops. And the lovely toys! They got many presents. They could not of course understand why their mother often looked so troubled in the midst of such a beautiful world—that only became clear later.

In spite of the manifold attractions of Paris nothing was more wonderful to them than their first summer vacation on the seashore at Trouville; it was even gayer than Lequeitio; less ceremonious, the house

undisturbed by frequent visitors, the whole life more free and unconstrained.

IV

Less to their tastes were formal visits and receptions. A particularly ceremonious affair remains still vividly in my mother's memory. One summer day not long before her second journey to the seaside there was great excitement in the Palais de Castile. Evidently there was something most important on foot. The children seemed to be getting every moment into the way, as the servants hurried about from place to place, not knowing what they were doing because of the contradictory orders they got. In the end the children were dressed in their gala frocks and taken into a large *salon* where many people were already waiting. Everyone looked very solemn. The Queen was in full Court dress of rose colour with lace and jewels and Orders. All the men were in full dress. My mother wondered what was the meaning of all this ceremony, and still more puzzled herself when she saw that she and her sisters were given places according to rank and precedence. On Ysabel's right sat her son in a black frock-coat, on her left was the grandmother Cristina; then came the three little girls and the Conte di Aquila, a Neapolitan uncle, brother of Queen Cristina. The Duque de Rianzares was also there, although not in the Royal circle, and many Spanish ladies and gentlemen. Suddenly a frightening silence. Then the Queen began to read aloud a long document: it was her abdication of the Spanish Throne in favour of her only son Alfonso. All present qualified to do so countersigned the manifesto. And now came what to my mother seemed the most extraordinary part of it all—she was told to kiss her brother's hand, and found this in the highest degree unnecessary—but as even the grandmother and Uncle Aquila did it, she followed their example without an idea why it should be so.

Nevertheless, Alfonso remained for his sisters their

only brother and beloved playfellow ; they were quite indifferent as to whether he was Marqués de Cova-donga, Prince of Asturias or even King of Spain.

Many believed that Ysabel had taken this step under the advice of her mother, the clever and devoted Reina Gobernadora Cristina ; others thought Napoleon III. was the originator of the idea. If the latter be true, then it was one of the last pieces of good counsel given by the French Emperor to the exiled Spanish Queen for, within ten weeks, Sedan had been fought and lost and his own evil hour had struck.

V

Thus it happened that one day the little Infantas in their daily drive to the Rue de Varennes through the Esplanade des Invalides suddenly came on a magnificent spectacle. Soldiers in rank and file with waving tricolours, cheers and music ; soldiers on foot in long blue coats and red trousers ; beautiful Zouaves in their peculiar uniform ; proud-looking cuirassiers with trailing horse-hair plumes in their helmets, mounted on great shining horses ; spahis in white fluttering cloaks on dancing Arab chargers ; cannons rattling over the pavements in the midst of the dense crowd ; the streets re-echoing with patriotic cries and cheers : "*À Berlin, à Berlin !*" Everyone seemed mad with enthusiasm. The children were delighted because their carriage had to stop every minute to let the soldiers pass. There was time enough for lessons anyhow, and it was not every day one had the chance of such a sight ; how could one do lessons with their ears ringing with military marches and cries of "*À Berlin, à Berlin !*" up street and down street. The Germans would soon look blue when they saw these proud regiments marching across the Rhine. No one in France—except perhaps the Emperor—doubted the victory of the French.

Little by little the streets became quieter. Train after train rolled eastward carrying those light-hearted

soldiers to meet their enemy. Napoleon with his son left for the front ; brother Alfonso was almost ill with envy that his comrade Loulou was allowed to go to the war while he must stay in Paris.

They seldom saw the Empress now that, as Regent of France, she had more important things to do than amuse the little Spanish girls : they, on the other hand, must go on with their lessons and have patience until the great news of the French victory arrived.

In the circumstances Queen Ysabel thought it advisable to take her children, as in the previous year, to Normandy to the sea. The war, thank God, did not directly concern her ; she could do nothing to help her friend Eugénie, and the sea air would be much healthier for the children than the excitement of the capital. Looking back now it seems as if there must have been some need for hurry ; otherwise they would not have taken the little Eulalia, who was ill with the measles, out of bed, rolled her up in blankets like a parcel and, red as a lobster, packed her into the train.

In the beginning of August they travelled to Houlgat which like the neighbouring, newly laid-out bathing-places Deauville and Trouville, was at that time a simple fishing village where families went for health and quiet. If the children imagined their time there would pass as pleasantly and undisturbed as the year before at Trouville, they were much mistaken. Even during the first days they felt that neither at home with their mother, nor outside on the beach, was there that care-free, cheerful feeling of the previous year.

The greatest attraction for them was the town-crier who came every day at the same hour, and to the beating of his drum shouted out the latest news from the seat of war : old and young ran to hear him, full of excitement, and stood round him on the strand. They soon knew instinctively by the very way he drummed, even before he spoke, whether he brought good news or bad. It seemed as if the roll of the drum became each day slower, and the faces of the listeners longer and more anxious. In a hoarse, monotonous voice he

announced the French defeat at Mars-la-Tour, and, three days later, the great blow at St. Privat.¹ But how was defeat possible? Surely, behind the invincible fortress of Metz commanded the great Marshal Bazaine! The people walked slowly away, forming groups and shaking their heads. Try as they might to minimize the news they could not get away from the fact that it was one defeat after another—of that there could no longer be any doubt.

On one of the first days of September the little *Infantas* rushed out as usual at the sound of the drum; its martial ardour had gone, it seemed particularly hollow and uncanny, almost like a funeral dirge:

“Great battle at Sedan²; the Emperor a prisoner.”

The little girls heard no more. They ran as fast as they could to their mother and breathlessly shouted out the extraordinary news.

“Impossible,” said Ysabel, “it cannot be true.”

But it was. Soon confirmation came. The Germans were marching on Paris. Close on this came alarming news from the capital.

And the Empress Eugénie? She was going through as bitter a disillusionment as Ysabel had done exactly two years earlier in San Sebastian. Betrayal from one day to another. The Second Empire was lost when the first important battles were lost. Very well, said the French: if the Emperor surrendered himself and the Army under his command to the enemy, the people would disown him and fight for themselves—and rule themselves without him.

A republic was once again proclaimed in Paris. The mob surged through the streets. Eugénie could hear from the Tuileries their hoarse, threatening cries:

“Down with the Empire; down with the Bonapartes; down with the Spaniard; long live the republic.”

Denser and denser swarmed the threatening crowd

¹ (Vionville) August 15, (Gravelotte) August 18, and Sedan September 1, 1870.

² September 4, 1870.

before her Palace windows. Trochu, Governor of Paris for the Emperor, hid himself: a deserter, he simply left the courageous Regent to her evil fate. Even then she would not consent to fly in spite of the prayers and warnings of her friends until, in the end, like Ysabel herself, she was forced to do so.

VI

Queen Ysabel saw that it was unwise to remain in France and expose herself and her family to the vicissitudes of the oncoming Commune which it was now quite clear would soon overthrow the feeble new republican Government. They must go; but where to? Switzerland would be best. It was a tragic fate that Ysabel must leave her refuge in Paris, because a German Prince, who had been proposed as her successor in Spain, was made the excuse for a horrible war.

The Queen must abandon her house to the chances of bombardment, and concentrate on how she could get her family away from France. Paris had been closed since the nineteenth of September. No one in Houlgat could know how long the war might last. The only possibility was for the Queen to get through to the South of France and, from there, cross the Swiss frontier. True, the journey would be uncertain and difficult, but there was no alternative. The first most necessary thing was to procure a passport from the new people temporarily in power. This was found to be extremely difficult, as the Provisional Government had other things to think of, and it was very awkward for a Royal personage to have to approach them. However, at last the Queen succeeded: Jules Favre, the acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, signed the necessary papers. With this talisman the whole Spanish Royal family started on the twenty-ninth of September from Houlgat for the south, more or less in uncertainty, not knowing what might happen.

They could only get on very slowly, bit by bit, as nearly all the lines were blocked with military traffic. It was anything but comfortable. Sleeping-cars there were none, so they lay down as best they could on the seats. For the children it was an exciting adventure. They looked out of the windows at the extraordinary scenes that were being enacted at the many stopping-places ; saw shattered and wounded soldiers, improvised lazarets, depressed and suffering men. This was very different from the exultant march from Paris to Berlin !

For the first time in her life my mother began vaguely to feel what war meant, and, from that moment, she has hated it.

The party had to pass a night in Tarascon ; at the little station there was no place to rest. They went out into the dark streets and knocked at a closed café. The proprietor obligingly put it at their disposal and they waited for the morning sitting on chairs and benches.

To give her children some of the courage she herself never lacked Ysabel laughed.

The journey seemed interminable, but one day they at last arrived in Geneva. Ysabel went to the Hôtel de la Paix, near the Lake, and decided to hire the whole house for the moment. She required much space because in her generosity she had, as usual, brought with her the families of her suite so that they might not be left unprotected in Paris : there must have been about sixty people in all. It is clear that the Queen's kindness was always taken advantage of, even though she had no longer a Royal appanage. To her the hotel seemed rather modest, while those who were the cause of most of the expense, preached economy to her !

"It was then," wrote my mother later, "we children for the first time heard of economizing and cutting down expenses. Mamma's eyes were often red with crying ; she was unhappy about the future of her family."

VII

Ysabel soon realized that it would be a long time before she could return to Paris, where in the meantime her house might be in ruins. It was a hopeless state of affairs. She could only wait in patience for whatever might come, at the same time preparing, as far as possible, for an indefinite stay, an unknown future.

Whatever happened, Alfonso's studies must not be neglected and it was arranged that he should continue them at the Geneva Lycée; the girls were given an English governess called Miss Agnes, who was very nice. Their studies were not so strict as at the Sacré Cœur in Paris, and my mother remembers some lovely sleigh journeys on the banks of the Rhone; it was the first time she saw real snow. The children were wrapped up in furs and felt themselves very adventurous—almost like fur-hunters in Alaska. That was something new, something that could not be done in Madrid or even in Paris.

During the Geneva sojourn my mother's eldest sister Isabel with her husband also made their headquarters for a long time in the Hôtel de la Paix; Girgenti was always most kind to the children; they played with him and never dreamed of his terrible malady. He had a very noble character and, for fear it should be thought he had married the Infanta Isabel for her money, he insisted that she should curtail her expenses sufficiently to enable them both to live on his modest income.

Don Carlos VII., as it happened, was spinning his webs from his home which, oddly enough, was not far off, as he was living at the Villa La Faraz near Vevey. It seems that at this time Ysabel again tried to get into touch with him, but with the same negative results as in Paris.

In the end of November, 1870, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva both Ysabel and Don Carlos heard that Amadeo di Savoia, younger son of Vittorio Emanuele II., had been, on the sixteenth of that month,

elected by Cortes King of Spain : Amadeo received one hundred and ninety-one votes, Montpensier twenty-seven, Ysabel's son Alfonso only two, and the Republic seventy-three. The Carlists evidently abstained from voting, as in their eyes Don Carlos VII., with or without the agreement of Cortes or people, was the rightful king, and his four-months'-old son Jaime the Heir Apparent. Whatever happened, they intended finally to fight their way to victory.

It was while they were all at Geneva that my mother saw, for the first and last time, her uncle-in-law Prince Adalbert, youngest son of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, the husband of the Infanta Amalia, sister of King Francisco. Adalbert's wife had remained in Bavaria while he visited Geneva, probably for the purpose of discussing with Queen Ysabel young Alfonso's projected stay in Munich. One day my mother was called in to the Queen's room and found her talking to a very tall, stout gentleman : " Embrace your uncle and godfather," said Ysabel. My mother did so, feeling much astonished and rather frightened before this big, strange man.

Ysabel's stay in the Hôtel de la Paix was prolonged by one thing or another ; to the children it was quite agreeable, but the strain on the Queen's purse was considerable. She wished as soon as possible to return to the Palais de Castile ; but had to wait until order was more or less firmly re-established in France.

By the end of July, 1871, this was done. On the first of August, almost a year after quitting it, the Queen and her family started on their return journey to Paris, travelling more comfortably this time than on the flight to Geneva. The city was transformed. The Queen's house had been used as a hospital, and consequently was not much injured ; but, on the other hand, all their many animals had been eaten, dogs, cats—even my mother's pet monkey—and this made her very sad. Lovely Paris looked deplorable. Of the Tuileries and its wonderful galleries and gardens, which the children had so often admired and played

in, just heaps of charred ashes remained. It was only little by little that they could accustom themselves to the devastation. However, gradually the whole family gathered together again, including the grandmother Cristina.

About this time King Francisco, who had not joined them in Geneva, went to live in a house by himself in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the new republican name for l'Avenue de l'Impératrice. He had not been in France when the war broke out and had spent a part of the interval in England, as he had been at school in that country, read and spoke English fluently, had a great admiration for the people, wore only English clothes, and always kept English servants, maintaining stoutly that all others were stupid and incapable of moving deftly and quietly.

In the autumn of 1871, accompanied by some of his Gentlemen, young Alfonso went to Munich to stay at Schloss Nymphenburg with the uncle Adalbert who had seemed a giant to my mother in Geneva: he studied German with Ludwig Ferdinand and Alfons, the two sons of Adalbert and Amalia; the three boys, being about the same age, became attached friends and were very happy together.

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CHAPTER THREE

Alfonso XII., the Schoolboy King, 1874

MY mother's second stay in Paris lasted longer than the first and ended in a far happier way.

She was then nine years old and could better understand what lay heaviest on her mother's heart—the future of her brother Alfonso, whom she now only saw during the holidays and whom she sorely missed. When she lamented this they told her that he was studying so hard preparing himself for the future that he had but little time to give to his sisters ; with that she had to be satisfied. When Queen Ysabel went off to Munich to spend Alfonso's fourteenth birthday with him there, it seemed to my mother the last straw, as she and her mother had never before been parted.

While Ysabel was in Munich she had a severe shock. She had been looking forward to passing some happy days free from care and worry, when she received the news of the tragic death of her son-in-law the Conte di Girgenti, who, during an epileptic attack, shot himself in an hotel in Lucerne. One can imagine the horror of the Queen, although in reality it meant release for her daughter from the terrible state of fear and suspense in which she had existed almost from the day of her marriage. Girgenti had lived quietly, never mixing in politics ; it was found after his death that his wife's dowry, with the accumulated interest, had never been touched. The young Infanta Isabel was now a widow after a short three years of married life ; her experience was so tragic that, in spite of suitable opportunities, she would never listen to a word about marrying a second time.

My mother, to whom Girgenti's death meant little, now had her eldest sister to take the place to some extent of her dearly loved brother.

By February, 1872, Alfonso had learned enough German to enter the Theresianum in Vienna: he remained there three years, a hard-working student, and made many good friends in the Austrian Empire.

Alfonso of course joined his mother and sisters for the holidays which, as before the fall of Napoleon III., were spent by the sea in Normandy—and were eagerly anticipated all the year round. In Houlgat my mother met Jules Verne, whose books every child then and for years after read eagerly. A modest man, with a grey beard, very quiet and retiring, he used to go sailing round the coast in a little boat while his fancy roved to far-distant seas and lands. My mother, who knew nearly all his stories by heart, looked on him with awe. How astonished he would have been had anyone told him that many of his daring ideas would come true!

Those carefree holidays by the sea passed all too quickly. In Paris the three little Infantas had to work more seriously than ever at their studies now that they were growing up; finding that they did not make enough progress under their various governesses, Queen Ysabel again sent them as day pupils to the *Sacré Cœur* and Eulalia accompanied them. My mother, as before, was very happy there because she had a great respect and affection for her mistresses and always got on very well with her school-fellows. Amongst her companions was Hedwige, daughter of Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, son of the first Napoleon's famous General; Hedwige's brother married the daughter of Robert Duc de Chartres, thus connecting the Royal House of France with a great Bonapartist family, the head of which soon afterwards became President of the Third Republic. A monarchist by conviction, Magenta's six years' Presidency was generally looked upon as being only a prelude to the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. He was therefore particularly welcome at the *Palais de*

Castile where my mother frequently saw him, just as she often saw Thiers, his predecessor in the Presidency, and always found them both very gentlemanlike and polite. It is a pity she cannot remember more about the many notabilities who visited her mother ; it would have been a pretty full list of all the celebrated personages, men and women, of that period in France. It was not only politicians and diplomats that Ysabel received ; men of letters, artists, authors, painters, and musicians, stars of opera and drama, were all welcomed at the Palais de Castile. The Queen gave musical soirées, and lecture evenings, when the most interesting subjects of the day were discussed. She would even sometimes perform herself, but she never gave herself airs or imagined she was a great singer ; she had a good mezzo-soprano voice and had been well trained, as her teacher was Valdamosa, himself a pupil of Rossini. She used modestly to say she did her master little credit, and would laugh over her own efforts. It goes without saying that numbers of foreign Princes from every country passing through Paris also made their way to the Palais de Castile : living in the centre of international activity, Ysabel II. knew nearly every one of her brother Monarchs. All the Orléans Princes were there frequently : the Duc de Nemours with his sons, the Comte d'Eu and the Duc d'Alençon who, after the fall of their grandfather Louis Philippe in 1848, had entered the Spanish Army. Marshal Bazaine made a particularly lasting impression on my mother, perhaps on account of the unusual circumstances of their meeting. It was just at the time the celebrated court martial was being held in the Trianon, under the presidency of the Duc d'Aumale. Bazaine was being tried on the charge of High Treason for having surrendered Metz, as, the Emperor and Empress having escaped them, the angry French had to find a scapegoat. Although he was of course innocent, things were going badly for the Marshal ; for the sake of his young Spanish wife (whom she knew and liked) Ysabel wished to show her sympathy, so she drove out with



YSABEL II., QUEEN OF SPAIN (1830-1904)

her children to Versailles to visit him in prison. He took his fate philosophically and was, at the moment of the Queen's arrival, giving a lesson in fencing to his son. As for my mother, she found the old gentleman with the grey imperial charming, and the visit passed pleasantly without anyone ever dreaming that the farcical trial would end in his being condemned to death. However, his comrade-in-arms, MacMahon, as President of the Republic, commuted the sentence to twenty years' imprisonment on the island of Ste. Marguérite, near Cannes. Bazaine's brave wife related later how she had contrived her husband's escape the following year. She waited outside the fortress at night in a small boat and made signals to him with a lantern; the Marshal let himself down from the window of his prison by a rope and slid into the boat with his hands cut and bleeding. He ended his days in Spain where—separated in the end from his wife—he existed in indigence. His son fell fighting as a Spanish soldier in the Cuban War.

II

Naturally it was Spaniards working for Alfonso's cause who came most frequently and who were most warmly welcomed at Ysabel's house. It would be impossible to name them all: only the old General Novaliches must be mentioned as he was one of the staunchest of the staunch. He had, as we already know, been shot through the jaw-bone, fighting for Ysabel at Alcolea. My mother was rather frightened of him as he could hardly speak and was terribly disfigured: he lived in Spain where, through his influence with the senior officers of the Army and because of the respect they had for him, he did much to further Alfonso's cause. Led and guided by Novaliches the Monarchists worked in silence to pave the way for their young Sovereign's return, believing firmly that his time would surely come.

The Carlists planned differently. They still thought they could put Don Carlos VII. on the throne by force, and the Pretender ¹—who for some reason known only to himself had assumed the title of Duque de Madrid—showed himself to his adherents in the spring of 1872 on the northern frontier of Spain; he had not at that time forces strong enough to oppose the government of King Amadeo and General Serrano, so he halted in the vicinity of Bordeaux and made preparations for a rising: his brother, Don Alfonso, tried a similar manœuvre a year later in Catalonia.

However, the Carlist brothers had not materially advanced their political schemes when yet *another* change took place in Spain: Amadeo, who very soon had quite enough of his new and precarious kingship, abdicated. Although the Italian Prince had done all in his power, he could not win the hearts of the Spaniards, and always remained a foreigner to them; inevitably there was lacking that inner contact that exists naturally between fellow-countrymen and that never can be acquired. Amadeo had accepted the crown because Prim had over-persuaded him—but there was really nothing to prevent him from returning to his own country. On the eleventh of February, 1873, he let the astonished Cortes know that he was immediately returning to Italy and next morning he left Madrid with some members of his family: his Queen had to remain several days longer in Spain as her youngest son, later the famous North Pole traveller, the Duca di Abruzzi, was only a few days old.

The departure of Amadeo left Spain in much the same state of chaos as did that of Ysabel some six years earlier. In the universal confusion all the different parties struggled to be first, but, as so often happens in the Peninsula, the politicians did not appreciate the true state of affairs. The people were longing for tranquillity and so the way was made easier, apparently for the Carlists—but, in reality, for the adherents of the rightful Sovereign. In a real sense the Carlist

¹ The Second Carlist War lasted from 1872 to 1875.

campaigns in the Basque Provinces and in Catalonia were hastening the restoration: the people were at last sick of faction.

Alfonso's more sagacious supporters wished to wait until the harvest was fully ripe and their King grown up: he personally kept apart from politics, having wisely entrusted Cánovas del Castillo with the direction and management of his cause. A strenuous politician, historian and journalist, Cánovas, who was a friend of Gladstone, had a wide outlook and proved to be the right man for this difficult task. He warned the Monarchists of the danger of over-haste, counselled patience, watchfulness, and work—three things very difficult to the audacious and sanguine Spanish temperament. Adventures such as those indulged in by the Carlists rightly seemed to Cánovas dangerous; Alfonso and Ysabel both trusted him, convinced that nothing really advisable would be left undone to bring about the restoration at the opportune time.

III

In the summer of 1873 my mother went for the first time to Rome. Ysabel wished her three younger daughters to receive their first Communion from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff and eagerly seized an opportunity of visiting Pius IX., the "Liberal Pope," who had vainly tried to unite theocracy and constitutionalism, and for whom she always had a particular respect. Church questions throughout her reign lay very near her heart, and for that reason she had often come into serious conflict with her Ministers, and had even at times injured her position in Spain. She considered that her title of "Catholic Queen" imposed upon her the special duty of forwarding the wishes and policy of the Holy Father, just as his title of Defender of the Faith obliges the King of England to protect the Anglican Church. Pius IX. had a very high ideal of Papal power and responsibility, which made it all the

more painful for him that under his Pontificate the temporal States of the Church were lost. The Pope held that while his supreme power in Europe and in the world was primarily spiritual and moral it required for its successful exercise certain Armed Forces and a temporal and political sovereignty, modest if need be, but unassailable : naturally Ysabel and most Catholic monarchs realized and accepted this necessity and neither history since the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, nor the experience of the League of Nations, has yet proved that they were wrong. Ysabel had been obliged for political reasons, but much against her will, to recognize the new Kingdom of United Italy, and by so doing lost the respect of the clerical party. To atone for this, she made certain perhaps injudicious concessions to the Pope in her home politics that greatly injured her with her political advisers. It was in gratitude for all this that Pius IX. sent her the Golden Rose.

Ysabel was, therefore, overjoyed to be able at last to speak personally with the Sovereign Pontiff who had played such an important part in her life. She arrived in Rome accompanied by her four daughters. My mother remembers every detail of this visit. How excited Ysabel was the first time she put foot in the Vatican ! The solemnity of the stately ceremonial reception, the bright uniforms of the Swiss Guard, the dignified Cardinals and Prelates, made a deep impression on the three younger Infantas as they passed shyly through long corridors and magnificent *salons* ; the low-toned murmurs and whispering of the Vatican dignitaries added to this awesome feeling. They had been told they were to make three genuflexions and then kiss the Cross on the Holy Father's slipper ; Pius IX. tried to prevent Queen Ysabel doing this, but she insisted, and spoiled the dignified effect by stumbling as she tried to rise unaided—the amplitude of her person defeating the courtesy in her heart : in the end Ysabel had to be helped to her feet, and the humour of the situation and the unaffected simplicity of the

Pope put an end at once to all further ceremony. Pius IX. spoke Spanish fluently and the visit passed very happily; he told Ysabel that if she wished she could come to see him every day while in Rome and tell him all that lay at her heart, an invitation of which she gladly took advantage.

The first Communion of the three children, Paz, Pilar and Eulalia, took place in the Pope's private chapel in the Vatican because Pius IX. never entered St. Peter's after the famous *Venti Settembre*. It was left to his immediate successor, Leo XIII., to abrogate this rule.

Ysabel and the Pope understood one another excellently; their spiritual ideas were in harmony, as both were mystically inclined, and both had a particular veneration for the Blessed Virgin. Ysabel has often been reproached by insufficiently informed writers and historians because her piety did not always seem to accord with her worldly ideas and practices; this criticism ignores her Spanish mentality and the customs of her country. She had in many ways that childlike simplicity of mind which came from an open, generous heart. The Spanish people understood, and therefore loved, Ysabel, but the politicians, as always happens, accused her clerical advisers of mixing unduly in politics. She must surely have spoken of those things with Pius IX., but naturally not before her children.

One interesting anecdote my mother remembers the Pope himself telling them. Once when he was paying an official visit to the Catacombs of Santa Agnes where some excavations were in progress the ground under him suddenly gave way and he fell through, down an entire story without being injured in the very least. "A confirmed snuff-taker," said he, laughing, "I had a snuff-box in my hand and instinctively gripped it so tightly that the glass protecting a picture of the Madonna on the lid was smashed." He was convinced the intercession of the Blessed Virgin had saved him. Ysabel and the children were in raptures with the recital. "If it will give you pleasure," said

he to the Queen, "I will let you have the snuff-box as a remembrance." Then he stood up, took my mother's shoulder as support, for he had a stiff leg, and with his seventy-one years could not walk well without help, and himself getting the box with the cracked lid, he handed it to Ysabel, after whose death it came into my mother's possession.

Ysabel asked the Pope's advice as to how she could by some agreement put an end to the ancient strife between herself and the Carlists, which caused her such intense pain. The Holy Father thought she ought to visit the Comte de Chambord¹ and talk matters over with him. "Certainly," said the Queen, "I would go with pleasure, but I am sure Chambord would not welcome me." "When you tell him that you took this step by the Pope's advice," answered Pius, "the leader of the French Legitimists, as a true son of the Church, will see you." After-events proved that Ysabel was right and the Holy Father wrong!

Ysabel and her family were only about a week in Rome, much too short a time to visit half the sights they would have liked; in fact, only just long enough to give them an idea of its countless glories. Baron Visconti, the noted archæologist, had been deputed to accompany them as guide and Ysabel took care, in a most characteristic way, to make him remember her for the rest of his life. She absolutely insisted on climbing into the Cupola of St. Peter's, so that her name might be recorded there with those of many famous people who had made the ascent. The passage is very narrow, the Queen was of a figure—and the heat at the end of June something awful—so the misfortune happened. First went the Duque de la Conquista, then Ysabel, behind her Visconti: they plodded slowly up. Conquista, in the Cupola a long time before the Queen, found the heat intolerable; after some time Ysabel, puffing and blowing, pushed herself forcibly into the opening of the Cupola—and

¹ Henri Charles Dieudonné, born 1820, only grandson of Charles X., died childless in 1883.

stuck ; she squeezed and squeezed and wriggled with all her might and stuck all the tighter. The situation would only have been comic had it not been that the unfortunate Conquista suddenly felt that he was in danger of suffocation. In spite of all respect he could not refrain from an agonizing whisper :

“ Your Majesty, I am dying ! ”

“ Be quiet, for God’s sake,” gasped Ysabel, “ I cannot get either in or out.”

The resourceful Visconti took the initiative and saved the situation. He caught Ysabel by the leg and pulled and tugged so vigorously that with a jerk she fell backwards and involuntarily trod with all her weight on her deliverer’s hand : he made no moan, but for the next few days he carried his arm in a sling and never forgot that fantastic adventure !

Unlike my mother, both my grandmother and my Aunt Isabel Girgenti had a perfect passion for sight-seeing and climbing up into towers and cupolas, wriggling down into tombs, or crawling sideways into catacombs and caverns !

IV

Ysabel and her four girls did not return direct to Paris from Rome ; she wished to go to Vienna to pay another visit to her son Alfonso and, on the way back to Paris, show the children the Rhine. In Vienna she maintained her incognito. She only wanted to see her son ; moreover, she knew that the Austrian Imperial family, in spite of their politeness, were really on the side of Don Carlos, whose mother, Marie Beatrice, was born an Archduchess of Austria-Este. One exception, however, was the Archduchess Rainer ¹ between whom and Ysabel’s family there existed all their lives a firm and warm friendship, free from all political considerations.

¹ Born Archduchess Marie, 1825-1915 ; married in 1862 her first cousin the Archduke Rainer (1827-1913) and died childless.

The idea of a visit by Ysabel to the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf, advised by the Pope, was a complete failure. Pius IX. had overestimated his influence, or the uncle of Don Carlos the Pretender wished at any cost to avoid what he considered a useless, unpleasant, and perhaps politically embarrassing interview with the Queen. Ysabel, therefore, got no nearer to a reconciliation with the Carlists; all the same, such was her sanguine nature, she never gave up the hope.

On the other hand, she was most happy about her son. Alfonso had won a very good place for himself in the Theresianum, was liked by masters, school-fellows and all with whom he came in contact. Always a deeply affectionate and devoted brother, he was very proud of being able to take his younger sisters about and show them the sights of Vienna. In a little dog-cart that his mother had given him he drove them to the Prater and through the streets. My mother was particularly enchanted, and had the additional pleasure of looking forward to the summer vacation that was still before them when once more they would all be together by the sea.

In Cologne on the way home a tragi-comic scene took place characteristic of Ysabel and her ideas of travelling. In Spain she had of course been accustomed to go about in state in a special royal train without regard to time or order. General Reina, who was in charge of her travelling arrangements, knew this only too well, and his was an extremely difficult and thankless office. Not only had he to get together all the numerous members of the family, their suites and servants, pack them into their various compartments in proper time, but besides he had always to make allowances for Ysabel's Spanish unpunctuality. His only chance of being able to adhere to his timetable was to announce the hour for starting as considerably earlier than it really was. Hitherto the trick had succeeded, but that time in Cologne it very nearly failed. All had gone to perfection, the piles

of luggage had been registered, the tickets examined ; but on this occasion for some reason or another Ysabel noticed that the time of her departure had been incorrectly announced, flew into a rage, and declared categorically that she was humiliated by such tricks and would not leave at all. Reina was out of his wits and his Spanish despair was so great that he bit out a loose tooth ! An heroic if unpremeditated remedy—it saved the situation. The kind-hearted Queen was so dismayed at sight of the blood that she gave way immediately and the party left by the train as arranged. In after years Ysabel and the old General often laughed together over this incident—even though the lost tooth was a lasting source of regret.

The Queen really did her best to forget her former state and arrange her life like any private person, but she did not always succeed. She did not, for instance, find it anything out of the way that owing to the journey to Rome and Vienna the work of her daughters at school was so completely upset that, on their return to the *Sacré Cœur*, they had to go through a whole class a second time. It was her view that they had seen so many interesting things that it was well worth while and that, after all, school studies need not be taken too seriously. She was born in days when a sound education for girls was considered unnecessary, indeed almost unwomanly. Subject to unending interruptions for political and state reasons, her own education—as she freely admitted—had been sadly neglected. She always said that anything she knew she had in later life taught herself. My mother, however, had other and perhaps more modern notions and did all she could to make up for lost time.

It was about this period that the reconciliation between Ysabel and the Montpensier family came about. To take the step she did was perhaps not too easy for the Queen, but she never could keep up rancour for long. Montpensier had treated her particularly badly, having at first secretly, and afterwards openly, conspired against her : it was only when he

realized that his plans had no chance of succeeding that he tried to make overtures of friendship.

Shortly after the Spanish revolution of 1868 he returned to France to live. His eldest daughter Isabelle had married in 1864 at the age of fifteen her first cousin the Comte de Paris and, upon Montpensier quitting Spain, the Comtesse had placed the Château de Randan, near Vichy, at her parents' disposal. The Comte was the Heir of Ferdinand Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of the Citizen King Louis Philippe, and therefore Orleanist Pretender to the Throne of France. In addition to the Comtesse de Paris, Montpensier had six other children ; however, as we shall see later, only two of them, Mercedes and Antoine, came prominently into my mother's life. Montpensier often came to Paris from Randan, but for a long time, for obvious reasons, he avoided the Palais de Castile. In the end his wife Luisa Fernanda found her way there : after all she was Ysabel's only sister and knew well that sister's generous heart.

My mother remembers the first visit of the Duc and Duchesse made together as rather stiff and uncomfortable ; although the official reconciliation had already taken place, Montpensier, tough-skinned though he may have been, cannot have felt particularly happy. However, after a time they came again, bringing their children with them, and, knowing and caring nothing about political quarrels, their young cousins very soon became great friends with my mother and her sisters.

On the formal visit the Queen paid to Randan after the reconciliation she took Alfonso and Isabel Girgenti with her, the younger ones being left at home in Paris. It was on this occasion that the future King Alfonso XII. first saw and loved his cousin Mercedes : from that moment he only thought of her and she of him. When they returned to Paris Isabel Girgenti confided this secret to my mother, Pilar and Eulalia, and they kept it faithfully. Young as they were they realized that until some further time had elapsed it

would be too much to expect the Queen to welcome such a close union between the two families.

As for Alfonso, he was quite prepared to postpone opening the question, but was characteristically determined to marry Mercedes directly circumstances became more favourable to his plan. He had two invaluable qualities that do not very often go together ; he could wait patiently, and he could act swiftly and with decision. As he afterwards used to say, he learned many useful lessons in the hard school of exile.

V

During the year 1874 my mother had often the pleasure of seeing her brother Alfonso. It had been decided between the Queen and Cánovas that like his friend Loulou he would finish his studies in England. Napoleon III. had been dead a year—his only son, who was an Artillery Cadet at Woolwich, was the pride and hope of the Empress Eugénie and the Bonapartists, and on his eighteenth birthday six thousand ardent supporters journeyed from France to Chislehurst in Kent to pay him homage as Napoleon IV. This event made a great impression on Alfonso's followers, and a still greater one on Queen Ysabel. If the Bonapartists were so ready to go forward with their cause, the Alfonsists ought not to be behindhand ; still less so, as Alfonso's chances in Spain were clearly so much better than those of Loulou in France ; Alfonso was not trailing a lost war behind him. He had arrived in Paris from Vienna in August and, after visiting Belgium and other countries, had entered the English Royal Military College at Sandhurst in October : he was very advanced for his years and impressed everyone there by his purposefulness. He was at this time five foot three and a half inches in height, of slim stature and good-looking. General Sir Archibald Hunter, a fellow Cadet, remembers him as a first-rate horseman and skater, excellent at French, rapidly

improving in English, and in the top class at Surveying, Law and Administration, also in Fortifications under Colonel Phillips, R.E. He was drilled by himself under Captain W. Paterson of the 60th Rifles (K.R.R.C.) and Sergeant Mackintosh of the King's Own Lancaster Regiment. Don Alfonso did not live with the Cadets but in No. 1 The Terrace, one of the houses usually occupied by married instructors. It now bears a tablet erected by King Alfonso XIII. recording this fact. As at that time there was no Catholic Church in Camberley worship was held in a room in the private house of Mr. John Hughes, 5 London Road, where the Prince attended Mass during his short stay at the R.M.C. While his house was being got ready for him he stayed at the Royal York Hotel. His modest suite consisted of an elderly Spanish General and a Priest. On his seventeenth birthday, one month after he entered Sandhurst, Don Alfonso was declared of age, and in a formal address sent to him by his followers they expressed the hope that they would soon be able to welcome him in his rightful place. He thanked them in a manifesto¹ in which he said he intended first of all to finish quietly his studies as a Military Cadet in England.

At that moment he fully shared the views of his trustworthy Cánovas that no premature advantage should be taken of current conditions in his native land.

But in Spain the unexpected always happens, and events were marching much more rapidly than Cánovas or anyone else could have foreseen.

Christmas arrived, and after some sight-seeing in London Alfonso left England to spend part of his Sandhurst vacation in Paris. The following account of what happened at this momentous time was written by my mother soon after the events took place :

One day during the Christmas holidays Alfonso dressed himself up for us in his English Cadet's uniform ; the undress

¹ Known as the Sandhurst Manifesto, promulgated from No. 1 The Terrace, Camberley, December 28, 1874.

was black, the gala red ; both became him very well. One evening—it was the thirtieth of December—we all went to the theatre with him to see a fairy-tale called *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or* ; Alfonso explained anything we did not understand, and was delighted that we enjoyed ourselves so much.

When we returned home we found the Marqués de Elduayen waiting for us with a very grave face : speaking to my mother he said :

“ Your Majesty, imagine the mad thing that has happened ! Martinez Campos at Sagunto has dared with his troops to proclaim King Alfonso XII. ; unless the whole of Spain follows this impetuous example we are lost.”

My brother quietly let him finish, and then smilingly said :

“ I received the news this morning and, come what may, have decided to leave for Spain immediately.”

His astounding declaration was like a bombshell to us all : we could only stare and wonder. Almost at once he said good night to us and then went off to bed.

Next morning the first thing we heard was that all Spain had enthusiastically responded to the cry of “ Long live Alfonso XII.” The Palais de Castile went mad¹ with joy. We rushed to Alfonso’s room, but the door was locked. “ Wait till I am dressed,” he called out, “ or I shall never get finished.” When after a time he opened his door we asked him why he was looking so serious and he replied : “ I want to make a good name in history.”

During the three following days until he left Paris there was an unending stream of visitors. Many who for over six years had sedulously avoided us, came running to us now that our luck seemed to have turned.

Our great cry was : “ Quick, everything ready for the journey.”

Ysabel would have been glad if a senior male relative could have accompanied her son to Spain, but Alfonso did not require any experienced mentor. He had

¹ When during the evening of December 31, 1874, the Empress Eugénie heard at Camden Place of the event she wrote to a friend : “ The news of Don Alfonso’s Proclamation reached us like a thunderbolt. You must realize the joy it caused us. . . . The whole of this business has been admirably carried out. . . . Don Alfonso is the first of the birds to pass through the bars of the cage ; will it be the same for the others ? At any rate, good fortune and good luck to him and, above all, to his country . . . ”

immediately acted and spoken, quietly, but quite unmistakably, as reigning King of Spain. From the moment he heard of his Proclamation his mind and his decisions were to be his own. He had learned to be independent and self-reliant during the years of his exile, had grown to his difficult task with his seventeen years, and was as purposeful, ever keeping his goal in mind, as if he had been vouchsafed a premonition that much time to prepare would not be given him.

He travelled to Marseilles quietly and with perfect self-possession. On arrival he boarded the Spanish frigate *Navas de Tolosa* and dutifully ordered the Royal Standard, the Pendon de Castilla, to be taken down and sent to his mother to show her that his first thought on setting foot on a Spanish ship had been of her.

VI

One can imagine with what impatience the Queen and her daughters followed the course of Alfonso's journey. It proved to be a triumphal march : immediately on landing in Barcelona he won all hearts by answering in glowing words the Governor's speech of welcome ; for he had the great gift of oratory and knew how to sweep his people along with him. From Barcelona he went to Valencia and then to Madrid. After his solemn entry, which took place amidst the wildest enthusiasm, he frequently showed himself in the streets ; he presided at Ministerial Councils ; and then, as soon as he possibly could, hurried off to the war against Don Carlos. His first task was to put an end to fratricidal strife. His presence with the troops, and the personal courage he more than once displayed, not only gave new life to the operations, but consolidated his position throughout the country. Now for the first time the King and the Pretender found themselves fighting face to face.

Ysabel's two dearest wishes were, to stop the bloodshed by some sort of an agreement between the two



FRANCISCO DE ASIS, KING CONSORT OF SPAIN (1822-1902), IN THE UNIFORM OF A GENERAL, WEARING THE CHAIN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE AND THE RIBAND OF THE ORDER OF CARLOS III.

adversaries, and to return herself with her daughters to Spain. These ardent desires one finds echoed in the childish letters my mother used to send the Queen about this time (as school exercises) for Christmas, New Year, or for her birthday or Name-day; they invariably ended with the hope that the days of exile would soon be over, because young as she was, my mother instinctively knew this was the prayer nearest to Ysabel's heart.

It seemed to the Queen and her daughters as if there were nothing to prevent their immediate return—except that Cánovas was against it. He feared that the presence of Ysabel might injure the King in the eyes of the Spaniards by reawakening the political complications and factional interests that led to the revolution of 1868. Nor could Cánovas forget that Ysabel's mother La Reina Gobernadora Cristina had thrice been forced to leave the country, thereby greatly damaging her own prestige and her daughter's cause. He wanted no repetition of such unseemly events. Therefore, for the moment, there was nothing for Ysabel to do but to possess her soul in patience—and patience was never one of her strongest points. She was quite convinced that once in Spain she could be of the utmost use to her son—indeed, much more so than his Prime Minister! This fact is mentioned in the *Memoirs* of Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe, at that time German Ambassador in Paris, who often visited the Queen: however, later on, she told Hohenlohe¹ that she had had enough of politics, and would wait until her son summoned her; when, instead of doing so, Alfonso sent for his eldest sister Isabel, now once again Princess of Asturias, his mother was of course terribly disappointed and, not unnaturally, perhaps somewhat chagrined.

A letter she had received from the Governor of the Balearic Islands some time before probably did not help to soothe the Queen's impatience as it shows that there was a general expectation of her early return to

¹ On June 28, 1875.

Spain, and that in Mallorca she was remembered with affection :

[From the Spanish.]

PALMA DE MALLORCA, *March* 9, 1875.

. . . The Governor of the Balearic Islands in his own name, and in the name of the faithful inhabitants of this Island, has the high honour of laying a petition before Your Majesty. We know that Your Majesty wishes to return to your Spanish home, and that many of the Provinces are disputing for the honour of receiving the illustrious mother of our beloved King. Permit us to remind Your Majesty that the Balearic Islands have the first claim to this high honour. No other Province in Spanish territory can put forward such just and valid reasons as ours can. The Balearic Islanders have always remained true to their Sovereigns. Their loyalty to Your Majesty's Illustrious Dynasty has never been surpassed ; nor have the steadfastness of their morals, the kindness of their character, or their respect for the law.

This rich and fruitful soil has never been the theatre of Civil war ; discord can never thrive on these verdant fields. Added to this, the island possesses a mild and healthy climate and yields every kind of product in abundance.

We do not doubt then that Your Majesty will choose the town of Palma in the Island of Mallorca to be Your Majesty's dwelling-place.

Do not reject the warm wish of the Balearic Islanders, and rest assured of the enthusiasm and gratitude with which Your Majesty will be received. . . .

The Queen considered for some time whether she could not accept this invitation and go to live in the Castle of Belver in Palma ; but the idea of being on an island cut off from the land by storms decided her against doing so, in spite of the seductiveness of this lovely country, which she had known and loved since her visit to it in the year 1860. She intended that, when the right moment came, she would go to the Alcázar of Seville ; but, until things were sufficiently ripe in Spain, wisely decided, as she told Hohenlohe, to remain quietly in Paris.

Don Carlos then made a clever move—artfully touching the Queen on her sorest spot : *he* invited

her to return to Spain and reside in the northern territory occupied by the Carlist troops ! This led to an extraordinary correspondence between the Queen and Don Carlos and once again the enemies of the dynasty made it a pretext for charging Ysabel with intriguing with the Pretender and thereby betraying the interests of her son. A more cautious and less impulsive woman would not have fallen into the Pretender's trap ; but Ysabel had been a Queen Regnant for as long as she could remember, was temperamentally incapable of following frigid advice, however sound ; moreover, it seemed to her that it might be the heaven-sent opportunity of bringing about the longed-for understanding between her son and Don Carlos.

In all this she was entirely mistaken ; Don Carlos had no idea of abating any of his pretensions until the success of the young King in the field compelled him to do so.

Alfonso XII. soon showed Spaniards and the world that he well understood how to win over his political opponents to his side : even General Serrano in the end offered his services to the boy King. Alfonso's position became stronger each day, whilst the Carlists lost bit by bit on the battle-field all the advantages they had gained by the most severe fighting.

VII

On the eighteenth birthday of her brother Alfonso XII., eleven months after he had been acclaimed King, my mother began a diary. Although she was only thirteen years of age at the time her jottings are worth reproducing as she records from day to day what was principally interesting her mother and herself during this critical period of Spanish history ; moreover, she was quick and intelligent and saw and heard everything at first hand :

PARIS, *Sunday, November 28, 1875.*

Yesterday we did not go to bed until after midnight. We dined with Papa. The Spanish Ambassador, the Marqués

de Molins, was there with his daughters. During dinner they hardly spoke of anything but my brother Alfonso : the dinner being in honour of his birthday. Afterwards we danced.

PARIS, *Monday, December 20, 1875.*

All last week we were in bed with the measles. It was awfully tedious. I had to lie quiet from Tuesday till Saturday. Mamma has given us such nice paint-boxes with twenty-seven different colours, with little water-holders, pencils and brushes. We have already coloured the fashion drawings. We read till eight. Between Pilar's bed and mine we have a table with a lamp. I do hope we shall soon be allowed to get up. We cannot go back to the Sacré Cœur until forty days have passed.

PARIS, *Monday, December 27, 1875.*

The day before yesterday Conde de Puñonrostro¹ arrived just as Mamma began to feel ill. She had to remain in bed, and now the doctor says she too has the measles. Papa is also ill—with a bad attack of influenza, and we cannot see him again until Sunday.

PARIS, *Wednesday, December 29, 1875.*

Mamma is something better. Papa has now got the measles. It is a complicated case. God grant he will soon be well again.

PARIS, *Wednesday, January 12, 1876.*

Papa and Mamma are both better. Mamma is even up. Now they acknowledge that she has been very, very ill. The rash fell on the lungs. For three days they doubted if she could come through. Although they kept it secret from us we realized there was something wrong, as one evening they came out of her room looking very anxious and sad. When we went downstairs to our rooms we told our maids we were quite sure they were keeping something from us, and that Mamma was worse. The doctors say now she was at death's door.

PARIS, *Sunday, January 30, 1876.*

Yesterday they spoke of the war at dinner—this terrible Guerra Civil which has been for so many years afflicting our country. God grant it may soon be over—before all the

¹ He provisionally assumed the post of Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

Basque Provinces are devastated. They say Martinez Campos, Quesada and Moriones have joined together and are preparing for a great battle.

PARIS, *Thursday, February 10, 1876.*

The elections in Spain have passed off very well. On the fifteenth Cortes will be opened. It seems that the Government has won in the Congreso but not in the Senado. They speak much of a religious agreement. I don't understand a word of these things. I am only repeating what I heard. The war goes on. My brother's troops make great progress, but the operations have to be suspended on account of the snow. It seems there are rumours about a treaty. May God send peace to our poor Spain! Then one could send help to the Islands of Cuba. It would be too bad if Spain were to lose that place too.

PARIS, *Thursday, February 24, 1876.*

Alfonso's affairs are going on well; everyone is counting on a speedy peace; he is now in Tolosa. In San Sebastian he was very well received. The Carlists have retired to the mountains. A battle is expected. . . . Since the tenth I have not been able to write down anything, as our study hours have been rearranged, and one must work very hard. . . .

PARIS, *Sunday, February 27, 1876.*

More than twenty battalions of Carlists have surrendered to my brother. In Madrid they speak of our journey to Spain. I do hope we can soon go there. In France things are not going well. The elections have gone badly. They even speak of a new Commune.

PARIS, *Monday, February 28, 1876.*

Splendid news! Don Carlos has gone back to France,¹ and the Carlists have given in. God would not let Spain any longer be torn in pieces by a civil war led by two cousins. Now our poor country will have peace, and we must forgive those who have been the cause of this terrible misfortune.

PARIS, *Sunday, April 2, 1876.*

Mamma is waiting for news from Madrid which will decide our journey. They are settling religious questions there, and freedom of religious worship.

¹ Oddly enough, like Queen Ysabel herself, Don Carlos took refuge in Pau.—A. OF B.

PARIS, *Wednesday, April 12, 1876.*

At last the longed-for letter has arrived. The Prime Minister Cánovas has fulfilled nearly all Mamma's wishes. We shall probably leave for Spain the end of April or beginning of May. It seems the Alcázar of Seville will be offered to Mamma as our home.

PARIS, *Tuesday, April 25, 1876.*

The Prince of Wales¹ is now in Madrid. There are to be a lot of fêtes in his honour. Our grandmother Cristina has bought a very nice house in the Avenue Joséphine, but, before moving into it, she will spend a few months in Spain. She wants to bring home the body of her husband, the Duque de Rianzares, and have him buried in his native place, Tarancon ; then grandmother will return to Paris. Last Thursday we went to the Italian Opera to hear *Aida*. Verdi conducted it himself and was enormously applauded.

PARIS, *Monday, May 22, 1876.*

Now it is said that in about a month we are to leave for Santander, where Alfonso will meet us ; and we are to spend the winter in Seville. It seems we are to arrive in Santander by ship. That will be lovely as I have never seen a man-of-war.

They have taken a house for us in Santander and another in Ontaneda. They say both have large gardens. An upholsterer from Madrid came here to-day with patterns of stuffs for the furnishing of the Alcázar.

PARIS, *Tuesday, July 26, 1876.*

In four days, after seven years of exile, we shall again stand on Spanish soil. Everyone thinks this banishment was a terrible misfortune for us personally, but it was not entirely so. Our education in a foreign country has done us immense good. Instead of living all those years in the pomp and etiquette of the Court, we were brought up simply like any private person, which must be most useful for us in later life. Still, I am overjoyed to return to my country and be united again with my brother and eldest sister.

The story of the next two momentous years will be told entirely in my mother's own words extracted from her Diary.

¹ Afterwards King Edward VII.

CHAPTER FOUR

Back to the Old Spanish Home, 1876-1878

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ ¹

SANTANDER, *Tuesday, August 1, 1876.*

We have been here two days. We left Paris on the twenty-eighth of July, enormous crowds waiting to take leave of Mamma. We arrived at the station so late that there was not time for her to speak to them all. To the cries of "Viva la Reina" the train moved off. We had two saloon carriages, one had two divisions with a bed in each for Eulalia and me. We slept there as if we were at home. We reached Bordeaux next morning at eight. The station was decorated with flowers and hangings, and the Mayor, Town Councillors, and other Civic authorities were waiting on the platform. As we had to talk to all these strangers the breakfast was interminable. I had the Mayor next to me. Fortunately he began the conversation, or I should not have known what to say to him. At last we were off again, on our way to St. Jean de Luz. In Bayonne we were also greeted by the Civic dignitaries, and in St. Jean de Luz we heard again for the first time the *Marcha Real*. The station was crowded. We drove to an hotel where we had a rather ceremonious luncheon party. Afterwards a Spanish launch took us to the Spanish frigate *Ferrolano*, which in turn took us to the *Numancia*. While we were embarking salutes were fired from all the ships. The noise was deafening, anything but pleasant, but the scene on the water magnificent. All the vessels were manned and flagged. Sailors stood on the masts shouting "Vivas." I was enchanted. As we neared the *Numancia* the ships again saluted. A launch from the *Ferrolano* put us on board. The sailors stood in rows

¹ With the exception of a few letters from her parents, Queen Ysabel and King Francisco, this chapter consists entirely of extracts from the Diary of the Infanta: therefore, to save space here and in later chapters, cross-headings have as far as possible been dispensed with.

on the deck crying "Viva" while the bands on the bridge played the Royal March.

Mamma kept up bravely until she got to her cabin, then she broke down and cried. We understood her emotion after all she had gone through, and left her alone. Of course the first thing we did was to go up on the bridge and have a big look round; then we went over the entire ship from top to bottom. As the sun went down the Angelus rang out and the flags sank to the music of the *Marcha Real*. Then the band played Gounod's *Ave Maria*—and all was still. After a while my sisters Pilar and Eulalia went to their cabins to sleep, but I could not tear myself away from the glorious sight for a long time. I could only look out over that boundless ocean. The ship rocked very gently. After a while the moon came out and lit up our escorting ships, the *Oriflamme*, *Consuelo*, and *Ferrolano*. I shall never forget the picture. It was well past eleven before I also went off to bed.

Next morning we heard Mass on board with military music. Then came the news that the King was nearing the *Numancia*. Impatiently we watched a shallop flying the purple Royal Standard, the Pendon de Castile, coming towards us: soon he and sister Isabel were with us. Mamma embraced him with emotion. Then it was our turn. He has grown since we saw him last, and is beginning to have a moustache. We had to laugh at the decisive way he gave his orders to the Ministers and Generals.¹

The houses in Santander were gaily decorated in the Spanish way with flowers and bright hangings. The streets were crowded with people as we drove through immediately on our arrival to be present at the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral. Our house is charming. . . .

SEVILLE, Sunday, February 4, 1877.

We went to see the Caridad, a home for poor old invalid men and women. It is supported by the nobles of Seville. Mamma is the only woman belonging to the Association. According to ancient custom she must kiss the hand of the oldest inmate when she comes to visit them. The beautiful church is well known, as are its paintings by Murillo and

¹ . . . the King . . . is smallish . . . but has a great deal of presence, is very intelligent and good-looking. So young a monarch in so difficult a position interests me.—*Letters of James Russell Lowell*, U.S. Minister to Spain 1877-1880, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, London, 1894.

Valdes Leal. Near the altar lies the founder of the home, Don Miguel de Mañara, under a simple stone with the inscription—desired by himself—“Here lies the wickedest man that ever lived.” He was a very pleasure-loving man and was, they say, the original of Don Juan.

SEVILLE, *Friday, April 6, 1877.*

Semana Santa is famous for its wonderful ceremonies and curious processions. . . .

We walked in the procession of *del Santo Entierro*¹ as far as the Cathedral, moving slowly along the streets of Seville in the silence of the night. One heard only the monotonous murmur of prayer or an occasional *Saeta*, a long-drawn-out lament, completely Arab in its sad intensity, sung at intervals by one or other in the crowd, and generally improvised; a lament over the sorrow of the Blessed Mother and a cry for help in need. Many of these couplets are sung by men, but mostly it was the high clear voices of young girls that seemed to rise up to God with pain and longing. I am so glad to have seen the Holy Week in Seville. I had heard so much about it.

Alfonso and Isabel were also here; but they have now gone back to Madrid. . . . The King took advantage of the opportunity to be more with our cousin Mercedes Montpensier.² He was clearly each day more and more in love with her.

SEVILLE, *Friday, April 20, 1877.*

To-day is the last day of the *Feria*. One cannot imagine a greater contrast than that between the *Semana Santa* and the annual fair that immediately follows it—the celebrated *Feria de Sevilla*. During the three days it lasts the light-hearted Sevillanos make up in a whirl of gaiety for the solemnity and mourning of Holy Week. . . .

On the last two days there were bull-fights. Experts said they were particularly good, but I, not being either an expert or an admirer, did not appreciate them. Our cousins Mercedes

¹ The Holy Burial.

² The Duchesse de Montpensier lived with her husband and family in the Palace of San Telmo, a huge Renaissance pile in a lovely Park on the outskirts of the City given to her on her marriage by her sister Ysabel II.; they had another estate not far away at San Lucar de Barrameda at the mouth of the Guadalquivir close to Cadiz which Montpensier had purchased. Soon after the restoration of Alfonso XII. they returned from Randan in France and took up their residence at San Telmo.

and Cristina were with us all the time. They looked so well with their beautiful large eyes and white mantillas. Mercedes particularly was a picture—with yellow carnations in her black hair.

SEVILLE, *Sunday, May 27, 1877.*

The Empress Eugénie has been some days in Seville. She was so nice and friendly with us all. It seems she intends to wear mourning all her life for the Emperor.¹ She only drives or walks about, and once in a way quietly visits the theatre, otherwise she goes nowhere. She lunched with us in the Alcázar, and then went over it all, looking at everything. She had never been in it since her marriage.

SEVILLE, *Sunday, August 12, 1877.*

Excursion to Rinconada. We drove out there in several carriages escorted by grooms in costumes of the country. As we only arrived at seven in the evening our return journey was by night. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, but there was no moon. The carriage lamps did not give sufficient light so the grooms lit and carried pitch torches ; the effect was most picturesque and romantic. The tinkling of the bells on the horses' harness was all that could be heard in the stillness. The officer of the Guardia Civil ² who accompanied us was more concerned about our safety than about the poetry of the scene. He had stationed his mounted troops all along the way in groups and, as we passed, each group turned and trotted after us until by the time we reached Seville we had quite a considerable escort.

SEVILLE, *Tuesday, August 21, 1877.*

Mamma gave a little ball for us on Saturday in the Alcázar gardens. Coloured lamps lit up the paths and fountains. The reflection of Bengal lights on the high palm and orange trees was fantastic. Altogether it was like a fairy scene. There were quite a lot of people invited and all were in the best of good humour. I enjoyed myself immensely. My sisters, too, never missed a dance. Suddenly there came a short but heavy shower of rain and we all flew for shelter to

¹ Napoleon III. died at Camden Place, Chislehurst, Kent, January 9, 1873.

² A picked body of semi-military mounted police, founded in 1844, famous for smartness, intelligence and loyalty, then, as now, the mainstay of Law and order throughout Spain.

the Pavilion of Charles V. in the middle of the garden. It was soon over and we were able to continue dancing until midnight. . . .

SEVILLE, *Monday, August 27, 1877.*

I have remarked for some time that Mamma seemed worried. Now she has told us why. We are all to go to the Escorial in the middle of September ; she will take us from there to Madrid and leave us ; but she herself will return alone to Paris. It is very hard on her and on us to part, but she makes the sacrifice because she thinks it better for our future that we should remain with Alfonso. We made her promise that she would often visit us.

THE ESCORIAL, *Thursday, September 13, 1877.*

I have just come back from a long drive with Alfonso. He has been here two days and promises to stay on longer. The poor boy is awfully in love with our cousin Mercedes, but it seems both the Government and Mamma are against the idea of such a marriage. I do hope they can come to a happy solution. Alfonso brought us from his last journey head-dresses the same as those worn by the girls of Zamora and Salamanca. They are of black velvet and the part that goes over the head is of satin embroidered with black spangles. He also brought us earrings of very fine gold filigree work such as are worn with the head-dress.

THE ESCORIAL, *Saturday, September 15, 1877.*

Yesterday Alfonso told me he intended to speak seriously with Mamma about his marriage, and that he won't leave here until an understanding is come to. In the afternoon Mamma's eyes were red and I could see she had been crying ; but Alfonso told us in the evening that it was all arranged. . . .

THE ESCORIAL, *Sunday, September 16, 1877.*

This morning military Mass before a crucifix made by Benvenuto Cellini. Philip II. had it placed on an Altar in such a way that it can be seen from the Patio de los Reyes,¹ and from all the windows round it ; we heard Mass from the windows of the library overlooking the Patio while Alfonso stood below with drawn sword at the head of the garrison. The troops presented arms at the Consecration and the *Marcha*

¹ Court of the Kings, so-called from the huge statues of the Kings of Judah high upon the west front of the Church.

Real was played ; after Mass they marched past the King and then back to their barracks. At eleven o'clock the Montpensiers arrived from La Granja ¹ with Mercedes and Antonio, and sister Isabel. . . .

MADRID, *Monday, October 8, 1877.*

We have been four times at the Opera. I liked it extremely, not only the fine theatre itself but also the splendid orchestra. Of course we have often been to the Casa de Campo and El Pardo. Our visit to the Mint was quite instructive as they explained how the gold and silver coins were made. There is a wonderful collection of old coins there that interested me more than anything else, as I have such a fancy for numismatics. I have already quite a nice collection, and hope in time to be able to make it larger.

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.²

MADRID, *October 27, 1877.*

. . . Just a moment for a little line after our return from the Atocha.³ It seems already a long time since you left us. Alfonso and Isabel have gone to the theatre to see *Don Juan Tenorio*, so we are at home alone. I already know that you arrived an hour and a half too early in Seville, and that the troops had not finished the preparations for your reception. I know, too, that you dined in San Telmo and went out to drive with the ponies. I hope Eulalia is amusing herself. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Thursday, November 1, 1877.*

To-day, All Saints', we have taken part for the first time in a Capilla Publica.⁴ The Grandees and Gentlemen of the

¹ La Granja or San Ildefonso, a royal castle near Segovia famous for its gardens, built by Philip V. who succeeded to the Crown of Spain in 1700 : a grandson of Louis XIV. and the first Bourbon Sovereign of Spain, his palace is in the style of Versailles.

² The Queen and her daughter Eulalia had gone to visit the Montpensiers at Seville.

³ Following the traditional custom the King drove in state with escort every Saturday afternoon to the Church of Our Lady of Atocha to the devotion known as the *Salve* : "the Atocha," as it is commonly called, is mentioned in this volume again and again.

⁴ The great Church ceremonial, held on certain festivals at the Spanish Court, when the King and Queen in state, surrounded by the Court, assist at High Mass. It is carried out with all the

Court were waiting in gala uniforms in the antechamber. The procession began to move. In front were the Court Marshals, Chamberlains and Grandees of Spain. On the right of the King was the Patriarch of the Indies,¹ and on his left my sister Isabel.² Behind the King we three younger sisters walked together, followed by our ladies of the Court, officers of the Escolta Real, and the Halberdiers,³ Halberdiers also lining both sides of the Gallery. Inside the Church places were arranged on each side of the High Altar according to rank and precedence. After High Mass we went back in the same order to the State apartments in procession. Then followed the usual *cercle* when we have to talk to everyone. My shyness makes it always a terrible ordeal for me.

MADRID, *Saturday, November 24, 1877.*

The day before yesterday the official reception of the Moroccan Embassy took place. They arrived at the Palace in the State carriages drawn by six horses with tall white and red feather plumes on their heads. A squadron of Escolta rode behind the Ambassador's carriage, and at each side walked footmen in gala livery with long staves in their hands. The Halberdiers, also in gala uniform, were stationed on the Grand Staircase⁴ and the Royal March was played as the fourteen Moroccans gravely walked up. The Ambassador is an old man and looked extremely dignified enveloped in his white burnous. We watched the whole ceremony in the Throne Room from behind a curtain. It was very solemn. The King was surrounded by his Ministers, Grandees and Generals. The Moroccans saluted according to the custom of their country. Then the Ambassador made a speech in Arabic splendour and punctiliousness of the oft-quoted "Spanish etiquette." One of its special features is the state procession of the entire Royal family and Court round the fine gallery from the State apartments to the Chapel Royal and back. The last time the Infanta took part in the ceremony is described on p. 364.

¹ The highest Catholic Church dignitary in Latin America: the title dates from the time of the Spanish dominion over Central and South America.

² As Princess of Asturias and Heiress Apparent to the Throne.

³ The personal bodyguard of the Sovereign, on duty within the Palace day and night; once the King crossed the Palace portals the duty of protecting him devolved on the Escolta Real.

⁴ It was when mounting this magnificent staircase that Napoleon I. said to his brother Joseph, whom he had just made King of Spain: "Why, brother, you will be better lodged than I."

which the Foreign Minister translated into Spanish. After Alfonso had answered, the presents the Embassy brought were displayed. Besides the forty Arab horses with saddles, embroidered saddle cloths and trappings (which were paraded below in the courtyard) there were wonderful gold embroideries, tissues, gold vases and caskets, and many other things. They afterwards went to my eldest sister's apartments to pay her a visit, and again presented gifts, shawls, stuffs, and ornaments, many of which Isabel afterwards divided amongst us. They then left the Palace with the same state and solemnity as on their arrival.

MADRID, *Tuesday, November 27, 1877.*

Two days ago Alfonso held a big military review. The troops marched past very well and looked very smart. Behind the King were our friends the Moroccans, riding their own horses which they had brought with them. . . . What seemed very funny to me was that they had their spurs buckled to their stockings. . . .

MADRID, *Thursday, November 29, 1877.*

Yesterday, Alfonso's birthday, a great reception was held in the Palace, and a dinner of ninety-seven covers in the evening. The Moroccan Ambassador ate only dessert and never opened his lips, as he can only speak his own language. After dinner we had to talk in turn with all our guests—which I hate, having to find conversation with people I don't know. First with the wife of the Minister of War, which went very well, but, next in the row, whom should I come upon—quite out of my reckoning—but the Duquesa de la Torre who, as wife of the Regent,¹ had lived and reigned in these very rooms! Summoning courage I spoke a few friendly words about casual things; soon to my relief I saw the Archbishop of Toledo with whom I could at least talk about our visit to Rome. On the wide staircase, which was brilliantly illuminated, stood the whole evening footmen in gala livery and powdered wigs. It looked very well, but the poor men must have been glad when they were at last set free.

KING FRANCISCO TO THE INFANTA PILAR

PARIS, *November 29, 1877.*

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER PILAR:

I can see with much pleasure by your letters that you have aptitude and talent. If you have great will you can profit very

¹ See page 8, footnote 3.

much by the instructions of your masters. I repeat that you have now reached an age when there is no excuse for careless studying. You are intelligent enough to understand what a pitiable rôle uneducated people play in life. I am convinced that you will understand, in spite of all the amusements that are such an attraction at your age, that the education of a young girl—and much more so when she is an Infanta—does not consist in driving and riding and diversions, but that you must devote yourself more to the study of instructive and suitable literature. That is much more useful than running about from theatre to theatre, seeing plays that you neither can nor ought to understand. I know that this admonition will not be to your taste; when we were your age we have all seen those things with similar eyes. But later we had to acknowledge that it was for our good that we were not allowed to fulfil all our wishes. A young girl's inclination is to external appearances. I should like you—without being a blue-stocking—which is something extremely ridiculous—to develop a serious, well-balanced character, that will win you the respect and esteem of Society. I hope you will soon send me, as you offered to do, some of your work so that I may judge of the progress that you are making. I know I need not advise you to be gentle and obedient to those who are entrusted with your education, as I am convinced you always follow their counsels, as you will also do in all I have said to you, and thus show that you are deserving of the love of your father.

FRANCISCO DE ASIS.

P.S.—I desire that all your letters to me, in an envelope addressed to me, be enclosed in an outer envelope directed by one of your governesses to my Lord Chamberlain. I cannot allow any deviation from the rules laid down for a well-educated young girl.

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Tuesday, December 14, 1877.*

Yesterday the Duque de Sesto¹ and the Marqués de la Frontera returned from Seville where they had been sent by

¹ Don José Osorio y Silva, Marqués de Alcañices, Duque de Sesto (1826-1909), one of the most faithful adherents of Alfonso XII.; he accompanied him to Vienna and spent his time and his fortune in helping to bring about the restoration. In April, 1868, he married Sophie, *née* Troubetzkoy, widow of the 1st Duc de Morny (1811-1865), half-brother of Napoleon III.

Alfonso formally to ask on his behalf the hand of Mercedes from the Duc de Montpensier. Preparations for the wedding have already begun. What makes me very unhappy is that Mamma is not coming for the ceremony, so Alfonso will leave for Seville with Isabel on the twenty-second of December.

Monday, December 31, 1877.

This has been a very lonely Christmas. The first time we spent it without Mamma. . . .

Saturday, January 5, 1878.

On the eighth my brother and sister are to return from Seville. I believe Papa and Grandmother will soon arrive in Madrid. The wedding is to be on Alfonso's Name-day, the twenty-third. It is too sad that the only one to be absent is just Mamma.

QUEEN YSABEL TO THE INFANTA PILAR

PARIS, January 18, 1878.

. . . Do you often think of your mother? I am always with you in thought, and long to see you again. I am very sorry I cannot be present at your brother's wedding, but in heart I will be there. I bless them, and wish them long years of happiness. . . . How nice you will look in the frocks I chose for you and send as presents. Even the flowers I selected myself. I can imagine how wide you will open your eyes at everything. How gladly would I embrace you! . . . You will be happy to see your Father again. I am very glad he is going. Write and tell me all your impressions.

So many kisses from your ever loving mother

YSABEL.

Your Grandmother will also give you greetings in my name.

. . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, Wednesday, January 29, 1878.

The fêtes are over. Grandmother and Papa have left, as well as Uncle and Aunt Montpensier with Cristina. . . . The Queen-Mother, grandmother of the bride and bridegroom, and Papa were the godparents.¹ The Montpensier family had come some days before to Aranjuez where the marriage contract was signed. Mercedes drove in her bridal dress from

¹ In England it would be called "giving away."—A. OF B.



THE INDIAN ISABEL, COUNTESS OF GIRGENII (1851-1931)

As a Young Girl

A RICINI PHOTOGRAPH



there to Madrid to the Church. At ten o'clock in the morning, in the loveliest weather the King's procession left the Palace. The troops lined the streets from there to the Atocha; the crowds were something enormous. We drove in gala carriages drawn by six horses, in the last one being the King who alone has eight horses. Coachmen and lackeys in full gala liveries, the horses with plumes of coloured feathers, footmen with powdered wigs, and wands in their hands, walked on each side of the carriages. Each of the members of the Royal Family had their own equerry and escort. We met the bride's procession not far from the Atocha. It was as magnificent as ours. When we had taken our places in the Church my sister Isabel, acting for our somewhat feeble grandmother, led the bride to her place. She looked pale but very happy. When the ceremony was over we drove back to the Palace. The procession was of course much longer as the Queen's cortège was now joined to ours. The whole city was draped in gala-coloured stuffs, and tapestries hung from all the balconies; those of the Grandees and nobles were magnificent, displaying their coats-of-arms, while from the humbler windows hung rugs and even carpets; everyone did what they could to add to the brightness and warmth of the welcome. These decorations were left up during the days the festivities lasted, and every night there were illuminations.

It goes without saying that there were bull-fights. Even though it may seem a shame for a Spaniard to acknowledge it, I must confess that I did not see much of them. There is still less excuse for me as on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth they were what are called *Corridas reales con caballeros en plaza*, in which, in honour of the King, gentlemen take part. In the usual bull-fights the professional toreros fight on foot, but the caballeros when they fight do so mounted on splendid horses which they are bound to defend, a difficult feat while at the same time defending themselves. The horses are lent by Grandees who act as "godfather" to the caballeros, and if the horse is unhurt after the fight it becomes the property of the rider. Before the fight begins the Grandees bring their protégés to the Corrida in their own state carriages and drive with them round the arena; they stop before the Royal Box and present the specially selected caballero who is to fight in honour of the Royal pair. Under the Royal Box stand Halberdiers with their halberds pointing to the arena, forming a human barrier—a decidedly doubtful pleasure for them. After these ceremonials came the entry of the professional

toreros into the arena with their staff—banderilleros and picadores—in the usual way. Their picturesque costumes encrusted with gold and silver embroidery glistening in the sun was a really beautiful sight. As soon as the key of the Toril¹ was thrown down from the King's Box, the trumpet was sounded, and the first bull came rushing in. The thing for me was over. I only dared from time to time to glance down (very often at the very worst moment).

The Corrida next day was even better, they said, although unfortunately there were accidents. One of the caballeros, an officer of the Escolta, was knocked over by the bull and trampled on; he had to be carried out to the infirmary. That evening there was gala theatre. The house looked splendid with everybody in full dress from gallery to parquet. The opera was by the Spaniard Chapi.

On the twenty-seventh a big dinner in the Palace was followed by a reception. Mercedes appeared in a very simple blue velvet dress trimmed only with the wonderfully beautiful fur inherited from her grandmother Queen Amélie, wife of Louis Philippe. She looked lovelier than ever with all the freshness of her seventeen years. After this, at eleven o'clock, there was a great military tattoo and the massed bands of the garrison played in the court of the Armería in front of the Palace. Each regiment had coloured lampions with their special emblems. There were Bengal lights and a torchlight procession. I found this, the last of the feasts Spain had given in honour of the King's marriage, the prettiest of all. . . .

II

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Saturday, February 9, 1878.*

Pius IX. is dead. He was not only a great Pope, but one of the most important personages of our time. To-morrow there will be a Requiem for him in the Chapel Royal.

MADRID, *Sunday, February 17, 1878.*

Yesterday the formal opening of Cortes. We drove to the Chamber in state carriages. The Chamber was crowded, the tribune filled with ladies. We were placed on the left of the King and Queen. Alfonso sat on a throne near a table on

¹ The enclosure for the bulls.

which was placed the Royal insignia. Behind him were the Ministers. He read aloud the speech prepared by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.¹ The announcement of the end of the Cuban War was made in it.

MADRID, *Thursday, February 21, 1878.*

General Martinez Campos has succeeded in bringing the war in Cuba to an end. Now there is peace in every part of Spain. . . . A second interesting bit of news is that Cardinal Pecci has been elected Pope. He takes the name of Leo XIII.

MADRID, *Wednesday, February 27, 1878.*

A few days ago we looked on at the Investiture of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. This ceremony, dating from very ancient times, is still carried out in strict accordance with prescribed rules. The Knights taking part in the ceremony assembled in the King's antechamber. The King sat at a table on which were two lighted candles, a crucifix and the Bible. He commanded his Knights to cover and sit down. Then the godfather of one of the candidates comes forward, bows low before the King and announces the name of his protégé. The King then says : "*Id y preguntad si accepta.*"² The godfather goes into the adjoining room where the aspirants are waiting and brings back the answer ; after the King, as Sovereign of the Order, has accepted it, he again goes out and fetches his godchild. They bow three times, and the newly accepted Knight kneels before the King and laying his right hand on the Bible swears to be true to the rules of the Order. The King hangs the Collar round his neck and embraces him. The new Knight must then in turn embrace all the other Knights before he may sit down amongst them. So ends the ceremony.

MADRID, *Monday, March 4, 1878.*

Yesterday we drove out with the Marquesa de Santa Cruz our Aya³ to the Retiro and Pardo to look at the carnival. My sister Isabel rode behind with her lady-in-waiting. Such a scene of turmoil and din ! The maskers jumped on the steps of the carriages and some got into them, joking and laughing with the ladies (who are unmasked), covered them

¹ Señor Silvela, who was Prime Minister 1899-1900 and 1902-1903 ; died May, 1905.

² Go and ask if he accepts.

³ Directress of Studies to the Infantas.

with flowers, bonbons, and little trifles. They even threw a lot into our carriage. . . .

MADRID, *Saturday, March 9, 1878.*

I may as well make some remarks about the ceremony of bestowing the Grandeza.¹ Last Thursday I saw it. As is well known Grantees have the right to keep on their hats in the King's presence if they wish. It is from this ceremony that they acquire that right, and it is therefore called "covering" and they are called "covered Grantees." Besides this they can take part in the *Capillas Publicas* and other Court functions without invitation, and can see the King without first asking for an audience. The King can make a Grantee of whom he will, but it is usually the sons of Grantees, or the husband of a lady who is a Grantee in her own right, who are accorded the honour.

As at the bestowal of the Golden Fleece a Grantee godfather is necessary. He leads his grown-up godchild to the King. This time, as often happens, there were a good many to be covered. They each came in turn with his godfather to the King, who says: "*Cubraos, y hablad.*"² Then each in turn reads aloud, with his hat on, a long speech—mostly about the nobility, age and heroism of his family and ancestors (to show how worthy he is of the honour about to be bestowed). Then taking off his hat he kisses the King's hand and embraces his colleagues. . . .

For the Grantee Ladies—or shall I call them Lady Grantees?—the word has no English feminine—the formula is quite different. There is no hat, but instead they are invited to sit down on a cushion! So the ceremony is called *Tomar la Almohada*.³ It probably dates back to the time of the Moors when the Spanish ladies, perhaps following Oriental fashion, sat, as a special honour, on cushions on the floor instead of mats. It was a much more brilliant scene than the Covering of the Men Grantees because it took place at night and the ladies were in full Court dress with jewels. Round the room on the floor were placed rows of cushions for the ladies who were already Grantees. For the Queen alone there was a chair, and for her Mistress of the Robes a stool. One by one each of the aspirants for the cushion comes in, accompanied by her godmother, and one by one, after making three low

¹ Or naming Grantees, of whom there are only about ninety in the whole of Spain.

² Put on your hat and speak.

³ Taking the cushion.

curtsies to the Queen, is told by Her Majesty to sit down, which she does (as best she can) on a cushion placed immediately at the feet of the Queen and there remains until Her Majesty after a short conversation tells her to rise, which she does (again as best she can) and goes to take her rightful place—as a full-blown Grandee Lady of the Cushion—beside her sisters of that rank. The whole ceremony might be called an exercise in gymnastics, and was terribly trying particularly for the stouter ladies—as I counted that they had to sit down and stand up thirty-six times and curtsy each time—and all this with long trains ! . . .

MADRID, *Thursday, April 11, 1878.*

Yesterday evening the Estudiantina gave a concert in aid of the poor in the Teatro Real. In former times the Spanish students wandered from town to town with their guitars, bandurrias and other stringed instruments, playing for alms or for a meal. A wooden spoon, which they wore stuck into their three-cornered hats, was all they took with them besides their musical instruments. The spoon was everywhere recognized as the symbol of the wandering student. This custom is long ago a thing of the past, but there are still Students' Concert Associations and Clubs which give concerts on the old-fashioned instruments and make money by it. Those we saw yesterday had just returned from Paris where they had made a great success. They were really first-class. They wore the Spanish students' costume of a century ago with black velvet knee breeches and the classic spoon in their hat. They played only Spanish folk music, in the inimitable way that goes straight to the heart, and speaks of the blue skies and sun of Spain.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

PARIS, *May 6, 1878.*

. . . Do you want to know something about this Exhibition ? Well, listen. The opening was really brilliant, even though one could see that Paris is a republican Paris. Punctually at two it was opened. I had already been some time there with Madame MacMahon, and was given the first place amongst the Princes and Princesses. Papa appeared on the right of the President MacMahon, while on his left was the Prince of Wales.¹ On Papa's right was the Duca di Aosta, the former King Amadeo of Spain, and to the left of the Prince of Wales

¹ King Edward VII.

the Crown Prince of Denmark.¹ On my tribune were the Russian Grand Dukes, the Persian and Annamite Princes, and many other personages. After various ununderstandable speeches a round of the Exhibition was made, after which I drove home with Madame MacMahon and other ladies. In the evening there was a great reception at the Élysée to which I was invited. Your father was present, also the Prince of Wales, Amadeo, the Princes of Denmark and Holland,² the Russians, amongst whom was the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and the Orléans Princes. I talked with them all, particularly long with the Prince of Wales, and Amadeo. I must say the latter behaved very nicely and tactfully. He had himself presented to me as the Duca di Aosta, and was most polite and attentive. He called on me next day and I returned the visit. To-day the Princesses of Wales and Denmark arrived. We shall visit one another. What pleasure it would give me if you could come here to the Exhibition. It is really beautiful, although I liked the Vienna one still better. When your sister Isabel comes to Paris she could bring you with her. . . . A little journey like that would be very good for you. Tell Alfonso this. I am sure he would allow you to come with Isabel. . . . Your embroidery work has made me happy. I have put them all by carefully so that nothing can happen to them. . . . I play a good deal now on the harp. . . . Music is such a pleasure to me. . . . I often sing, too, with Madame La Grange.

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Wednesday, May 15, 1878.*

I must speak about the official visit of the Annamite Embassy. They came as is customary at the Palace in the King's state carriages with military escort and accompanied by the Primer Introdutor de Embajadores. On entering the Throne Room they made three low obeisances while they held up a little piece of ivory, rather like a shoe-horn in size and form, on which was the portrait of their King, staring fixedly at it all the while. When the speech began everyone laughed—it was quite impossible not to—it was so unexpected and extraordinary. They sang—or rather chanted—the whole speech, up and down, down and up, from beginning to end.

¹ Afterwards (1906) Frederick VIII. (1843-1912), brother of Queen Alexandra.

² Prince William, 1840-1879, stepbrother of Queen Wilhelmina.

Alfonso and Mercedes did not dare to look at one another for fear of an explosion. They brought beautiful presents from Annam ; inlaid mother-of-pearl caskets, enamel bonbonnières set with precious stones, elephants' tusks, coins, and lovely stuffs. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PILAR

PARIS, *May 22*, 1878.

. . . I don't doubt that you had to laugh at the Annamites' chanted speech. As I also had to receive one of the Annamite Embassies on a former occasion, I know their vocal music. The ones you saw I met at the MacMahons' reception and conversed with one of them who is a priest and speaks French very well. Tell Paz that the next time she sits beside one of these gentlemen at dinner I should be very glad if she could speak to him in his *own* language ! Tell her also that she takes after me in her distaste for the bull-fights. . . .

CHAPTER FIVE

Shadow and Sunshine, 1878-1880

1878

Hers all the Earth could promise or bestow,—
Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the beckoning years,
Lids never wet unless with joyous tears,
A life remote from every sordid woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow.
What lurking place, thought we, for doubts or fears,
When, the day's swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months ago?
The guns were shouting Io Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their scorn of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the tomb.
Grim jest of fate! Yet who dare call it blind,
Knowing what life is, what our humankind?

LOWELL.

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ ¹

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, *Tuesday, June 18, 1878.*

To-day, alas, I have nothing but bad news. The Queen has fever: for over a month she has been feeling very unwell, but at Court no one ever acknowledges that a member of the Royal family is ill, and when one inquires the answer is always the same, even when it is not true. I am quite in despair; the doctors don't tell me anything.

Wednesday, June 28, 1878.

The Queen is dying. . . .

On the twenty-fourth Mercedes received the Last Sacraments while the guns outside were saluting in honour of her eighteenth birthday. On the morning of the twenty-sixth Alfonso sent for us. The entire Palace was still as death, except for the footsteps of the Halberdiers at their posts, up

¹ As in the previous and subsequent chapters cross-headings have been dispensed with as far as possible.

and down the stone floor of the corridor ; I shall never forget the scene that met my eyes as I entered that room. Ministers, ladies-in-waiting, aides-de-camp, generals, all kneeling about, responding to the prayers for the dying which the Archbishop of Toledo read from the foot of the bed, around which knelt the family. Alfonso held one hand of the dying girl while his sorrowful eyes never left the white face of his beloved. At noon she died. We kissed her and left the room. All Alfonso said was : " Forgive me for calling you in ; I still hoped that perhaps the prayers of such innocent hearts might help." . . .

MADRID, *Monday, July 1, 1878.*

God Almighty : The Queen is dead ! . . . We are to go to the Escorial on the fourth. Perhaps when there I may be able to write more about these terrible events. . . .

THE ESCORIAL, *Sunday, July 14, 1878.*

I could not bring myself to write sooner. We came out here on the fourth, but only stayed to hear a Mass for Mercedes beside her tomb. At that time they did not wish us to remain as they said there was smallpox in the village, so we returned at once to Madrid. We have been back since the eleventh—probably for the rest of the summer. For Alfonso this place is full of dear remembrances of his wife. Their engagement, after all the difficulties and obstacles they had been able to surmount—everything reminds him of happy days gone, alas, for ever, buried in her grave ! I can hardly yet realize that it is true. I had never seen death so near, did not know what dying was like. We had been wakened up from sleep—Eulalia still suffering from gastric fever—ran hurriedly to the Queen's room—never did the way seem so long. I cannot describe what happened. I saw our beloved Mercedes . . . and I could not believe that it was not all a hideous nightmare. After twelve hours of agony she was released. Then her face became like that of a sleeping angel. . . .

She was buried in La Capilla de San Juan, a little side chapel of the Church of the Escorial, because a childless Queen has no right to a place in the Panteón de los Reyes, and the King did not wish her to be put with the Infantes and Infantas. This is to be her temporary resting-place until the Church of La Almudena is built for her in Madrid as her tomb. From the rooms Alfonso occupied while here there is a little staircase leading direct to the Capilla de San Juan down which he went every day to pray beside her grave.

THE ESCORIAL, *Thursday, July 25, 1878.*

Our life here in the Escorial is very sad. But we don't feel like anything else. We study, walk or drive, and sit together in the evenings knitting for the poor. It was a month last Friday since Mercedes died. We heard Mass by her tomb. One cannot imagine how mournful it looked down in the little chapel: the yellow candles on the altar gave but the dimmest light, the chants of the Augustinian monks echoed through the vast, empty, silent church, the black vestments of the priests dating from the time of Philip II. and embroidered with silver death's heads—all was sombre as if sorrowing for her.

THE ESCORIAL, *Sunday, August 4, 1878.*

Our grandmother Queen Cristina is ill, dying they say. Who would have thought she would have outlived her granddaughter Mercedes?

THE ESCORIAL, *Saturday, August 24, 1878.*

Our grandmother died yesterday morning. The evening before she felt so ill that she had all her children called—as many as were in Havre. “Do not forget me and be happy,” she said to them. “Tell my Alfonso he must console himself and make Spain flourish.” In her will she desired to have a simple funeral.¹

THE ESCORIAL, *Saturday, August 31, 1878.*

This morning the funeral of our grandmother took place. At nine o'clock guns announced the arrival of the funeral cortège. In front, an escort of the Guardias Civiles, then a King's drummer on a white horse, beside him two lackeys in state livery on foot, and two behind on horseback. Then the high Court officials, the Chamberlains and the Grantees of Spain, all carrying lighted candles. Behind the hearse walked the dead Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Governor of Madrid, Cabinet Ministers, and other gentlemen of the Court. An escort of cavalry closed the procession. At the entrance of the Patio de los Reyes six Court footmen took the coffin and bore it up the steps of the Church where the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the clergy, and monks of the monastery, were waiting to receive it; at the great West doorway it rested for a moment while her Lord Chamberlain, addressing the dead Queen, called out in a loud voice:

¹ This was impossible; as the wife and mother of Sovereigns she could only rest in the Panteón de los Reyes.

“ *Señora ! Señora ! Señora !* ”

Then, turning round to the waiting procession he announced that the Queen was dead.

After this followed the Requiem. While the procession accompanied the coffin down the narrow stone staircase to the Panteón de los Reyes we remained in the Church. One by one the lights disappeared and the chants became fainter and fainter. The privileged Monteros de Espinosa¹ as usual accompanied the coffin down the rather narrow winding stairway to the chamber where it rests for some time before being privately placed in the Panteón.

LA GRANJA, *Tuesday, September 10, 1878.*

Alfonso was waiting for us here. It was hard on him to see again this place where he and Mercedes planned such a beautiful future never, alas ! to be fulfilled. After lunch he brought us out to the very spot that had been her favourite place as bride. He sat there on the bench where they had so often been together and never spoke a word.

LA GRANJA, *Thursday, September 26, 1878.*

Alfonso has been since the twenty-third with my sister Isabel in the Escorial, as he wished to pass the Name-day of his dead wife there ; Uncle Montpensier and his son Antonio are there too. We have been told to meet the family in Villalba and then all go back together to Madrid.

MADRID, *Monday, October 21, 1878.*

The days pass by quietly and monotonously. Everything by rule, from half-past seven in the morning till bedtime : history, geography, languages, literature, drawing and painting, music—piano and harp. After lunch drive or walk till five. After dinner someone reads aloud while we knit or work. When Alfonso is in Madrid we dine with him on Sundays and holidays.

MADRID, *Tuesday, October 29, 1878.*

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth Alfonso returned from the country and made his entry in state. It was the first

¹ The natives of the village of Espinosa have the unique right of being entrusted with the nearest and most responsible service to the King and Queen. Every night two Monteros de Espinosa are on guard next to the King's bedroom in the Palace : when a King or Queen dies the Monteros always accompany the coffin till the last moment. In consequence of this right, the villagers always take great care that their children shall be born in Espinosa itself.

time since Mercedes's death that he officially showed himself in Madrid. The escort, and his horse, were waiting at the station as he wished to pass through the streets on horseback. He rode to the Atocha for the *Te Deum* and then by a round-about route to the Palace, while we drove home by the shortest way. The troops lined the decorated streets and could hardly keep the crowds back ; women threw flowers, and nothing was heard but shouts of "Viva el Rey." The turmoil was taken advantage of by a man for an attempt on the King's life. Few noticed it ; but the King himself afterwards described how the man pointed a revolver at him and fired two shots in succession. He at once checked his horse from trot to walk and went on as if nothing had happened. It was only on his return to the Palace and after he had talked to all *en cercle* that he quietly told about the attempt, remarking smilingly, that the man "did not know his business well." Just then the President of the Council of Ministers and the Governor of Madrid brought the news that the assassin was a young man aged twenty who had come from Tarragona three days before avowedly to kill the King, for which purpose he had bought a good English revolver. Probably one of his friends had kept him in hiding. It is certain he was not alone as just before the shot was fired a voice was distinctly heard shouting "Ahora."¹ A diary was found on him, begun on his journey ; the last words he wrote were : "I have not much longer to live ; Alfonso passes by in an hour's time ; then I shall be condemned to death."

The next day, Saturday, the King went to the Atocha to the *Salve*, but this time without an escort or troops lining the streets. Driving his phaeton himself, with my sister Isabel beside him, he could hardly get through the crowds : the enthusiasm was stupendous. At the Puerta del Sol² they held up his horses. On the steps of the Chamber of Deputies all the members were standing crying "Viva el Rey." From the Atocha to the Alcalá there was an unceasing stream of carriages filled with the ladies of the Madrid aristocracy ; the streets were full of flowers. . . .

The King wished to make use of his prerogative of mercy to reprieve the would-be assassin, but Cánovas would not allow it. . . .

¹ Now.

² Gateway of the Sun ; the Trafalgar Square or Times Square of Madrid.

PALACE OF SAN TELMO, SEVILLE.

Friday, December 21, 1878.

Here we are in Seville again. Accompanied by Papa we started in the early morning so that we could enjoy the scenery on the way. Castile is wild and monotonous. The Tajo has overflowed its banks. On the way we could just see Aranjuez in the distance and the well-known windmills of Don Quixote in La Mancha. . . . We were already well into Andalusia when night fell. At Córdoba we could see nothing. When we arrived Uncle and Aunt Montpensier were waiting with Cristina and brought us to their Palace. It was past one o'clock before we got to bed.

SEVILLE, Monday, December 30, 1878.

Christmas in Andalusia. When my window was opened on the morning of the twenty-fourth I saw a deep blue cloudless sky and the radiant sun bathing the palm trees in the garden. Peacocks were strutting gravely amongst the plants and gave a finishing touch to the fairy-like picture. In the afternoon we walked in the orange groves. We wanted to go to the Midnight Mass, but Pilar was the only one of us who felt fresh enough to do so. Eulalia and I were so sleepy that we could not hold out. . . . A few days later we went to look at the Alcázar just for the sake of old remembrances. It made me feel quite depressed and sad. Not a flower in the windows, the furniture huddled anyhow, anywhere. Everything looked cold and forsaken. . . . Yesterday Pilar and I had to play the piano before a lot of people. I was terribly nervous, but it was not so bad. To-day at a reception here I realized suddenly how time passes. Many of our former playmates are already married, some even have children. . . . From my aunt's windows one looks out over the Guadalquivir covered with ships. When the sun sets behind Triana one thinks one is in fairyland.

II

1879

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, Sunday, January 12, 1879.

On Easter Monday there was the first reception in the Palace since the Court mourning. For six months we have hardly seen anyone; now I must again accustom myself to meeting people. On Friday we went to the Opera to hear

I Puritani. It cost me an effort to go there again—thinking of our dear sister-in-law Mercedes.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

PARIS, *March 24*, 1879.

. . . Thank you, dear, for your painted fan. Just to make you a little vain I must tell you that Alexandre, to whom I gave it to have it mounted, praised your painting very much. . . . I know the Crown Prince Rudolf is going to Madrid. Perhaps this journey means something. . . . I have got a photo of the Archduchess Cristina. She is very pretty. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PILAR

PARIS, *April 25*, 1879.

. . . I am glad that the Crown Prince Rudolf is going to pay you a visit. I know, too, that the Prince Imperial of France wishes, after his return from Africa, to go to Madrid. if Alfonso will invite him. That would be very desirable. Embrace Alfonso for me and tell him he ought to think well and carefully over everything—before he goes to Seville.¹ . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

ARANJUEZ, *Sunday, May 25*, 1879.

What a contrast to our last visit here! Can one ever again be gay? Yesterday the Montpensiers came here with their eldest daughter the Comtesse de Paris, and their son Antonio. One could see how very hard on our poor Aunt Luisa was this visit to Aranjuez, the place where she had been with Mercedes such a short time before the wedding. Pilar and I now sleep in the room where the marriage contract was signed; Isabel, in the room then occupied by Mercedes.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

PARIS, *June 2*, 1879.

. . . Thanks for your dear letter. I hope we shall soon see one another again. If, for instance, Alfonso's marriage with the Archduchess Cristina should take place I will come to Madrid. Of course I would afterwards return to Paris, no matter how great my longing to remain near you. I am much quieter here. Sooner or later you will surely marry, and then I can go to you much more easily from France. . . . I have got the latest photos of the Archduchess in evening dress. She

¹ She, wisely, did not desire another Montpensier bride for her son who thought of marrying his cousin Cristina.

looks very well, has light brown hair, and just such expressive brown eyes as her stepsister Theresa, wife of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria.¹ Cristina has, it seems, beautiful teeth, a slim figure, and extraordinarily small, pretty hands. Everyone says she has much heart and is very intelligent. Tell Alfonso I will send him the photographs if he wishes. . . . I only desire what is best for him, and this marriage would please me greatly. . . . I had to laugh very much at your description of the Crown Prince Rudolf's visit, and that of his suite. I know him as he visited me in Paris. He is very nice, and good-looking too. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA EULALIA

PARIS, *June 12, 1879.*

. . . I was very much amused with your letter, and the description of the Crown Prince of Austria, and his brother-in-law Leopold of Bavaria—who is evidently very like his brother Arnulf. While we are talking of Princes I want to let you know that the Prince Imperial of France is going to visit Spain on his return from his African expedition. . . . I hope I shall soon see you. How glad I shall be if Alfonso marries the charming Archduchess Cristina. . . . Ask me frankly whatever you like ; you can give me no greater pleasure. As to the harp Godfroid wishes me to play with only four fingers ; the fifth, he says, one should not use. I wish you could hear Godfroid play. I try to persuade him to go to Spain when I am there. I really am improving with the harp. Tell your instructress, Mademoiselle Roaldes, that I will play for her with pleasure. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Friday, June 20, 1879.*

The Crown Prince Rudolf has returned from Andalusia, but only stayed here yesterday. There was a big Review in his honour. The troops marched past very well, but unfortunately there was an accident just at the end. As the last Artillery Regiment passed through the Puerta del Sol the powder in one of the ammunition wagons exploded and some of the soldiers were injured. Alfonso went this evening to the hospital to

¹ The Archduchess Elisabeth (1831-1903) married first the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Este (1821-1849), brother of the last Duca di Modena ; by this marriage was born the Archduchess Maria-Theresa (1849-1919), who married in 1868 Prince Ludwig (1845-1921), afterwards (in 1913) King Ludwig III.

see them. Next day he went with the two foreign Princes to Aranjuez to lunch. In the evening the Princes left. . . .

This moment the terrible news has come that the young Prince Napoleon has fallen in Zululand. A few days previously he had, with twenty-two of his comrades, succeeded in taking a fortified position from the enemy, and everyone spoke of his bravery. He fell into an ambush. His comrades did not miss him till it was too late. He was found lying on the ground naked and full of wounds. His poor mother whose whole life was wrapped up in her son! How she looked forward to a mighty throne for him!

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PILAR

PARIS, *July 4, 1879.*

. . . You cannot imagine how glad I shall be if you go to the Basque Provinces. It is not only because the waters of Santa Agueda—which I have myself tried—and the country air, will surely do you good, but also that I can go there to see you. But before that happens I must know what Alfonso's plans are. I should otherwise have gone to Marienbad, in fact I had already taken a house there. Alfonso's letter has made me change my plans. On Monday I shall go to Fontenay¹ and wait there for Alfonso's answer. In any case I shall arrange so that I can come to see you. . . . How terrible was the death of poor Prince Loulou! God preserve us all from such misfortune! Poor boy! and poor mother! Every day the thought of such an end for that dear young fellow who stood so near to the French Throne goes more to my heart. Poor violets!²

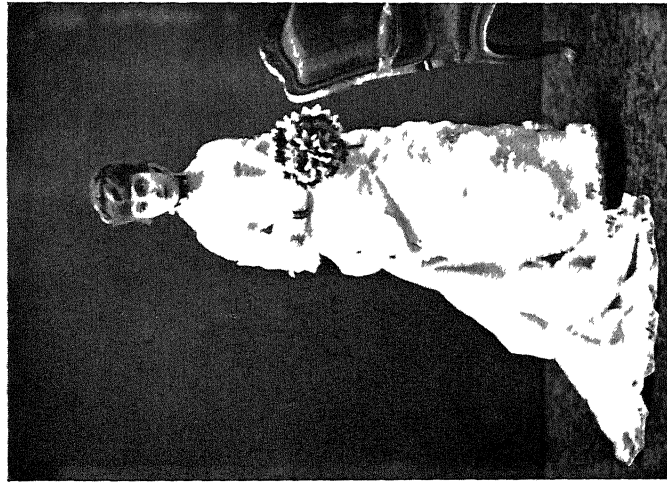
FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

ESCORIAZA, *Friday, July 11, 1879.*

I am writing in a very small, very nice house attached to the baths of Escoriaza; our window looks out on the garden where the visitors walk about. We came from Madrid by train to Vitoria, and from there by carriage. The journey was rather tiresome as we travelled by night. When we reached Burgos at four a.m. we found a Guard of Honour at the station and the Civic authorities waiting to salute us: the same thing happened at Vitoria, but that was not quite so bad as the hour was much later. . . . Our house is very cosy and we are all pleased.

¹ Fontenay-Trésigny, a country estate south-east of Paris, belonging to the Queen.

² The Bonapartist emblem and the favourite flower of the Empress Eugénie.



III INFANTA PILAR (1861-1870)



III PRINCE LEOPOLD (1856-1870)

ESCORIAZA, *Tuesday, July 15, 1879.*

Last Sunday we saw the national dance of the Province, the *Zorzico*. Young lads and girls wearing red and blue *boinas*¹ assembled under our windows and spoke to us, but as they did so in the Basque tongue we could not understand a word they said. Then the dance began. Flutes and tambourines made up the orchestra. The Basques are quite a different race from the Castilians. A people apart. The women work in the fields almost more than do the men. . . .

LA GRANJA, *Friday, August 8, 1879.*

A fearful blow has destroyed all my hopes. My darling sister Pilar, my ideal, is dead. On the fifth of August in Escoriaza she left us for ever. The void in my heart cannot be filled. We were never a moment separated as we always slept in the same room. Lately it seemed to me that she grew paler and paler, while she ought to have been getting stronger in Escoriaza; I wanted to write about this to Alfonso, but as she liked to read my letters to him I could not do so.

Two days before her death the people about had got up a little feast in her honour with donkey races, novillos,² and a dance in the open air. She was looking particularly pretty in a white dress and a red *boina* placed jauntily on one side of her dark head. In the evening she felt rather tired. Next day she stayed in bed but listened quite pleased to the music of a band outside her window. As we were going down to lunch she asked for *Graziella* of Lamartine, and began to read it. Suddenly we heard a terrified cry from a servant summoning wildly the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. We rushed in to Pilar's room. Tremblingly I called her. Her beautiful big blue eyes stared unseeingly at me. . . . Six doctors were summoned, and Alfonso and Isabel telegraphed for. Next morning, the fifth of August, at half-past seven she passed away after having received the Last Sacraments.

Alfonso and my sister Isabel, who had hurriedly left La Granja the evening before, arrived too late. Our meeting was heartrending. Alfonso embraced me, speechless. It was all so sudden that Mamma received the news of Pilar's death before she had time to leave Paris.

Everyone loved Pilar best of all.

. . . God give me strength to bear it, and go on living my

¹ The characteristic Basque head-dress—called in French berets; blue *boinas* were worn by the Carlist troops.

² Comic bull-fights with quite young bullocks.

life from which every joy is now gone. Never again shall I build castles in the air. . . . How gaily we had set out for Escoriaza and how we left it with broken hearts! When we reached the Escorial the interment was already over. We heard the Requiem Mass from the tribune of Philip II., and immediately afterwards came here.

I left behind me in that mournful place what I loved most in the world. . . .

On the way back to La Granja our brake (with mules) was overturned, Alfonso's arm was dislocated, and also General Echague's. Fortunately the doctor was unhurt, so could see to them. It might have been much worse. We were able to get on in another carriage.

LA GRANJA, *Friday, August 22, 1879.*

Lately I had no heart to write anything. In any case there was not much to tell. We walk in the gardens or down by the river and the days pass monotonously by. Yesterday my brother went to Arcachon incognito to meet the Archduchess Cristina and her mother. Cristina will soon be his wife. Alfonso, for political reasons, must marry again. The first time he did so was for love without a thought of politics. We shall soon have feasts again, and I shall have to take part in merrymaking and hide the sorrow in my heart.

LA GRANJA, *Monday, September 1, 1879.*

Alfonso returned yesterday from his journey. He believes the Archduchess will make him happy. The wedding is to be in November. Poor Pilar! I am sure this decision would have pleased her. Every day I miss her more. The Archduchess has written such a kind letter to me. She hopes we will love her, and says she will do her best to make up for the sister we have lost.

LA GRANJA, *Thursday, September 18, 1879.*

Every trifle costs me an effort now; everything reminds me of Pilar. The other day I again began to play the piano, this time with my sister Isabel; formerly it was always with Pilar: she loved music. She dreamed dreams with me, and we built beautiful fairy castles together. In them the principal part was played for her by the only son of the Emperor Napoleon III. When we were driven out of Spain and arrived in Paris he was thirteen years old. We used to play together while our parents visited one another. We never saw him after the

war of 1870, but we followed the course of his life with great interest. From the time of our return to Spain Pilar always wished Alfonso to invite him to Madrid. She had a bunch of dried violets in her prayer book ; a short time before the outbreak of the English war in Zululand one of them fell out and the stalk broke ; she was frightened, fearing it might be a bad omen : not long after Loulou was killed in Africa—only two months before Pilar's own death. The Empress Eugénie took a wreath of violets from her son's tomb in Chislehurst and sent it to be placed on Pilar's grave in the Escorial.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

PARIS, *October 16, 1879.*

I am counting the days until I see you at Alfonso's wedding. Yes, you are right, I shall feel it terribly finding a daughter less. I cannot keep from crying whenever I think of it. But my Faith upholds me and I bow to the will of God : I find strength through Him and in my children's love.

I have come back to Paris to be godmother to a nun. She has chosen the strictest of all the Orders, the Poor Clares. She has a six years' novitiate, after which she will be lost to the world. She will hear no more of what goes on outside, not even of her relations. The Poor Clares sleep in a kind of coffin, eat only vegetables once a day, and on fast days they go barefooted. The convent is just behind the Church of the Invalides. The novice is twenty-one years old and was very rich. The farewell between her and her parents was heart-rending. Touched though I am by all this I do not let myself be carried away by religious emotion.

Yesterday the President of the Republic, Jules Grévy, told me that everyone respects me for having the courage of my religious convictions. . . .

On Monday I return to Fontenay and remain there until the Archduchess Cristina passes through. Then I shall come to you. The President is coming to Fontenay to shoot. . . .

I have been interrupted.

The Duque and Duquesa de Bailén came with the Spanish Ambassador to see me. They leave to-morrow for Vienna where they go in the name of the King formally to ask for the hand of the Archduchess. Write to me the names of the persons who are to accompany Crista to Spain, and also tell me what present Alfonso is giving his bride, so that I may know more or less what to give. Unfortunately it can't be very big, but I shall make it up in love to her if she makes Alfonso

happy and loves you. I forgot to remind you that my street is now called "Avenue Kléber" instead of "Avenue du Roi de Rome." . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Sunday, October 19, 1879.*

I cannot say how terrible the return to the Palace of Madrid was for me. I sleep now in another room. They would not allow me to be alone in the one Pilar and I occupied together. . . . Frightful floods in the Province of Murcia have plunged the inhabitants into misery. Alfonso went off yesterday to Cartagena. In Murcia he has won all hearts.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

FONTENAY, *October 29, 1879.*

. . . I am so pleased with you and Eulalia, as you write to me nearly every day. Tell me, is that child prodigy Albeniz, who played the piano lately for you, a grandson or a great-grandson of the Albeniz¹ who gave me piano lessons at one time? How I must have made the poor man suffer: I was never any credit to him. It was as much as I could do to learn two or three pieces. That was the extent of my ability. . . . I shall bring you the lovely songs of the famous modern Italian composers, Tosti, Mariani and Luigi. They are beautiful, I should like you to sing them. . . . I am at the head of a beneficence committee for the relief of the sufferers in Murcia. In the midst of all these misfortunes I am glad that Alfonso can dry so many tears there, and has been received with such enthusiasm. He telegraphed to me from Murcia and Cadiz, and has promised me a letter. . . . It is dear of you to say when writing about Alfonso's good deeds that he is like me. Yes, Alfonso and I are like one another; but you and I are also, and this is why our hearts are often so heavy together, but it makes us love one another all the more. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO THE INFANTA PAZ

FONTENAY, *November 11, 1879.*

. . . The moment of our meeting comes nearer. I long to see you even more than you can long to see me. I have asked that while I am in Madrid one of you will take turn and turn

¹ Señor Pedro Albeniz (1795-1855), at one time Secretary to Queen Ysabel; the musical education of his grandson Isaac (1861-1909) was made possible by the help of Alfonso XII.

about to sleep in my room. That would be so nice. Tell your mistress, Mademoiselle Roaldes, that I have not touched the harp since the death of our poor Pilar. Perhaps I can pull myself together sufficiently to play *Les Plaintes de Corinne* privately for her on your instrument. I am so glad Isabel has given you a horse, and particularly that it is a chestnut; nearly all my horses were chestnut. It is nice too that it is a grandchild of one of the horses your father used to ride; but the principal thing is that it is well trained and not given to tricks. I shall bring you some old coins for your collection. . . . In spite of all my joy at meeting you again the thought that my dearly loved Pilar is not there is very hard; but she is much happier now than she could ever be on earth. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Tuesday, November 18, 1879.*

The wedding is fixed for the twenty-ninth, and Mamma arrives the twenty-seventh. The Archduchess has already left Vienna. I am looking forward to seeing her, but I should be glad if all the fêtes were over and we could lead a quiet family life again. . . .

MADRID, *Sunday, November 23, 1879.*

The Condesa de Montijo, the Empress Eugénie's mother, has just died at the age of eighty-nine. Yesterday the poor Empress arrived. She had travelled in all haste hoping to find her mother alive. Alfonso and Isabel went to meet her at the station.

MADRID, *Tuesday, November 25, 1879.*

Yesterday morning we waited in the Casa de Campo for the arrival of the Archduchess Cristina. A pavilion for her reception had been erected near where the train passes as, according to tradition, the Princesses who are to become Queens of Spain may only enter Madrid for the first time on their wedding day. The Archduchess greeted everyone most kindly and then continued the journey to El Pardo with Alfonso and her mother, while we drove back to the Palace of Madrid with the Archduke and Archduchess Rainer, uncle and aunt of the bride.

In the afternoon we visited the Empress Eugénie who is staying at the Palacio de Liria with her grand-nephew the Duque de Alba. It was a sad meeting after the death of her son and her mother. I thought of Pilar's dream castles and on my return would have liked to shut myself up in my room.

But instead of that we had to put on gay faces to go to dine in El Pardo and afterwards be present at the signing of the *Dichos*.¹ Crista was charming to us, but I felt so tongue-tied that I am sure she must have thought me very cold and stupid. When she gets to know me better she will understand how truly I wish her happiness. She looked particularly well, with a wreath of fresh roses on her head.

Sunday, December 7, 1879.

I won't speak of the wedding festivities as they were nearly the same as for Mercedes. As the bride walked up the aisle of the Church of Atocha between her godmothers—her mother the Archduchess Elisabeth² and her aunt the Archduchess Rainer—she looked so dignified and at the same time so unassuming, that we could hear a murmur of admiration run through the Church. During the ceremony she cried a good deal, particularly when, following Spanish custom, before answering the inevitable “Yes,” she left the Altar and came down to kiss her mother's hand; and again as she took her place in the state carriage beside Alfonso when the ceremony was over. Balls were given by the Duque de Bailén and the French Ambassador, the first official balls that Eulalia and I ever attended. Formerly I should have been enchanted with such diversions, but now I felt unhappy in that crowd and came back home quite sad.

Wednesday, December 10, 1879.

Now all is quiet once more. Yesterday the last guests left. We have taken up our old life again. It was a hard moment for Crista when she said good-bye to her mother—left alone here amongst strangers with nobody but new people round her. We have a charming sister-in-law who I am sure is going to make Alfonso happy again.

III

1880

MADRID, *Saturday, January 3, 1880.*

God has preserved us from a new misfortune at the end of the old year. As Alfonso was returning on the afternoon of the thirtieth of December from a drive in El Retiro³ an attempt

¹ Marriage contract.

² See p. 223, footnote 1.

³ A beautiful public Park in the centre of Madrid; it now contains the imposing national monument to Alfonso XII.

was made on his life. He was himself driving his phaeton and the Queen sat beside him. Close to the entrance of the Palace a young man ran up to the carriage and fired two shots at him. They missed their mark, but both Alfonso and Crista distinctly heard the whizz of the bullets. The assassin tried to escape but was caught. The King once again wished to reprieve his assailant but Cánovas would not allow it. That evening the King and Queen went to the theatre and were received with enthusiastic "Vivas" and cheers. When they drove out next day to the Atocha in the same little carriage they were literally smothered with a rain of flowers the whole way.

MADRID, *Wednesday, February 3, 1880.*

We were at a ball at the house of the Duque de Fernán Núñez; it is wonderfully fine. Old furniture, marvellous Spanish tapestries, bronzes, enamels, works of art, and collections of valuable porcelain, and on the ground floor is a winter garden with palms; during supper an invisible orchestra of guitars, bandurrias, and tambourines played Spanish music; the winter garden was illuminated with lamps of every colour. In spite of all this magnificence I could not feel gay.

MADRID, *Sunday, March 28, 1880.*

Alfonso has gone to shoot, Isabel and Eulalia to a concert, and I drove out with Crista to the Casa de Campo. It poured with rain, but the Queen looked very well and gay through it all. She is in the family way.

MADRID, *Friday, June 4, 1880.*

Towards the end of April the Archduchess Rainer invited us to Vienna; Papa and Mamma agreed to our going. We were delighted, and had started to make preparations for our journey. Suddenly a cry was raised that we were going to look for a husband and similar nonsense. It was even stated in the newspapers. Papa got angry, absolutely declined to let us go, and the consequence was we had to remain in Madrid while our sister Isabel left for Vienna two days ago.¹ One cannot imagine the disputes, gossip, bad humour and tears that this harmless project for a little journey brought about! Everyone wanted to have his or her say in the matter. At times a palace is really a very disagreeable place to live in!

¹ The Infanta Isabel was of course a widow and therefore presumably absolved from any suspicion of husband-hunting.

CHAPTER SIX

Love and Marriage, 1880-1883

BY way of prelude to this chapter I should like to recall for the benefit of the superstitious some curious coincidences which, look at them as one may, were very extraordinary. First the story of the unlucky ring : Alfonso XII. had bought for his bride Mercedes a very beautiful and valuable ring as a present for her eighteenth birthday ; when the day came she was lying on her death-bed ; so he afterwards gave it to her sister Cristina as a remembrance. When, nine months later, Cristina realized that she too was dying she handed the ring to the Infanta Isabel, asking her to return it to the King ; he then gave it to his sister Pilar as a remembrance of both Mercedes and Cristina. In less than four months she too slept in the Escorial ; whereupon Alfonso put the ring on his own finger and was wearing it when the carriage overturned on the way to La Granja after the funeral and he was thrown out, dislocating his arm. Naturally it now began to be said that the ring was the cause of all these tragedies, but the King was not superstitious and wore the ring until his own premature death which took place within six years and three months. His widow, Queen Cristina, would not have anything more to do with this souvenir of many misfortunes and presented it to the statue of Our Lady of Atocha. . . . It being a Spanish custom to decorate statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin and Saints with jewels. To be quite fair it must be recorded that the Atocha was not one of the Madrid Churches plundered by the mob at the time of the revolution of 1931 !

The Duc de Montpensier believed firmly in omens and he too had some curious experiences. It made a very unpleasant impression on him when, on their arrival at Aranjuez shortly before the wedding of his daughter Mercedes, they were met by all the Royal family dressed in black, it having so happened that one of the many Court mournings for foreign princes had been ordered at a moment's notice. The Duc had once been given a present of a black walking-stick, which he always thought brought him bad luck, and was therefore very pleased when he lost it, when or how he could not remember. To his intense disgust this stick was handed to him by the station-master at one of the stoppages between Aranjuez and Madrid, when he and his family were on their way to his daughter's wedding. Montpensier was still more frightened when, before the marriage, one morning during a Mass in the Palace, a heavy candlestick fell to the ground without any ostensible reason, extinguishing the light as it fell. . . . Again, a few days before Queen Mercedes died, as her family were sitting round her bed, a large portrait of her fell from the wall and was broken in bits. For a superstitious person this was a little too much—all coming so close together.

On the other hand, Alfonso and Mercedes disregarded such superstitious ideas. In the days preceding the Royal marriage the number of persons every day at the Royal table, King, family and suite, had been twelve: Mercedes, when she arrived after her marriage, made thirteen. Both she and Alfonso laughed at the fact and, for fun, as Montpensier was not there, made every one of the thirteen write their name each day on the menu to prove the falsity of the tradition.

Nevertheless, as it turned out, Mercedes was destined to become known in Spanish history as "the five months' Queen"!

Poor Mercedes was hardly cold in her grave before she was joined by her elder sister Cristina! My mother has already described¹ how her dearly beloved

¹ Page 8.

sister, cherishing a romantic love for the Prince Imperial, always carried some dried Napoleonic violets in her prayer book, and how one day some of the brittle fragile blossoms fell out and were broken. Within a few weeks of the incident both Pilar and Loulou were dead.

II

1880

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Sunday, June 5, 1880.*

Aunt Amalia of Bavaria is at present in Paris with her two sons Ludwig Ferdinand and Alfons and her eldest daughter Isabella. Ludwig wants absolutely to know me, and it seems he likes my photograph. My brother has therefore invited them all to Madrid. The two brothers will come here in the autumn. I have never heard anything but good of Ludwig. Everyone says he is very kind and earnest. Perhaps my portrait gives him a better idea of me than what I really am. Well, we shall see what happens.

This is the first time my mother mentions my father's name. Ludwig Ferdinand was, of course, the eldest son of Adalbert, her uncle and godfather, of whom my mother had caught one vivid glimpse in the Hôtel de la Paix in Geneva ten years before. He had died in 1875. As Ludwig Ferdinand's mother Amalia was an Infanta of Spain and he himself had been born in the Royal Palace in Madrid the relationships between the two families were very close and intimate. As the younger daughter-in-law of King Ludwig I. the widowed Princess Adalbert occupied a wing of the Royal Residenz in Munich in winter and one in Schloss Nymphenburg in summer. Of Ludwig Ferdinand, his only brother Alfons and his three sisters, Isabella, Elvira and Clara, we shall hear much presently.

My father was then twenty-one years of age and chief of the Adalbert line of the House of Wittelsbach. According to the custom of the Bavarian Royal family,

he became of age at eighteen, and was given a commission in the 2nd Schweren Reiter (Heavy Dragoon) Regiment. But even then his chief interest was medicine, while his younger brother Alfons was heart and soul a cavalry soldier. That a royal Prince should take up medicine as a profession would have been an unheard-of thing if it had not been for the good example of his cousin Duke Karl Theodor in Bavaria¹ who had already made a great name for himself as an oculist. From 1880 onward my father studied strenuously at the University of Munich under the most celebrated teachers of that time. Ludwig II. of Bavaria who had, as is well known, much more taste for architecture, literature and music than for militarism, was pleased at this cousin's scientific studies; moreover, he was particularly attached to the Adalbert branch of the Royal family because Princess Adalbert was a Bourbon, a family for which, as we shall see, he had almost a cult. Therefore the prospect of another alliance between the Wittelsbachs and the Bourbons was from the very first most sympathetic to him. . . .

Queen Ysabel soon found that her nephew Ludwig Ferdinand would be quite to her taste as a future son-in-law, provided her daughter Paz were equally pleased. She sent the Marqués de Guadalcazar to Madrid to ask her son to bring about a meeting between the two: he brought back the following answer from King Alfonso XII.:

MADRID, *May* 24, 1880.

DEAR COUSIN LUDWIG:

Heartiest thanks to you and to your brother, my namesake, for your letters. The Marqués de Guadalcazar has made known to me your wishes, and now brings you back my answer, which will I hope please you. It will give me great pleasure if you will come here and stay some time with me, and I hope you will do so. In future you must say "du" to me, as I am always your friend and devoted cousin

ALFONSO.

¹ The members of the Bavarian Ducal line are styled Royal Highness, and their prefix is Duke or Duchess *in* Bavaria.

Since her sister Pilar's death my mother had lost her good spirits and zest. She lived a quiet and retired life, and had no desire at all to leave her brother Alfonso and sisters Isabel and Eulalia. The idea of residing in a foreign country amongst unknown people was anything but inviting. Having no vanity she thought it was largely a question of the usual arranged royal marriage when, as was then customary, heads of Royal Houses, *Almanach de Gotha* in hand, worried out suitable alliances for their offspring. Warned by the sad experience of her eldest sister Isabel, she had almost made up her mind never under any circumstances to undertake a similar risk. King Alfonso told her she was absolutely free to consult her own wishes, advised her first of all to get to know her cousin, then take her time and think well over everything before binding herself in any way. Queen Ysabel, on the contrary, considered that delay was unnecessary ; in this instance, however, she did not understand her daughter's mind so well as did that daughter's only brother Alfonso.

Just then my mother was passing through that peculiarly dreamy and poetical period of her life called by the Germans *Schwärmerei*. She enthused over nature and poetry and began to write verses. Her brother Alfonso encouraged her, being himself particularly devoted to literature, as indeed were most cultivated Spaniards of the period. I doubt if in any country in the world was so much poetry composed as at that time in Spain ! The poets most celebrated outside Spain were Zorilla and the Duque de Rivas, but politicians, officers, lawyers, priests—all wrote verses in their leisure hours ! Rivas was then my mother's ideal poet, and it was his son, also a poet, who wrote the Introduction to her verses when they were published some years later. But at that time her poetry (except for her brother) was one of her few secrets. She was completely under the influence of the romantic heroes of the period, admired the songs of Tosti, the operas of Verdi and Gounod, played the harp, and read Lamartine.

KING ALFONSO XII. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA

MADRID, *August 22, 1880.*

. . . My best thanks for your kind letter. I expect you and your brother in September. I look forward with pleasure to seeing you and renewing our old friendship which, like all that begins in childhood, is likely to prove sincere and lasting. I hope my dear wife will have her child in the early days of September. When that happens I will at once let my Aunt Amalia know. Best love to her, and to your sisters and brother. My wife and sisters also send kind salutations. You and your brother can always count on the affection and friendship of your cousin

ALFONSO.

Early that autumn the first child of Alfonso XII. and Queen Maria Cristina was born. It proved to be a girl who was baptized Mercedes, and who assumed the title of Princess of Asturias hitherto borne by her aunt Isabel. My mother was delighted and wrote some dedicatory verses to the new baby; they were afterwards translated into German by no less a poet than Paul Heyse.¹

Towards the middle of October the two young Bavarian Princes arrived in Madrid, the King cordially receiving them at the station.

My mother found Ludwig Ferdinand very nice, but, even so, she would not consent to bind herself by any promise. An extract from her diary explains her feelings :

MADRID, *Wednesday, October 21, 1880.*

As I knew that Ludwig came here only to see me I could not help receiving him rather coldly. Both he and his brother Alfons seem good and cultured. I am sure Ludwig finds me very unfriendly, but I am afraid of giving him the least hope. The other day we all rode together in the Casa de Campo; when I got back to my room I had to cry as each day I find my position harder. He told my brother that he loves me, and I am afraid it is really true. Alfonso answered him that there was nothing against the marriage, but that I am very reserved, and would surely give an unfavourable answer if

¹ Born Berlin, March 15, 1830; died Munich, April 2, 1914. In 1910 he received a Nobel prize, and was ennobled.

he were to press me now. Ludwig said nothing, and they are going away soon. I am sorry to seem so cruel to the only man probably who will ever want me.

Perhaps it did not help matters that there was only one of the gentlemen in the suite of the Bavarian Princes who could speak French; my mother could not understand, nor make herself understood, by any of the others. In her innocence she imagined that this might be the case with all the Bavarians, and that she might find herself quite forlorn and alone in Munich. In the awkward circumstances all that was left for the King to do was to try to entertain his cousins as best he could. There were just then several Court functions in honour of the Queen's happy recovery, including a *Capilla Publica* and the state drive to the Thanksgiving Service in the Atocha. Prince Alfons, an enthusiastic lover of horses, wrote at that time in his diary that on the occasion of the Thanksgiving he counted one hundred and sixty splendid horses under the state carriages alone, and that he afterwards stood on a balcony of the Palace with the King when the latter took the salute from the two Divisions of troops which had lined the streets.

In due course the King saw his cousins off at the station without anything definite having been settled.

Now my mother had time and quiet to think about herself, while my father returned to Nymphenburg with the firm determination to wait as long as there was a possibility of his dearest hopes being fulfilled. He did not even consider getting to know other Princesses, but ardently applied himself to his medical studies. Two weeks after his return he wrote to Queen Ysabel that he felt very sad and dejected, but strong enough to wait and hope that his dream might one day come true. For the moment there did not seem much chance for him, as Queen Ysabel learned from her daughter :

I was very far from being angry with your letter (wrote the Queen on the twenty-sixth of October); indeed I am very

glad that you open your heart to me. I want you to marry only your own choice. . . . I thank you for the good news of Crista's first Church-going, the description of the drive to Atocha, and the account of you all. Most of it I had already read in the newspapers, but your personal touches are delightful.

III

1881

The fact that my mother did not write a word in her Diary for over a year speaks for itself ; little that seemed to her of any consequence took place ; in fact she herself did not rightly know what she wanted. She had fallen back into her dreamy mood. Balls, theatres, and other amusements gave her little pleasure. Extracts from letters written to her mother about this time show how she was occupied :

We hope soon to be able to skate. La Patti had a great success. She sang *La Traviata* three times. To-morrow she sings with Stagno and Gayarre in *Lucia*. The other day I rode with Alfonso and Isabel, while Crista and Eulalia drove beside us in a carriage ; you know Eulalia doesn't care much for riding. . . .

The three of us were at a ball at the Duque de Bailén's ; it was beautiful and very gay. . . .

We were able to skate two days, although the ice was so thin that some of us got foot baths. . . .

You cannot imagine how happy we are that you are coming here for the bicentenary of Calderón.¹ Everyone is speaking to us about your visit, and all are delighted. . . .

Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria sent me a telegram congratulating me on my birthday. Of course I thanked him in another. It touched me very much, as most men in his place would be very angry with me. . . .

KING ALFONSO XII. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA
MADRID, *July* 8, 1881.

. . . I have often felt impelled to write to you. My many duties on the one hand, and on the other my wish to be able

¹ 1600-1681.

to give you good news, have always kept me from doing so. Now I will put it off no longer, and must tell you that all here think of you and your brother with the greatest pleasure ; we often speak of you and it seems a long time since we saw one another. How delighted I should be to ride with you again in El Pardo ! Unfortunately, just because nothing has changed, I must be silent about what I should most like to speak about. . . . I have a lot of work these days connected with the new organization for the recruitment and mobilization of the army. You see I am not neglecting military affairs. I thought particularly of you at the Calderón bicentenary celebrations. They were worthy of the author of *La Vida es Sueño* and the *Alcalde de Zalamea*. . . .

Early in July the three sisters escaped from the heat of the capital to La Granja ; Madrid had become unendurable. The next letter is from Comillas, a little fishing village on the Cantabrian coast in the Province of Santander, where the Royal family resided in the house of Don Antonio Lopez. Alfonso XII. was united in sincerest friendship with the Lopez family, and my mother has kept the friendship alive to this day, passing it on as a precious inheritance to her children. On her return to Madrid she wrote the following impressions :

The Province of Santander is very picturesque, mountains and sea close together ; green fields, magnificent woods ; neat farm-houses of rough stone give it a peculiar charm of its own. In one corner of this province, close to the sea, lies Comillas, where Don Antonio Lopez had prepared a perfect paradise for us. He was born in the village of modest, highly respectable and respected parents, who early instilled the real love of God and country into his heart. When he was fifteen he went to America to seek his fortune. He had in his pocket only an onca (eighty pesetas) lent him by a friend. He found employment in a business concern in Havana, and worked with such honest assiduity, skill and perseverance that he quickly rose to a high position, respected by everyone. . . . In due course he married a Cuban lady and had a large family of children. Spain has to thank him for her Mercantile Marine, and Alfonso knows well what our country owes to him. . . . He did everything to give us happiness, arranged concerts,



QUEEN MARIA CRISTINA (1858-1929), CONSORT OF ALFONSO XII.,
AND REGENT FROM 1885 TILL THE ACCESSION OF THEIR ONLY
SON, KING ALFONSO XIII. IN 1902

fireworks, fishing parties, and excursions by land and sea. Even on the remotest rocks and loneliest places we would find lunch waiting for us, as if it had sprung up by enchantment. . . . I should never finish if I tried to tell of all the kind things Don Antonio did for us. . . .

In acknowledgment of his great services to Spain Alfonso XII. later created Antonio Lopez Marqués de Comillas and Grandee of Spain, although the old man had but little ambition for rank or titles. We shall meet members of the family again as they played, and still play, a happy rôle in my mother's life. From her first visit to Comillas she took that part of Spain especially to her heart. It would almost seem as if destiny ordains that certain places are set apart even before our birth to have a significant influence on our whole lives :

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

COMILLAS, *August 2, 1881.*

. . . Isabel comes here on the twenty-fourth and Alfonso on the twenty-fifth. He allows us to go to meet him on the launch *Auxiliar* belonging to Lopez. The neighbourhood is very picturesque, and I am working at my painting and hope I am improving. Maria the wife of young Claudio Lopez is very *simpática* and friendly to me. She is only seventeen years old, very pretty and splendidly educated. We go out often together to sketch as she too likes to paint. . . .

My mother described many years later in a German Review ¹ a characteristic and amusing expedition made at this time to the village of Suances :

One afternoon we drove off from Comillas for Suances in a wagonette with four mules. In about an hour we arrived at a place near Santillana del Mar where various roads crossed. On asking the way to Suances a peasant pointed vaguely over fields and hills : " Can we drive there in carriage ? " " Oh no," said the peasant, laughing. " Are there any riding horses to be had ? " " There is one, to be sure, but the doctor rode away on it this morning ; it takes a good hour to go there on

¹ *Deutsche Illustrierte Rundschau.* Jahrg. 1926.

foot." My brother decided we should walk. As we did not know the way Alfonso asked the owner of the neighbouring Castle, the Marqués de Santillana, if he could tell him of a guide who would come with us. He knew that the Marqués was an enthusiastic follower of Don Carlos, but needless to say that did not prevent him from offering personally to accompany us. So we set off together, while the Queen and my sister Eulalia waited in the Castle for our return.

We had only gone a short way when it began to rain. And when it rains in La Montana, as they call the Province of Santander locally, it not only pours but does not leave off doing so in a hurry. The way became each moment muddier and soon we were wading in water. From time to time my brother looked rather anxiously at me and asked if I wanted to go on. "Of course," I answered, still quite bravely. We splashed on for much longer than the peasant's promised hour, up hill and down dale until at last we saw the sea before us, and the church tower of Suances. A boy ran ahead to give the news that the King was coming. At once the bells of the village began to ring. According to Spanish custom the priest was waiting for us at the Church door and accompanied the dripping Alfonso under the baldachin up to the Altar, where the *Te Deum* was sung. The priest then turned to the people and said: "We thank our King that he has come to us like a father to his children. He stands before us more exalted than if he wore a crown and purple velvet mantle!" I could not help thinking that the purple mantle would at least be dry and warm. We were then conducted into the Parish Hall—still very damp—where they gave us wine and sweets. Alfonso thought it would be too fatiguing for me to go back to Santillana on foot, although the rain was now over. He inquired if there were no carriages or conveyance of any kind to be had. They said they had only an ox cart to offer. Soon it appeared, one of those two-wheel carts they use in the country, with a sail-cloth roof, drawn by two oxen. Inside was a mattress. It was quite new, the people told me, and belonged to the trousseau of a young woman who had been married that day. I thanked them heartily for this proof of friendly kindness, and with such dignity as I could muster, squatted on the mattress. Then off we went, jolting and rumbling along to the ceaseless squeaking of the iron-rimmed wooden wheels. Alfonso and the others followed on foot as if they were accompanying an ambulance. When we had left the village well behind, my brother was the first to jump into

the cart, and one by one all the others followed his example, the Marqués included. By this time it was pitch dark. . . . We arrived very dirty and wet at Santillana where the family of the Marqués welcomed us most hospitably, and insisted on our changing our clothes.

I was delighted with the library, which is full of treasures. Amongst others there were the rarest copies of the *Libros de Caballeria* which Cervantes in *Don Quixote* condemns to damnation. But what enchanted me most of all was a fifteenth-century missal with marvellous illuminations and miniatures. . . . It was long past midnight before we got back to Comillas.

The next day the Marqués de Santillana sent me, to my great confusion, the exquisite fifteenth-century missal! I was terribly ashamed, but if I had not accepted, it would have been an offence. The generous giver remained to the day of his death one of my sincerest friends. . . .

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

MADRID, *September 18, 1881.*

. . . We returned yesterday. The heat is still terrific. We were very sorry to leave Comillas. It was lovely there in the country where everyone can do what they like. We miss the sea and the bathing awfully. This big, sad Palace of Madrid in this heat, without fresh cool air or personal freedom, is the greatest contrast. Our only consolation is that you are coming to us very soon. Then everything will be well again. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF THE INFANTA PAZ

MADRID, *Tuesday, September 20, 1881.*

It is nearly a year since I wrote anything. During that time I have changed very much. I don't care for many things in the world, but those few passionately. All the rest are indifferent to me. It is quite the same to me whether I go to walk in the rain or sunshine, if I stay in the house or go out, if I go to bed late or early. I do whatever the others propose, mostly what Eulalia wishes. The country and painting are what I like best.

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

MADRID, *October 9, 1881.*

. . . Now you will soon be here. Alfonso returns this evening from Portugal, that is from the frontier where he had

a meeting with the King.¹ To-morrow is your Feast-day and the day after there is the ceremony of the Garter. We shall be present when Alfonso is Invested. It will be most interesting. . . .

This ceremony gave the King much cudgelling of brains on account of his dress. He wanted to wear uniform, but he must have knee breeches, as the Garter cannot be put on over trousers. He found a way out by getting a Halberdier's gala uniform hurriedly made for himself; it dates from the time of Frederick the Great, has a three-cornered hat, short knee breeches and gaiters. When the King was trying on the uniform, and just at the moment when he stood in full splendour, the Alcalde of a little village near Comillas to whom, when there, he had promised an Audience, was announced. He was a simple man of the peasantry and had never seen Alfonso except in the country and in sports clothes. He opened his eyes and mouth wide on seeing the King's changed appearance. "This is how I walk about in Madrid," said the King, highly amused at the joke. The origin of the Halberdiers' uniform is interesting. Although Carlos III. and Frederick the Great never met they were intimate correspondents and each had a lifelong admiration for the other. Out of compliment to the great King Carlos clothed his Palace Guards like Prussian soldiers of the period; Frederick, in return, composed a special march in honour of the event. It is even finer than the *Marcha Real* and is played daily by the Halberdiers as they change Guard.

The Garter ceremony was very solemn. The Marquess of Northampton brought the Order in the name of Queen Victoria.² What impressed my mother most was that there were no speeches at the dinner that evening, and that her brother in English fashion—learned at Sandhurst—merely gave the toast "The Queen." . . .

¹ Luis I. (1838-1889).

² October 11, 1881: William 4th Marquess, R.N., 1818-1897. King Alfonso bestowed the Grand Cross of Carlos III. on the Marquess.

IV

1882

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

MADRID, *May 3, 1882.*

. . . Grilo ¹ will bring this letter. I know he has already read my verses to you. You will understand them rightly, as I always feel when I am writing such things that I am at one with you. My *Prayer to Our Lady of the Almudena* came straight from my heart. As you are chief amongst the dearest treasures hidden there, I specially asked her intercession for you, because I would willingly give my life if it would save you from sorrow. I have not lived very long, but I have often seen you cry. . . . I would like to be with you in person; I am always with you in thought. . . .

THE INFANTA PAZ TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

MADRID, *June 22, 1882.*

. . . Our four days in Ávila were well filled with sight-seeing, but with it all I was able to paint three landscapes. What cannot one do if one wants to! I think I am improving greatly under Manresa's tuition: he is a wonderful master and very *simpático*. We speak very much of you; but don't think that I am neglecting my music in my enthusiasm for painting. . . . We do not yet know what we are going to do this summer. It is always difficult to choose a suitable place for sea-bathing. So far all we know is that we are to go to La Granja after Cortes close on the tenth or twelfth of July.

As it turned out my mother and Aunt Eulalia went again to Comillas to the Lopez's, this time, however, without the King and Queen. Queen Cristina was expecting a second child and therefore remained quietly in La Granja, while King Alfonso XII. made some journeys of inspection. Queen Ysabel joined her daughters at Comillas and was delighted with the place. From time to time she spoke to my mother about her cousin Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria; she did not stress unduly the desirability of the marriage, but she took every suitable opportunity to let fall a tactful remark conveying the fact that he was still

¹ The Spanish poet, an old friend of the family.—A. DE B.

waiting, and that any rumours of his thinking of other Princesses were false ; he had not wavered in his hopes during those two years, but he would never press for a decision until my mother was ready.

Perhaps it was his constancy that touched her, or that she now clearly understood her own heart. Whatever the cause, she began about this time to accustom herself to the idea of marrying him. A man who had so long thought of and waited for her without losing patience over her indecision was surely one who would make her happy. Moreover, just then there was a good deal of talk in the family circle about the Bavarian relatives because Ludwig Ferdinand's eldest sister, Princess Isabella, had just become engaged to the Duca di Genova. The Queen did not fail to point the moral that many of her daughter's contemporaries were marrying, and that it was not the best thing for a woman to go through life alone. A little later my mother wrote :

As it became clear to me that my cousin had really never forgotten me, I understood that he could not be compared with other Princes, and that it was time I rewarded his constancy. With this determination I went to my brother and begged him again to invite Ludwig Ferdinand to Madrid. Alfonso let me speak, and then answered : " I will give you another month to think it over ; for my part I would rather never be separated from you. However, the young man deserves that you should make him happy. If in a month you still wish it, I will write to him." And so it happened.

Tommaso Duca di Genova was both cousin and brother-in-law of King Umberto of Italy ; their fathers being brothers, and Queen Margherita and Genova brother and sister. At that time Ludwig Ferdinand was thinking much about his sister's engagement. In the midst of the preparations for the wedding this letter burst in on him :

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA
SEVILLE, REAL ALCÁZAR, *October 17, 1882.*

DEAR NEPHEW :

I promised to write to you as soon as your cousin Paz thought of marrying and it gives me the greatest pleasure to be able

to-day to keep my word. I know beforehand that it will make you very happy, as Paz at last wishes to marry, and is now convinced that she can only be happy with her cousin Ludwig Ferdinand, whom she has begun to care for from her heart. In order to test her determination we said to her a few days ago that there were many other Princes that would be suitable. She put the idea aside at once, replied that she had considered it very carefully, and had quite made up her mind that she could only marry her cousin Ludwig Ferdinand, who had given such proofs of his constancy and affection, and who would surely make her happy. So, dear Nephew, Paz has at last given you the longed-for "yes" and hopes you will come at once to Spain. She will marry you as soon as you wish. My son, the King, will write to you also and invite you to come so that everything can be settled about the marriage. If this news makes you as happy as I believe it will, and you decide to come at once to Spain, telegraph to me as soon as you receive this letter. I shall remain some time in Seville, and then go to Madrid for the confinement of my daughter-in-law the Queen. Write to me, telegraph to me, and receive an embrace from one who wishes also to be called your mother, who cares for you very much, and who blesses both you and Paz with all her heart.

YSABEL.

Embrace for me also your good mother, brother and sisters. I am delighted at the coming marriage of my dear niece and goddaughter, Isabella. May God make her as happy as she deserves to be ! . . .

The answer to Queen Ysabel's was naturally a very delighted letter from my father. He would do all in his power to make her daughter happy. He wished to start at once for Spain and only awaited the King's invitation. It reached him quite soon :

PALACIO REAL, MADRID, *November 26, 1882.*

DEAR COUSIN :

. . . I now have the great pleasure of being able to tell you that you can come when you like ; I and my sister Paz will be delighted if you can stay some time with us. Let me know when you think of arriving and who accompanies you ; of course I shall be very pleased if Alfons or any other members of your family can do so.

I know that my mother has already written to you about this. I waited till now as I wished to have more time to think it over. Please follow only my advice in this matter.

Your affectionate cousin and friend

ALFONSO.

To this my father at once replied :

. . . The idea that my hopes are about to be fulfilled makes me the happiest of men. I shall be enchanted to see you and my beloved cousin Paz again ; from the moment I first saw her I loved her. I can never thank you enough for your help. . . . My brother Alfons cannot come with me as he may not leave his Regiment. I shall be accompanied by my friend and chaplain Ruez, my Lord Chamberlain Count Zech, my Physician in Ordinary Dr. Schröder, who has already been in Spain several times with my father, and two servants.

THE INFANTA PAZ TO THE WIDOWED PRINCESS ADALBERT OF
BAVARIA

MADRID, *December 20, 1882.*

. . . DEAR AUNT :

Every good wish for Christmas and the New Year ! I want to tell you how happy I am at the thought that Ludwig is coming to us in the first days of January. . . . I am already making plans for what we can see and do in Madrid together. He can hear Massini at the Opera, and if he comes quite in the beginning of the year, he will be in time for two of the Quartet Society's Concerts, which he will surely like. If he wants to ride he can have my horse, as it is a much better one than *Ali*. For this reason I lately tried one of Isabel's so that I could lend mine to Ludwig. Give him my good wishes. . . .

Your affectionate niece and goddaughter

PAZ.

KING ALFONSO XII. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA

MADRID, *December 27, 1882.*

. . . A thousand thanks for your two letters, which did my heart good. I assure you it is a great comfort to me to think that the being I love most, and who is the most worthy of all our family, is passing into such good hands. . . .

V

1883

PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA TO KING ALFONSO XII.

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG, *January 1, 1883.*

. . . I will never forget your kindness. I am happier than I can tell you. . . . On the same day that I received your telegram there came a letter from my Sovereign telling me that he was very pleased at my approaching marriage, but stating that I must wait until the financial side of the matter is settled through the Ministry. Of this I had absolutely no idea. But I hope that in eight days at latest I can start for Madrid, and I shall impatiently wait for that. Tell Paz how I long to see her. I beg you to forgive me for not being able to get away sooner. . . .

On the fourteenth of January my father started for Madrid, leaving the completion of the preparations for the wedding of their eldest sister Isabella with the Duca di Genova in the efficient hands of his brother Alfons.

During a walk in the Casa de Campo directly after my father's arrival at the Palace my parents became engaged. My mother wrote later :

We were both so agitated and moved that I have no idea what we said. I only remember that I begged Ludwig Ferdinand to bring me back to Spain from time to time. Since that hour I feel myself united to him in a tie that only death can break. I vowed at the time to make him happy.

The following day, Alfonso's Name-day, Ludwig formally asked for my hand. He came dressed in gala uniform, up the great staircase, where the Halberdiers were on duty, for his official audience with the King. My brother at once announced our engagement to the representatives of the Cortes, the Ministers, the Grandees and the Diplomatic Corps who were assembled to congratulate him. At the gala dinner that evening we were presented, for the first time, as an engaged couple. As the solemn Church ceremonies of marriage could not be celebrated during Lent, we had to wait for the wedding until the Easter feasts were over. During this period I received from every quarter of Spain, and from every class, such sincere

proofs of affection and attachment, and of their regret at having to lose me, that I can never forget them. Ludwig at once won the regard of everyone with whom he came in contact, and it made me very proud to see how highly my fiancé was respected. . . .

According to the strict etiquette of the Court, and ideas of that time, my mother was not permitted to speak for a single moment alone with her future husband. A chaperone, in the shape of a worthy lady-in-waiting, must always be in attendance. When my parents travelled to Munich after their wedding—far from being at last alone—they were accompanied by all the members of their suite, consisting of just thirteen persons !

Amongst the countless congratulatory letters received by my mother only the following need be quoted :

KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA TO THE INFANTA PAZ

HOHENSCHWANGAU, *February 1, 1883.*

MADAME :

Enchanted with the letter Your Royal Highness has written me on the occasion of your engagement to my beloved cousin Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, it is my heart's desire to thank Your Royal Highness most warmly for it. You can be sure that I am proud and happy to be able to count another Princess of the glorious House of Bourbon, for which I have ever had a real veneration and predilection, amongst the members of my family. I look forward with pleasure to making your acquaintance. I beg you to salute the King, your brother, in my name, and lay me at the Queen's feet.

I kiss Your Royal Highness's hand, and remain Your Royal Highness's devoted cousin

LUDWIG.

This was the first occasion on which my mother came into touch with the Bavarian "Fairy King." We shall see later that those lines were not merely a courtly formality but that the otherwise visionary and unapproachable King dropped his reserve in his intercourse with my parents. They had so many interests in common that Ludwig II. always found

he could get on better with them than with some others of his nearer relations. In February he answered a letter of my father's saying that he would have the young couple's apartments in Schloss Nymphenburg prepared for their reception, and that the day proposed for their public entrance into Munich would suit him, although unfortunately he could not be present himself. As is well known, Ludwig II. could not stand official receptions and nearly always avoided them. The King's shyness and disinclination to receive people had by then become so pronounced that even the Government suffered by it: it was very seldom possible for a Minister to speak personally with the Sovereign who was nearly always shut up with his romantic dreams in the solitude of the Bavarian mountains. Just at that time, too, he was deeply affected by the loss of Richard Wagner; even though his friendship for the great musician had been for some time overcast, his death in Venice had sincerely grieved Ludwig.

My uncle Alfons was delighted when he heard that his new sister-in-law was bringing with her, besides her horse *Colin*, six ponies, with a pony carriage and Spanish harness and trappings, and four black carriage horses from the Royal stud at Aranjuez. Alfonso XII. told my mother she could always have a four-in-hand from his stables, and they would of course be black as it was a custom in my father's family that only horses of that colour should be used under the carriages.

Prince Alfons, having finished all his arrangements in Munich, appeared in Madrid on the twenty-eighth of March, as King Ludwig had entrusted him with his representation at the marriage ceremonies. Shortly before this the Baroness von Reichlin had arrived, having been appointed Mistress of the Robes to the bride. From the first my mother liked her very much, and continued to do so until the day of her death. She was very handsome, amusing and clever and spoke French perfectly. She helped my mother,

who at that time only knew a little German, over many a difficulty.

As a particular compliment Ludwig II. made Alfonso XII. Colonel-in-Chief of the Sixteenth Bavarian Infantry Regiment. As it was the Spanish King's first German uniform he was very pleased, but regretted it could not be ready in time to wear at the wedding. Besides this Ludwig II. sent him the Wittelsbach Family Order of St. Hubertus. On the last day of the month their Spanish Majesties drove with the betrothed young couple to a special service at the Church of the Atocha, and on their return to the Palace the King invested my father with the Order of the Golden Fleece ; he had already received it from Queen Ysabel at his birth, but it had not been ceremoniously bestowed. The following day he received the accolade as Knight of Santiago, one of the four Spanish military Orders, dating from the wars with the Moors.

My mother also received innumerable compliments. On her wedding day a special newspaper was published in her honour, in which the inhabitants of all the Provinces of Spain of every class, paid separate tribute to her. The work-people of Madrid thanked her because her entire trousseau, by her own special wish, had been made in Spain. She had insisted that nothing foreign should be used, so that the shops and factories should benefit to the utmost by the occasion. It goes without saying that the Spanish poets, writers and artists did not let this opportunity pass without adding their tribute of praise and gratitude. My mother was deeply touched by these proofs of affection.

For days Madrid was preparing for the festivities. The corridors of the Palace were hung with the famous tapestries only used for the great Church feasts. In the Chapel Royal itself special tribunes had been erected. The day before the ceremony there was of course a bull-fight in which the celebrated espada Lagartijo displayed his skill. My mother was

not present. In the evening, after a family dinner in the Palace, the *Dichos*, or reading and signing of the marriage contract, took place. The King and Queen were present, also Queen Ysabel, the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, and Prince Alfons of Bavaria. The first Master of Ceremonies undertook the duties of Notary, and Ludwig II.'s special representative, Commissioner von Rumpler, signed for Bavaria. The German Ambassador in Spain, Count Solms, was witness for the bridegroom, and King Alfonso's old friend the Duque de Sesto for the bride. At the wedding ceremony the King and Queen were themselves the witnesses.

On April the second all the bells of Madrid pealed. In the grand galleries of the Palace, between the King's apartments and the Chapel Royal, the Halberdiers lining them had hard work to keep back the great crowd of sightseers who, according to the Spanish Royal custom, had been admitted to see the wedding procession. In front came lackeys, officials and chamberlains. Then the Covered Grandees wearing, as is their privilege, their hats. Next came the Queen's Lord Chamberlain the Marqués de Santa Cruz, the Master of the Horse, Conde de Villapaterna, the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Life Guards, General Serrano, Duque de la Torre, Aides-de-Camp and the Chamberlains on duty.

After them came the Royal family: the Infanta Cristina,¹ aunt of both the bride and bridegroom, the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, the bridegroom with his brother Alfons, the bride with her mother Queen Ysabel, and, last of all, King Alfonso XII. and Queen Maria Cristina. High Court functionaries carried the trains of the Infantas. Their Majesties were followed by the Ladies of the Court, and a picket of Halberdiers closed the procession which entered the church to the music of the *Marcha de Infantes*. At the door

¹ 1833-1902; the sister of King Francisco, and of Amalia (Princess Adalbert of Bavaria), she married 1860 the Infante Sebastian (1811-1875); see Chart No. I.

they were met by the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the Papal Nuncio, the Patriarch of the Indies and all the members of the Chapter, the Patriarch himself performing the marriage ceremony. In front of the high altar knelt the godmothers Queen Ysabel and the Infanta Cristina; the King and Queen as usual occupied their thrones under a canopy on the Epistle side of the altar. Facing the altar, and immediately in front of the Sovereigns, knelt the bride and bridegroom, and behind them the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia and Prince Alfons of Bavaria. Round the church in their tribunes were the Ministers with Sagasta at their head, the Diplomats, the members of Cortes, the Captain-General of Madrid—near him old General Novaliches—the Grandees, the Knights of the Golden Fleece and of the other great Orders, the Civil authorities and so forth. Around the chapel on raised platforms against the walls the Halberdiers stood at attention, and close to them the higher Court servants somehow squeezed in. When all were in their places, the Nuptial Mass began. My mother was so agitated that she hardly recognized anyone in that vast crowd. As she tried to kiss Queen Ysabel's hand before answering the "yes" they embraced in tears. A *Te Deum* ended the ceremony, after which all returned to the state apartments in the same ceremonial order, except that now the young married couple were permitted to walk together. The next evening there was a gala dinner of one hundred and fifty covers.

A few days later in almost unbearable heat, the King laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of Our Lady of the Almudena—that same Madonna to whom my mother had dedicated a poem. My mother was much touched by her brother's speech in which he spoke in moving terms of Queen Ysabel, and of this memorial to his first wife Queen Mercedes. It had long been his wish to build a cathedral close to the Palace, in the Calle Mayor, in which the remains of Queen Mercedes could later be brought from the Escorial and reinterred. The church, alas! remains



WEDDING CEREMONY OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, MADRID, APRIL 2, 1883

unfinished, and Mercedes still lies alone in her quiet chapel in the Cathedral of the Escorial. . . .

Usually ordinary mortals are allowed to have a little peace and quiet after their wedding. However, neither before nor after was there any hope of this in the case of my parents. My mother had not even time to think with all the rush and turmoil, but she passed through these unavoidable feasts and inconvenient honours with her usual serenity, as always bowing smilingly to the inevitable. I give her own account of the journey to Munich.

On the sixth of April we started for Bavaria. It cost me a hard struggle to leave my family and country. For my departure every room in the Palace was packed with people; I gave them all my hand to kiss, but could hardly speak. During our drive to the station I heard only flattering remarks and good wishes from the crowds in the streets: "God be with you and take care of you": "Come back soon": "Don't forget us," and similar expressions. . . .

Our railway carriage was full of flowers. My mother embraced me, also my brother and sisters, and the train began moving, the waving handkerchiefs became smaller and smaller. When we had already travelled some way, I suddenly heard a well-known voice calling out "A Dios, Señora." It was General Contreras. He had posted himself on the side of the railway line so that he might call out a last farewell to me. At all the stations crowds were waiting to greet us, and at the Spanish frontier, Irún, there was a Guard of Honour with flags waiting on the platform, perhaps so that I might once more see the Spanish colours before leaving my old home. . . . We stopped in Paris some days to visit Papa. . . .

This journey continued as it began. One can hardly call such a series of festivities and greetings by the name of honeymoon, or if so—a very extraordinary one. My mother's parting from her only brother was the hardest trial of all. One of the best poems she has written was dedicated to him and her country on leaving them: in her heart her brother and her country were inseparable; as it was he who had taught her to love it, he who had dedicated his life to it. Whenever she thought of him she could

not help feeling home-sick. Her most ardent wish was not to be forgotten by him—or by Spain. She only took one Spaniard with her to Munich, her old maid Pepa Angulo. She could at least speak to her in their mother-tongue about her childhood and girlhood in her lonely hours, whilst accustoming herself to her still foreign land.

At half-past five in the morning they arrived in Paris. Notwithstanding the unearthly hour there were waiting at the station, besides King Francisco, the Spanish Ambassador and Ambassadress the Duque and Duquesa de Fernan Nuñez, the Bavarian Chargé d'Affaires Herr von Ritter, and all the members of the Spanish Embassy. The Spanish Etudiantina stood on the platform in their national costume, with guitars, bandurrias and flutes and played Spanish pasodobles and national marches. The Palais de Castile was not large enough to accommodate the bride and bridegroom and their suites and, as King Francisco was just at that time moving from his old house in the Rue de Le Suer to his new country house in Epinay, near St. Denis, my parents stayed at the Grand Hôtel. But, even so, they were to have no rest or quiet in Paris where numerous fêtes and receptions were arranged for them. These began with a dinner given by King Francisco in the Hôtel de Londres. The next day there was a large dinner and reception at the Spanish Embassy, to which all members of the French Government were invited, the consequence of this being that nearly the entire Faubourg St. Germain kept away. Moreover, King Francisco excused himself as, since the International Exhibition of 1878 when he had been the guest of Marshal MacMahon, he had given up attending official functions in France. However, to make up for that, the Duque de Fernan Nuñez gave a special lunch in honour of King Francisco at the Spanish Embassy. The Diplomats advised my father to pay a formal visit to the President of the Republic; there was all the more reason for doing so as Grévy was intimate with Queen

Ysabel, and had been her guest at shooting parties at Fontenay. Therefore my father and mother drove in the afternoon to the Élysée. Monsieur Jules Grévy was waiting for them, and in the forecourt of the Palace a Guard of Honour in full dress saluted them—the first time such a thing had happened since 1870. Both Grévy and his wife did all they could to be polite and friendly, and an hour later the President, accompanied by General Pittié, arrived at the Grand Hôtel to return the visit. That evening Prince Alfons and most of the Bavarian suite left for Munich. After a drive in the Bois de Boulogne and seeing an act of *Henry VIII.* at the theatre, my parents went at eleven o'clock to a monster reception and ball at the Spanish Embassy. My mother danced waltzes with Conde de Uribarren, the Duc de Morny, and Count Goluchowski. Oddly enough this was the last time my mother ever did so—that is to say excepting of course Court, official or ceremonial quadrilles : my father did not wish her to dance with anyone but himself—so she gave it up altogether. When she got a moment to herself one of the first visits my mother paid was to the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in the Rue de Varennes to talk over old days and childhood's memories.

With the much-discussed fête at the Spanish Embassy their stay in Paris ended. My mother was pleased that they had at last only the Baroness von Reichlin and Count Zech with them, but, even so, there was still no question of a real rest.

She had now to face the official arrival and reception in Munich, and the wedding of her new sister-in-law Isabella to the Duca di Genova, and all the attendant ceremonies. In order that their formal entrance into the Bavarian capital should take place at a convenient hour, they had to stop in Augsburg the night before, which entailed further ceremonial.

On their arrival they drove to the famous Hotel Drei Mohren where they found Bavarian and Spanish flags waving from every window. A dense crowd

greeted them crying "Hoch!" The station and streets were full of friendly people. My mother at once liked the Bavarians. One thing surprised her very much. As she herself expressed it: "The soldiers here salute with the feet and at the same time stare fixedly at one." She was not yet accustomed to German military Strammheit (strapping smartness). The early hours of the theatres also astonished her. As a particular compliment to her *Carmen* was given that evening, but she only heard of this when they were at dinner. Naturally she wanted to go there at once, but was told that the performance was over long ago.¹

Next day she dressed in pale blue and white, as she must enter Munich wearing the Bavarian national colours—which she found less elegant than patriotic. The King of Bavaria had sent two of his Gentlemen, Count Yrseh and Baron Ritter, to meet the bride and bridegroom at Augsburg; both spoke French perfectly and were very kind and helpful. For the departure at ten o'clock all official Augsburg was at the station. There were Generals, Commanders of the garrisons stationed near, the Burgomaster with the town councillors and a Guard of Honour of the Third Infantry Regiment. It was no easy thing for my mother to speak with everyone in her still imperfect German. During all this ceremonial the band was playing, instead of the Spanish Royal March, the republican *Hymno de Riego*. At the first moment my mother could hardly believe her ears, but she quickly grasped that the band had got hold of the wrong music, and tactfully made no remark. The worst of it was, however, that this unlucky *Hymno* was a revolutionary song dating from the reign of her grandfather Fernando VII., and had subsequently been chosen by the Spanish republicans as their official tune. In Munich, too, it was always mistaken for the Royal March! My mother never seemed to find the right moment

¹ In Madrid the evening performances at the theatres seldom begin before ten o'clock.

to point out this awkward error until at last, twenty years later, she had perforce to do so when her nephew Alfonso XIII. made his first visit to the Court of Bavaria.

Let us leave my mother to describe her first entry into Munich :

An open victoria with four white horses and a squadron of the Second Cuirassiers—whose uniform my husband was wearing—were waiting for us. The City was flagged with the Bavarian and Spanish colours. We were greeted with cheers by the crowds in the streets and windows. In Maximilian Anlagen the carriage stopped and we were presented with flowers by young girls dressed in white with bright blue scarves. The poor things looked frozen in their thin dresses. Of the Burgomaster's welcoming speech I could understand only a few words : " From the land where the citrons bloom " from *Mignon*. Ludwig thanked him, and then we drove to my husband's town house in the Wittelsbacher Platz where the entire family was assembled. A crowd of ladies greeted me with " du " and called me cousin. Amongst them was an elderly lady, small and stoutish with the unmistakable features of my Spanish family. I at once grasped that this must be my mother-in-law, my father's sister Amalia, and I rushed to her as a thirsty traveller in the desert to an oasis. I then met her daughters, Isabella, Elvira, and Clara who is only a child. After a family luncheon at Uncle Luitpold's ¹ at the Leuchtenberg Palace, we drove out to Schloss Nymphenburg, a good half-hour in a carriage. The village was decorated with flags and flowers. At the door of the enormous Schloss stood the Director of the famous Royal porcelain manufactory to welcome us in the name of the Burgomaster and present us with a beautiful album. In the evening we watched the illuminations and torchlight procession from the Schloss balcony. Although April it was very cold and the Schloss with its enormous rooms and long corridors looked, as all summer resi-

¹ 1821-1912 : third son of Ludwig I. ; brother of Maximilian II., of Otto King of Greece, and of the deceased Prince Adalbert ; father of Ludwig III. He became Regent on the death of Ludwig II. in 1886. His Palace derives its name from Eugene Beauharnais (1781-1824), stepson of Napoleon I., who married Augusta (d. 1851), daughter of Maximilian I. (1756-1825), and was created by his father-in-law Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt.

dences do in winter weather, chilly and dreary. I wanted to unpack all my things at once, so as to give a more home-like look to the rooms, but I had no time to do so as the dinners and festivities were only *beginning* !

My first awakening in Nymphenburg was to the music of the 1st Infantry Regiment which serenaded us in the early morning outside our window. Amongst other things they played Schubert's *Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mein* ; Ludwig translated the words : "Thou art my rest, my peace art thou." But why, all the world over, won't they ever let poor Princes have a little rest and peace like other mortals ? We must be up and in the rush again. . . .

The evening before my parents had gone to Munich to a dinner given by one of the members of the family to the Genovas. King Albrecht of Saxony and his brother Georg, who later succeeded him as King, were there as the Duca di Genova's mother was a Saxon Princess. My mother, who did not even yet know all her Bavarian relatives by sight, had now to try to sort out her Saxon and Italian relations as well ; she therefore felt particularly grateful to King Albrecht for helping her through some of her embarrassments. She did not realize who he was as he wore, like all the others, a Bavarian uniform : when she got home she said that "a tall man with a white beard very kindly explained who all the different people were." She did not even know the Duca di Aosta by sight until he himself enlightened her in an extremely charming way : she had a fan in her hand on which was painted the Madrid Royal Palace, and when presented to her by King Albrecht Aosta pointed to it and said quite unassumingly : "I also know it." She at once understood that it was the one-time King Amadeo of Spain who was speaking to her, and was grateful to him for tactfully providing a diplomatic subject for conversation. The meeting might perhaps have been painful if the Duca had not been so considerate. . . .

A few days later the wedding of the Duca di Genova to Princess Isabella of Bavaria took place in the Schloss Chapel at Nymphenburg. In the evening there was

a dinner of a hundred and thirty covers in the great Steinernen Saal. The excitement in the Schloss was terrific—that is to say amongst the personnel—fearing everything might not fit in. My mother had become so apathetic and weary from countless festivities and fuss that nothing in the world would have excited her, nor did she even know till long afterwards that just before the banquet the head butler had blown his brains out with a sports gun belonging to my father—simply because one of the footmen had changed some of his table arrangements in order to tease him. He had shot into his mouth so that the brains were spattered up on the ceiling. They had to carry the dead man away as quickly and quietly as possible and hush up the terrible tragedy. The effect on the newly married couples would have been too painful, so they were kept in ignorance.

Fortunately, the gala performance at the theatre next day, and the performance in the Circus Renz the following evening, counted for both the newly married couples ; but, lest they should feel neglected, a formal dinner party and another gala reception for my parents alone were pushed in between.

But at last all the ceremonies and festivities were over, the guests dispersed and the Genovas were on their way to Italy.

My mother was particularly delighted when her Spanish ponies and horses arrived. At that moment she felt far more drawn towards them than to all the foreign princes and dignitaries. They were a bit of her old home, those six little animals, *hacas* as they are called in Spanish ; charming black beasts, they were named after Spanish rivers : *Guadiana*, *Guadalquivir*, *Ebro*, *Tajo*, *Douro* and *Manzanares*. She mostly drove them herself six-in-hand under her carriage harnessed in Spanish fashion with red and yellow bobbing fringes and tassels (the Spanish national colours), and little silver bells. Years later this turn-out was the delight of us children—for the moment we were not there.

Little by little my mother had time to look round

and understand the complicated relationships of her numerous Bavarian family. She had not yet seen the King, who was somewhere in the mountains. His younger brother Otto, who was even then a permanent invalid, was confined in Schloss Fürstenried just outside Munich.

All the wedding honours had been done by Prince Luitpold, a very upright, tactful old gentleman with a beard, uncle both of the King and of my father. His second son Leopold had been married for a long time to the Archduchess Gisela, elder daughter of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria; from the first my mother found the Archduchess most kind and sympathetic and they became close friends.

My mother already knew all about the Ducal branch of the Wittelsbach family. Old Duke Maximilian she never saw as he died soon after her arrival in Bavaria, but his widowed Duchess was always friendly and kind, as were their three sons Ludwig, Karl Theodor, and Max Emanuel; their remarkably good-looking daughters were not in Bavaria at the time, but my mother of course knew them all by renown: the lovely Empress Elisabeth of Austria; Marie Queen of the Two Sicilies—the “heroine of Gaeta”; the fourth sister, Sophie Duchesse d’Alençon, my mother had often met in Paris; the eldest sister, Hélène, was Princess of Thurn and Taxis, and although she lived in Bavaria my mother did not meet her till later. Their famous brother Karl Theodor the oculist, was, as we already know, my father’s inspirer and model.

My mother was very curious to see King Ludwig II. and wondered what her impression of him would be. My father honoured him as his Sovereign and Head of the Family, felt attracted by his romantic and mysterious character, and had already told my mother much about him. As a result she had a feeling that she would understand his enigmatic personality, and longed to meet him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ludwig II., King of Fantasy, 1883

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
OF BAVARIA

HOHENSCHWANGAU, *April 20, 1883.*

. . . The kind and charming letter Your Royal Highness wrote me after your arrival in Munich has given me great pleasure. I am delighted to learn from it that my wedding present has pleased you. I welcome you, and hope with all my heart that Your Royal Highness will like your new home and be happy in it. I look forward with pleasure to making your acquaintance. I beg you, dear Cousin, to embrace my dear Cousin Ludwig Ferdinand in my name, and remain, with every assurance of my devotion,

Your Royal Highness's affectionate Cousin,

LUDWIG.

The expression of his wish to meet my mother personally was no empty phrase on the King's part; the moment the wedding guests were safely out of his way he came to Munich and gave a great state dinner party in honour of my parents at the Royal Residenz, to which not only the family, but also the whole Court, the Ministers, and so on were invited. He gave his arm to my mother, who looked almost a child beside him, she being small and slight, and he rather stalwart and one hundred and ninety-one centimetres (six foot three) in height. He walked with his head held high, and spoke—in excellent French by the way—over her head, so that she could hardly hear him—and a King cannot very well be asked to repeat what he says! However, that was soon ended. He seated my mother and father at either side of himself and conversed with them in the kindest way. His amiability amazed the

family almost as much as did the fact of his having overcome his unsociable shyness sufficiently to tear himself away from his mountains in order to welcome my mother and give a great dinner party in her honour. Yet this was not all ; soon my parents were to have further proofs of his regard. At this first meeting he made an ineffaceable impression on my mother. A tall, handsome man, with dreamy dark-blue eyes, pale complexion, and jet-black curly hair—just such as children and young people imagine a King should be, my mother could not understand why people thought him unsociable and unapproachable ; the King, as we know, had always taken a great interest in Spain and the Bourbon family, so happily there were many themes for conversation and, as my mother had anticipated, they understood one another from the first moment, both being inclined to the romantic and imaginative. Moreover, it soon appeared that there was yet another link between them : my grandfather Adalbert had shared Ludwig's predilection for the House of Bourbon, and had always been on very good terms with his Sovereign, who indeed had shown more confidence and trust in him than in anyone else.

When my mother happened during that first dinner to mention Victor Hugo as being one of her favourite poets, she again touched on the right theme. Ludwig II. was well acquainted with Hugo's writings and knew much of his poetry by heart. His admiration for the great German actor Joseph Kainz had begun when he saw him for the first time in *Marion de Lorme* as Didier ; his friendship for Kainz it is true was of short duration, but his enthusiasm for Victor Hugo remained. Perhaps Hugo had also brought Spain nearer to Ludwig through *Ruy Blas* and *Hernani*. The King had, therefore, a great wish to know my mother's beautiful country ; indeed his harassed finance secretary had experienced much trouble in persuading his master to give up the idea of a journey to Spain with Kainz. The Alhambra, and the scene of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, had far more attraction for



COURT BALL IN HONOUR OF WEDDING OF PRINCE
AND PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND IN THE ROYAL PALACE
MADRID

Left to right 1 Queen Isabel II 2 Infanta Isabel 3 Senor Sagasta Prime
Minister 4 Infanta Paz 5 King Alfonso XII 6 Queen Maria Cristina 7 Prince
Ludwig Ferdinand 8 Infanta Lulalia 9 Count Dabsky (Austrian Ambassador)

him than the romantic Italy for which his grandfather Ludwig I. had such a passionate devotion. Ludwig the Second's Court poet, Karl von Heigel, had to write plays for private performance before him in which the theme was of more importance than its literary merit or setting; amongst these being many relating to Spain and the Bourbon family: *Cardinal Alberoni*, *Charles II.'s Will* and others. Many other interesting subjects were touched upon in the conversation between the King and my parents, and we shall see from his letters how he afterwards constantly returns to them.

Another thing my mother had to do was to relate and explain Spanish legends to her romantic host. Her first impression of Ludwig was that of a man ever conscious of his royal dignity, an idealist, most kind and friendly, of a very imposing figure, still handsome, although no longer such an ideal of manly beauty as his earlier portraits show him to have been. He had become heavier with the passing years, yet in spite of that had a most kingly bearing. "This man," my mother wrote later, "has something great and poetic about him, and has powers of imagination such as one rarely finds in anyone." My mother could not discover anything abnormal in his conversation, although there can be no doubt he was then, and had been for some years a very strange and eccentric character. Even his somewhat pompous and rambling letters do not give any clear proof of aberration of mind. His mysterious and, in general, very reserved character invested him in the eyes of the Bavarian people with a nimbus of kingly majesty that he was himself particularly pleased to wear: a nimbus behind a crown—it was almost like being enshrined!

The King, on his side, was much taken by my mother. He afterwards let her know through the Baroness von Reichlin that he found her charming, but he wished her to make a deeper curtsy on meeting him, as the other cousins did, and he charged the Baroness to try to get her to do so. The Baroness was one of the few people who enjoyed his entire confidence; indeed she

would have been appointed Mistress of the Robes to Sophie of Bavaria if that Princess had married the King instead of becoming Duchesse d'Alençon. Having first asked "How does one treat a King?" my mother sent Ludwig a message through the Baroness saying that she begged to apologize for her ignorance, but as the only Monarchs she had been accustomed to meet were her mother and brother, she was quite unaware of how to behave in the presence of Majesty. The answer seems to have pleased him; anyway there was no rift in the mutual sympathy that had spontaneously arisen between my mother and her new Sovereign.

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

MUNICH, *May 7, 1883.*

BELOVED COUSIN !

. . . I take this opportunity (thanks for sending photographs) to let you know, dear Ludwig, how pleased I was the other day to make the acquaintance of your most amiable wife and to meet you again, dear Cousin, after such a long time. That Heaven's richest blessings may rest on you both, and your lives be always full of happiness and good fortune, is the dearest wish of my heart. . . .

And again—only four days later :

MUNICH, *May 11, 1883.*

DEAREST COUSIN !

. . . I feel it is imperative personally to thank you at once with all my heart for your letter of eighth May, in which you, dear Cousin, in such kind, warm words express your sentiments towards me. Be assured that I reciprocate them from my inmost heart. These lines are also to let you know that I appoint you, my very dear Cousin, Colonel Proprietor of the 18th Infantry Regiment; but if you prefer to continue wearing your present uniform—as Colonel *à la suite*—you are of course quite at liberty to do so.

I repeat here my heart-felt thanks (which I have already sent you) for having written to the King and Queen-Mother Ysabel of Spain. . . . Yesterday I received from the 16th Bavarian Infantry Regiment a long and detailed account of the truly extraordinary favours showered upon the members of the

Mission by the King and also by the Queen-Mother. This has given me great pleasure and filled me with the liveliest gratitude.

Have you really, dear Cousin, such an extraordinary interest in the study of medicine as I was told some time ago you had ?

If you have the time and the wish to get your photograph and that of your wife taken—it would give me great pleasure if you would send them to me. . . .

To be advanced at the age of twenty-four from Captain to Colonel Proprietor¹ of a Regiment was undoubtedly a signal proof of the King's favour. As to the study of medicine, my father applied himself to it with still greater zeal than ever after his marriage. He was working at his treatise on the anatomy of the tongue, and had almost decided to take up medicine as a profession. The King spoke once to my mother about it, and asked her if she had anything against her husband being a doctor. "On the contrary," she answered, "just because he has different interests from other princes pleases me, and particularly so, because he can turn them to account later to help the sick and suffering."

Wishing to show my father and mother a most unusual favour the King invited them one night in May to supper in his Winter Garden, where he could talk with them undisturbed. This Winter Garden, built on the roof, covered the whole of the north-west wing of the Residenz overlooking the Hofgarten, and has been removed long ago. It must have been most unsightly. The King had arranged there, what seems to us now, with our modern ideas, a somewhat theatrical, but, during the cold Bavarian winters, a not unattractive indoor garden with rare plants, various artificial buildings, a lake and an artificial moon ; this he regarded as a kind of holy of holies to which only the very elect were admitted. My mother described this memorable night in a letter to her brother :

At eight o'clock in the evening a messenger brought the

¹ The English equivalent of the continental formula Colonel Proprietor (*Inhaber*) would be Prince Ludwig Ferdinand's Own.

King's invitation. We were to be at the Residenz at ten o'clock, Ludwig in a dress suit and I in evening dress. When we arrived the King was waiting for us ; he kissed my hand and led me up one of those stone staircases one sees in all palaces, and which without being particularly handsome give an imposing impression. A man-servant with a torch walked before us and stopped at the door of the King's apartments. We entered a small room hung with red velvet. In the centre a gold embroidered canopy trimmed with ermine overhung a Louis XIV. armchair ; a table before it was covered with an equally richly embroidered cloth ; on the mantelpiece were a marble statuette of Marie Antoinette and other works of art, Chinese and alabaster vases and similar ornaments. We next passed into his study—also in Versailles style ; over the doors were bas-reliefs in marble, with medallions supported by Cupids, on which were the portraits of different kings ; all was in the baroque style, even to the inkstand. Before a window was a flower-stand filled with plants in the middle of which reposed a bust of Richard Wagner. His bedroom was also in Louis XIV. style, with extremely rich bed-canopy and curtains. The overwhelming, almost oppressive impression, is indescribable. After passing through yet another equally overloaded room we came to a door hidden by a curtain. The King smilingly drew the curtain aside. I could not believe my eyes. There before me was an enormous garden, illuminated in Venetian style, with palms, a lake, bridges, huts and castellated buildings. "Come in," said the King, and I followed him fascinated as Dante followed Virgil in Paradise. A parrot was swinging on a gold ring and shouted "Guten Abend" to me, while a peacock gravely and proudly strutted by. We crossed a primitive wooden bridge over a small illuminated pond and saw before us under a chestnut tree an Indian village. When at that moment a hidden military band struck up my *Marcha de Infantes* I turned to the King and told him in all sincerity that this was perfection of thoughtful kindness.

"By and by you will hear more Spanish music," he answered. We now came to a blue silk tent decorated with roses, inside which a chair supported by two carved elephants rested on a lion skin. The King took us on further, down a narrow path to the pond, in which an artificial moon was reflected, softly lighting up the water lilies and other aquatic plants. A boat, such as troubadours used in olden times, was fastened to a tree. We reached an Indian hut ; fans and weapons of the country hung down from the ceiling. I stopped mechanically,

until the King moved on again. Suddenly I thought I had been magically spirited to the Alhambra. A little Moorish room we now entered, with a fountain in the middle surrounded with flowers, had in a moment transported me back to my own country. Round the walls were two magnificent divans. In an adjoining circular pavilion divided from us by a Moorish arch supper was laid. The King motioned me to take the place in the middle, and rang a little handbell softly. As if from the void a lackey appeared and bowed low. He only came to fetch and carry away the dishes, or when the King rang the bell. I could see from where I was sitting, behind the arch, masses of beautiful plants lit up by many coloured lamps, while an unseen choir sang softly. Suddenly a rainbow appeared. "Oh!" I cried involuntarily, "this must be a dream." "Ah! but you must see my Schloss Chiemsee," said the King. So I was not dreaming then, and the man who sat beside me was the King of Bavaria before whom everybody trembled! And he was actually inviting me to see the new Castle which he kept so carefully hidden away from everyone!

The band then played a Habanera, and we spoke of Cuba, which with Spain gave scope enough for conversation. After supper the King asked me very politely if I objected to smoking. Later he took us to a stalactite grotto; a tiny cascade trickled mysteriously, and through a cleft in the roof one could see the moon. After a while we went to the Indian hut near the lake, so as to hear the music better, and as we passed the Hindu towers the orchestra played *Aida*. Next we went back to the tent with the elephant chair, through a kind of gallery lit by innumerable coloured lamps. Seated in the tent I had to repeat some of my Spanish verses for the King; even though he did not understand the words he wished to hear how they sounded. I translated them into French and he listened attentively, his large eyes fixed on me. When I finished saying my *Adieu to my brother Alfonso* he said the ideas pleased him very much, and that there was a strain of melancholy throughout it that appealed to him. He then stood up and handed me an enormous bunch of roses. He was leaving Munich that morning, he said, but would first accompany us to Nymphenburg; we therefore told them to send away our carriage and he ordered his own. Just as we were leaving this fairyland the King threw aside the curtain and exclaimed "Aurora has arrived." Together we stood and watched the first faint shimmer of sunrise in the sky.

A carriage and four, harnessed *à la Grande d'Aumont*, was

waiting at the foot of the stone staircase. I got in quickly in order to take the seat at the left, but the King would not allow it. We drove like a lightning flash from the Residenz, a groom riding before us with a lantern. Although suffering from a cold the King refused to put on his hat in my presence. It was quite daylight by the time we arrived at Nymphenburg where nearly thirty-eight years before the King was born. He accompanied us to our apartments and, when I tried to thank him for the fairy-like evening he had given us, he would not let me speak, but thanked *us* for having come to him, kissed my hand, and drove away to his mountains. . . .

My father repeated his thanks in a letter and as a souvenir of an extraordinary evening sent the King a book on costumes of the Baroque period, which he had inherited from his father :

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

LINDERHOF, *May 20, 1883, morning.*

Your kind and affectionate letter . . . has given me infinite pleasure. I received it on the Hochkopf ¹ in a quiet mountain hut a few days ago, and only now at last answer it here in Linderhof. The exquisitely executed seventeenth-century book on costumes is in the highest degree interesting. I have examined it most minutely and repeatedly. . . . To have received it as a gift from you, beloved Cousin, adds still more value to this intrinsically beautiful and highly interesting work ! I am overjoyed to see by your letter, and also by your earlier ones . . . that you and your wife have such pleasant recollections of the hours we passed together the other night in the Winter Garden. Be assured, my dearest Cousin, that not a day has passed since then that I have not thought of you. It will be long before I forget the fifth, or the eleventh and twelfth of May.

The idea that you think of dedicating your medical book to me, and translating for me your wife's poems, gives me immense pleasure ; it was truly most kind of her the other day to repeat her verses, so full of the purest poetry and deepest and noblest ideas, first in beautiful Spanish and then translate them for me. . . . I must now leave off, it is a quarter to five in the morning ! I left the Hochkopf in pouring rain and only arrived here very late where I had to read dispatches and look

¹ 4,275 feet, 25 miles north-east of Partenkirchen.

through papers. Now I am looking forward to the pleasure of soon being able to devote myself to my books. Please ask your wife if the wonderful *Autos Sacramentales* are still given in Spain, of which the finest ones are those written by Calderón and Lope de Vega. As I spoke of a piece the scene of which is laid in Spain, and which I had read on the evening you gave me the pleasure of your company, I am sending it to you to read. Victor Hugo's language is often full of glowing fire and flame. . . .¹

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

HOHENSCHWANGAU, May 24, 1883.

. . . The best time to see what is up to this the finished part of Schloss Chiemsee will be in September, as the ceiling of the Salle de Conseille is only now being painted.

Do not promise yourself too much, dear Cousin, as the building was only begun in '78 and cannot be completed in less than another nine years; the work that has been accomplished in this short time is, comparatively speaking, considerable, but the greater part is still to be done.² I beg you, and also the Princess not to speak of this visit to any of the family either before or after the event. I do not doubt that you will respect my wish and will do what I now ask of you. I gave my architect—Ober-Direktor Dollmann—a full plan of the rooms to copy which I think of sending to you soon. . . .

On the thirtieth of May the King wrote to my mother from Hohenschwangau in French to thank her for a letter in which she confessed that in her delight at being allowed to see Schloss Chiemsee she had written to tell her Spanish relations about it before the King's prohibition had reached my father; he replied that it did not matter—it was only to the Bavarian relations to whom it should not be mentioned—and added:

I was very flattered to learn from your charming letter, dear Cousin, that you had written to your Spanish relations a description of the little feast I arranged for you in the Winter Garden. I am very pleased that Your Royal Highness remembers it with pleasure. I close this to write to my dear Cousin Ludwig.

¹ The reference is to *Hernani*.

² It has never been finished; one of the most noted show-places in Bavaria, it is exactly as the King left it when he died.

In the letter to my father accompanying this note the King said he was glad the book by Victor Hugo he had sent had pleased them, and continued :

Heavy rain, such as the present, I always think makes a more dreary effect in very formally laid-out gardens such as those of Nymphenburg, than in the free unbound spaces of the mountains, where its wet wildness has a peculiar charm of its own. Here I get absorbed, as I generally do when in the mountains, in some fascinating work and have seldom time to write a letter with my own hand. If this happens, do not think, my very dear Cousin, that my trust in your well-known loyalty could ever change. That is impossible. . . .

KING ALFONSO XII. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *June* 12, 1883.

DEAREST PAZ :

I have thought of you unceasingly and followed the beginning of your new life, and the first steps of your independence, which reflect your personality. That I did not write sooner was the fault of my many occupations. I knew, too, that you prefer me to be working for the good of our country. You can never doubt that, next to Crista and my children, you are the first in my affection. Besides that I am also now and then lazy, but I promise to improve and not keep you waiting so long again for a letter. So forgive me. . . . I assure you I have read at least ten times your description of the fairy garden that the art-loving King has built on the roof of his Palace, and then I have read it aloud more than twenty times to others. It is very well done and interests me greatly. I have changed my opinion about King Ludwig. Now I understand that he was born to be a Louis XIV. and exists against his will in the nineteenth century. In a short time your letter will become an interesting historical, even literary, document. It places you among those Princesses who are an honour to a Royal family, in contrast to so many who are insignificant.

Since you left here nothing very extraordinary has happened. The "Black Hand" and the occurrences in Jerez are not so important as the newspapers make out ; if the harvest is good, and if with God's help no fires break out, conditions in the Province will soon be normal again. Social troubles are nothing new, as the events in Loja in our mother's time prove. . . .

Crista left yesterday and I believe will be with you on the fifteenth. I accompanied her as far as the Escorial and I must

confess that as I got out there I felt very envious of the lucky ones who were going to see you. I shall let you know in my next letter my plans regarding my intention to visit you in case I find it possible to leave Spain. . . . The visit of the King and Queen of Portugal went off very well. In order to avoid any misconceptions I gave the toast at the official dinner "The Independence of Portugal." The Prince¹ is very agreeable. I believe he will be a good friend of Spain. . . . Since you left I have held three times a week, for a whole month—up to the arrival of the Portuguese—Infantry-Brigade exercises. On the twenty-fifth of May my mare *Yorkshire Lass* won two races, one after the other, of three thousand and two thousand yards in the presence of the King and Queen of Portugal; she beat all the good horses and won in the first race a prize of nine thousand pesetas and in the second four thousand. I am now going out to Aranjuez and must stop. . . .

On the thirtieth of June Ludwig II. wrote a romantic letter to my father from Püschlinghaus, near Oberammergau, sending him some of Heigel's plays to read, and some engravings of Versailles. He feared my parents might be disappointed with their visit to his beloved toy Schloss Chiemsee—

but as I know you are an enthusiast of that unforgettable epoch, and also take such a particular interest in the Louis XIV. style, I think your visit in the autumn will perhaps afford you and your wife some pleasure, even though it can only give you a faint idea of what the results will be some years hence. With the exception of your wife I beg you, dear Cousin, to speak of this only to the Baroness von Reichlin, to whom, however, you may show the plans and description. "Les appartements de la Reine" will be left unfinished for the time being. I write these lines from a lonely mountain hut which rises like an eagle's nest on the summit of a mighty rock, and which my father also once made use of for a short visit. Twilight strides on apace and warns me to stop. . . .

A letter of the twentieth of July from Alfonso XII. to my father gave my mother the utmost pleasure, as in it he definitely announced his coming visit to Nymphenburg. He had, he wrote, created my father

¹ Afterwards (1889) King Carlos I. (1863-1908).

Comendador Mayor de Castilla of the Order of Santiago, as this high position had become vacant by the death of the Duca di Parma :

Although I always was fond of you, my affection has increased still more since I see how happy you are making my sister. That is the great point for her family. . . . I am not yet quite certain, but I hope to see you in Nymphenburg by the end of September, as the Emperor William I. has invited me to be present at the manœuvres of the XXI Army Corps, which begin on September the twenty-first in Homburg. If I go there I will of course come for a couple of days to you. I should like to see the German troops, and shall take that opportunity of wearing my Bavarian uniform. . . . I know that Uncle Montpensier is now in Munich ; I regret that Eulalia has not yet made up her mind to marry his son. . . .

The Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier paid only a short visit to Munich and stayed at the Hotel Bayerischer Hof, where my parents lunched with them. There were also present on that occasion a brother and sister of the Duc's, the Prince de Joinville and the Princesse Clementine ; the latter was the widow of Prince August of Coburg, and mother of the Duchess Max Emmanuel in Bavaria and Prince Ferdinand, who was later King of Bulgaria. These three (at that time quite old) children of King Louis Philippe were all exceedingly deaf and talked so loud that my mother felt sure the entire conversation could be heard outside in the street. Montpensier invited my parents to his place in San Lucar. He thought that King Alfonso would perhaps also go there, and he gave them to understand that the King coughed a good deal, and the winter in Andalusia would be much better for him than the cold winds of Madrid. It must have been also particularly cold just then in Nymphenburg as my mother wrote to Queen Ysabel that although she was dressed in winter clothes and was sitting near a heated stove she felt frozen ; she said her mother-in-law (Princess Adalbert) with her two daughters Elvira and Clara were as usual spending the summer there,

and that they were all very nice and kind : she concluded with : " Ludwig has been wanting to write to you for ever so long, but as soon as he enters his room he gets immersed in his medical studies and has time for nothing else." . . . He was then preparing a thesis for his Doctor's degree and had to make minute examinations of mice, frogs and other animals. My mother was resolved, when this work was finished, to prevent him beginning another projected book—this time on the nervous system of ants. She wanted him to become a practising physician and dedicate his talents to the task of helping his fellow-man, and she succeeded in this.

On the twenty-seventh of July Queen Cristina came to Munich on her way home to Madrid from Vienna. My mother showed her with great pride the International Exhibition of pictures in the Glaspalast where Spain was particularly well represented. Being most anxious that in this her first year in Bavaria Spain should do itself honour, my mother had actually succeeded in getting Pradilla's colossal work of art *The Surrender of Granada to the Catholic Monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella* sent over to Munich. Pradilla had painted it a short time previously for the Senate Chamber in Madrid. The Senators, naturally enough, objected to sending a very valuable picture such a distance on account of the risk of injury, and appealed to the President, Martinez Campos, to prevent it. " You are quite right, Gentlemen," he answered, " but how can we refuse the Infanta Paz ? I cannot." Pradilla solved the question in a very gallant way. They were to send the picture and should any injury come to it, he would paint a new one for the Senate, and charge nothing.

When one day my mother received a telegram from her brother telling her he would arrive in Munich on the seventh of September, and stay two nights at Nymphenburg, she recorded the great event in her Diary :

One can imagine . . . with what pleasure I set about getting

things ready for my Spaniards, so that nothing should be forgotten for their comfort. I was greatly excited when the train bringing my brother steamed into the station. Heavens, how we talked during those two days ! We had so much to tell one another ! One of his first questions was if I was expecting a baby. When I said yes, he made Ludwig promise it should be born in Spain. Never did the autumn-tinted Nymphenburg Park seem so beautiful to me as on that day in the company of my brother. . . .

A few days later she wrote further details to her mother :

Alfonso arrived at seven o'clock and came on here to Nymphenburg at once. He and his Gentlemen dined with us in their travelling dress. I need not tell you that he talked uninterruptedly the whole time he was with us and told us all that had happened. Next day was a holiday and we heard Mass in the Magdalenen Kapelle in the Park. Then those of his suite who did not know Munich drove into town, while we with Alfonso, Alcañices ¹ and Mirasol walked all round the Park. After luncheon we went to the Glaspalast Exhibition, paid a visit to Gisela, and afterwards went to the Theatre. We chatted until midnight. Alfonso's train left next morning at nine for Vienna. It seems to me as if I have been dreaming it all. I would like to have you here. In the meantime I look forward to seeing you in Seville. . . . I believe I am going to have a child. . . .

Alfonso XII. went from Vienna to the Kaiser Manœuvres in Homburg. Shortly after he left Munich my parents paid a visit to the Queen-Mother Marie of Bavaria in Hohenschwangau. A great-great niece of Frederick the Great, the Queen was a most friendly and simple person. It was only in winter that she lived in the Residenz Palace in Munich, the rest of the year she passed a very retired life in the old Schloss Hohenschwangau overlooking the village of that name, or in her country house in Elbigenalp, near Landeck, in Tyrol. She suffered greatly through her second son Otto having lost his reason, and from time to time

¹ The Duque de Sesto (Marqués de Alcañices) and the 7th Marqués de Mirasol, 1845-1899, in attendance on the King.



KING ALFONSO XII (1857-1885) AND KING EDWARD VII (1841-1910)
AT HOMBURG IN 1883

she visited him in Schloss Fürstenried, near Munich. She loved her eldest son Ludwig II. with all her simple heart, even though he did not now treat her with the same confidence as he had done in earlier years. Her uncle, the Emperor William I., never forgave her for having become a Catholic. She had already experienced much sorrow in her life, but the heaviest was yet to come. She had a particular affection for my parents as she knew how loyally they honoured the King her son. She invited my father's former tutor to accompany my parents to Hohenschwangau as he had given lessons to King Alfonso XII. when as a boy he was learning German in Nymphenburg before entering the Theresianum in Vienna. My parents stayed a day and a half in Hohenschwangau, the Queen-Mother herself drove to meet them in Füssen and showed them the exquisite little lakes Schwansee and Alpsee. Next day she drove with them to the Marienbrücke (Mary's bridge) from whence they could see poised on a distant mountain peak the new castle of Neuschwanstein. Up till then not even the King's mother had yet crossed the threshold of this sanctuary ; however, later on he himself showed her through it.

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHACHEN,¹ *September 21, 1883.*

. . . Through my mother I learn that you have both been with her in Hohenschwangau. As I think it would perhaps interest you to see what my new castle there is to be like I will send you shortly, dearest Cousin, a photograph of the plan. The best thing now would be for you to go to Chiemsee and see what is finished there ; the season is not yet too advanced ; I must once again express my liveliest regret that you cannot see more of it. . . .

In due course my parents passed four days on the zealously guarded Herreninsel in Chiemsee.² Their

¹ Near Oberammergau—the King had planned to erect here another of his fantastic castles, this time in the “Chinese” style !

² There are three islands on Chiemsee, Herreninsel, Fraueninsel and Krautinsel ; the Palace is situated on Herreninsel, the largest (500 acres).

arrival in the evening at this unfinished Schloss was rather mysterious. Accompanied only by Baroness von Reichlin they were rowed across the lake from the mainland. The King's Secretary, Bürkel, was waiting by order of the King and conducted them to rooms prepared for them in the old Schloss, where they had to wait until it was quite dark. They were then driven in a carriage across the small park to the new Schloss, a miniature copy of Versailles. From the distance they could see a perfect sea of gleaming lights. The carriage drew up in the "Cour de Marbre." They went up the somewhat disappointing staircase to the "Salle des Gardes" where old-fashioned steel halberds and magnificent, rather over-gilded, furniture was ranged round the walls, on which were displayed busts of Condé, Turenne, Villars and Vauban. Everything was French in inspiration and German in execution. In the "Antichambre" there were paintings representing the reception of the great Condé by Louis XIV. ; Louis XIV. visiting the Gobelin manufactory ; and his reception of the Swiss Ambassador. In the "Salon de l'Œil de Bœuf" allegorical pictures of the same King. The long gallery made the most astonishing impression of all, lit by innumerable wax candles in crystal candelabras, with statues between the windows alternating with royal blue silk damask seats profusely embroidered with gold fleur-de-lis. One state room after the other : "Salon de la paix," "Salon de la guerre," "Chambre du conseil." The throne room was hung with velvet of Bavarian blue heavily embroidered in gold, with chairs and window draperies to match. In the "Chambre de parade" was an enormous state bed, under a much-too-elaborate canopy, and divided from the room by a gold balustrade. Everything was too ornate, even the chairs and the toilet service. Nevertheless, by candle-light with some imagination one could fancy oneself back in the seventeenth century—and the King lived principally by night. By day the illusion was not so convincing ; on the other hand, the garden with its

fountains promised, when finished, to be very beautiful. The next night the Palace was lit up again. My mother felt a little lonely in the midst of all this artificial splendour on a tiny island. Each evening she was presented by the King's command with a bunch of beautiful flowers as a sign of his particular attention. She was much touched, but all the same she was very glad when she found herself once more at home.

The King's own apartments were only finished during the last two years of his life, and he only occupied them a couple of times. Before that he stayed in the old Schloss and watched the progress of the building every year at the same time—from the end of September until the beginning of October.

We must now return from this dream-world to everyday life. My mother was uneasy because the King of Spain, when passing through Paris on his return home from the Kaiser Manœuvres, had been made the target of the French hatred of Germany.

The German Emperor had given King Alfonso while in Homburg the Strasbourg Uhlan Regiment. The fact that it was the Strasbourg Regiment infuriated the French and when he arrived in Paris he was greeted by the mob with cries of "*Le Roi Uhlan!*" and insulted in the most ignoble manner. There were many very nasty and even dangerous scenes. He did not lose his self-possession but showed in the midst of all the tumult an admirable coolness :

. . . highly delighted at the welcome news (wrote King Ludwig II. to my father on the twenty-first of October from Linderhof) of the enthusiastic reception King Alfonso has had from his faithful subjects everywhere. It will have done his heart good after those damnable occurrences in Paris.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *November 3, 1883.*

. . . We will take your advice and not travel until January. As I hope to see you in Madrid in April we shall give up our trip to Andalusia for fear of it being too fatiguing for me. I want not only to see you again but I wish to have you with me in those critical moments, as I feel sure you will give me

courage. . . . Munich is getting gayer. There are Sunday concerts at the Konservatorium. On Tuesday we have a dinner party at Arnulf's for the Archduke Ludwig Victor.¹ Then there are two young Württemberg Princes, whose names I don't yet know, coming. The Duchessa di Modena² is also here. . . .

A few words about the Duchessa as she was always particularly kind to our family. She was a sister of Prince Luitpold and of my grandfather Adalbert. She had married Francesco V. Duca di Modena, and so was closely related to Don Carlos (the Duca's sister being his mother). After her husband's death Great-Aunt Modena lived alternately in the Modena Palace in Vienna, in Munich, in Schloss Wildenwart near Chiemsee and in Schloss Berchtesgaden. Christmas she always spent with her brother Luitpold.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *November 16, 1883.*

. . . I am impatiently waiting for April, and confidently hope you will be in Madrid in the beginning of that month. . . . I believe my mother-in-law with Elvira and Clara will soon leave for Italy to be with Isabella Genova for the birth of her child. It will arrive about the same time as mine. Evidently we coincide even in that. . . . As my mother-in-law has now returned to the Residenz for the winter I see her and her daughters seldomer. I am very sorry as I have become very fond of them. . . . Send me oranges and lemons from Seville. The King³ and Queen of Naples asked me yesterday to greet you from them.

In the meantime my father had finished his thesis for his Doctor's degree. Ludwig II. congratulated him on the completion of this work "with which it will give me the liveliest pleasure to acquaint myself." . . . In due course Professors von Pettenkofer, von Voit, Rüdinger and Kupfer appeared in Schloss

¹ 1842-1911, brother of the Emperor Franz Josef.

² 1823-1914, Adelgonde married 1842 Francesco V. Duca di Modena (1819-1875), who was deposed in 1859.

³ Francesco II. (1836-1894) and his wife Marie, born a Duchess in Bavaria: he had been deposed in 1860.

[illegible]

Dear Father & Sister Mary
 I am full of affection for
 you & send you
 love
 1883.

*Ma dame
mon très cher Docteur*

Charm de l'innocence
des yeux, des saisissements
des bontés, des bontés
je n'impressionne pas
cette image, je n'impressionne
pas l'âme, mais l'âme
c'est une chose, c'est une chose
Saint-Philippe d'Amato
Chère Comma, l'Esprit
de Saint-Philippe

Nymphenburg in their green robes of the medical faculty and in formal audience handed my father his Diploma.

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

HOHENSCHWANGAU, *December 11, 1883.*

. . . I am so very pleased with your medical work which you have so kindly dedicated to me. That you have not forgotten your promise of translating for me your wife's spirited and clever poems, which she was kind enough to recite for me last May, is friendly of you in the extreme. I do not doubt for a moment the difficulty of the task you have undertaken, and I await its solution with eager impatience. May your visit to beautiful Spain be full of happiness and be propitious *in every respect*. I hope your dear wife's health is satisfactory. Greet her very many times from me. It is wonderfully beautiful here now in the midst of this mountain world with the invigorating air of the Alps, particularly on the radiant moonlight nights ! . . .

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

LINDERHOF, *December 20, 1883.*

. . . A little present, long ago ordered for you, is unfortunately only now finished. From my inquiries as to how I could give you most pleasure, I learned that you were particularly fond of shooting and firearms. I at once had a gun made expressly for you . . . and beg you to accept it. I hope it will be a pleasure to you to use it ! . . .

I trust that you have good news from Isabella, who is also expecting a similar happy event. I learn from the report of my Ambassador in Rome that she has quite accustomed herself to the life there, and has won the particular affection of their Italian Majesties. . . .

Some time after this, owing to a charming thought of her brother's, characteristically carried out, my mother was able to send King Ludwig II. a bound copy of her poems. Without a word Alfonso XII. had caused the poems to be privately printed, and great was my mother's pride, astonishment and delight when he wrote and asked her for a list of persons to whom she would like copies sent. It was actions such

as this which endeared Alfonso XII. to all who knew him.

My mother spent the first winter of her married life in Bavaria, but early in the New Year she and my father were on the way to Madrid, breaking their journey for a short stay in Barcelona.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Tragic End of Ludwig II., 1884–1886

1884

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

GENEVA, *January 8, 1884.*

. . . We remain here until to-morrow afternoon. We are staying in a new hotel—the Hôtel des Bergues—but I was able to find my way about when we went out walking, even though we are not at the Hôtel de la Paix where I was once so happy with you. . . .

It is difficult (my mother wrote later) to give any idea of all the proofs the Catalans have shown of their affection and sympathy.¹ When we visited the Academy the students gave us an ovation. They surrounded us crying: “Long live the Student-Prince!” “Long live the Doctor-Prince!” and afterwards followed our carriage home with uninterrupted cheers and vivas. Whilst we were looking at pictures in the Exhibition, it suddenly became so still in the street that we thought they had gone away, but on coming out they literally rained flowers upon us. During our last evening we had to go out on the balcony and it seemed as if the vivas and hand-clapping would never cease. It was the same all the time—and not with the students only.

We only stopped in Zaragoza just to see the Cathedral and “Our Lady of the Pilar,” and arrived next day in Madrid. I was much excited when I caught the first glimpse, through the morning mist, of the houses of my native city. I threw myself into the arms of my brother and sisters. Alfonso was in the best of spirits. . . . As usual Alfonso inspired me with a blind trust in all his political measures. Now Cánovas is Prime Minister again. He is a fine, indeed an indefatigable, orator; I was present at the opening of the Athenæum of

¹ In Barcelona my parents stayed at the house of the Marqués de Comillas.—A. OF B.

Madrid, a society of men of letters and statesmen, where I heard him speak for two and a half hours. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

MADRID, *March 29, 1884.*

. . . I am counting the days until I can at last embrace you—there are still twenty. I hope your grandson (or granddaughter) will not be too long in coming. Oñate¹ takes great care of me. Every moment he tells me you would hold him responsible if anything happened. The other day when we were at Aranjuez he carried a stool about after me everywhere so that I could sit down at any moment, while Alfonso had the horses trotted for us. Thank God I feel very well and hope to continue so. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

REAL ALCÁZAR, SEVILLE, *April 4, 1884.*

. . . I long to see you both again and hold your first child in my arms. . . . When the child of your sister Isabella, the Duchessa di Genova, arrives,² please let me know of it at once if I am still here. . . . I am glad your brother Alfons is coming to Madrid for your baby's christening. I hope to be with you on the morning of the twentieth of April. . . .

In a letter my father tells Ludwig II. that King Alfonso has had fever for a whole week, but is much better. Queen Ysabel and Prince Alfons of Bavaria duly arrived in Madrid, and on the evening of the tenth of May my elder (and only) brother was born : my mother wrote later :

. . . It was a great day for me. . . . For forty-eight hours I had suffered from fever and the birth was very difficult. I have to thank Dr. Camison that the child was not injured. Poor Ludwig did not move a moment from my bedside. Mamma, Alfonso, Crista and Isabel gave touching proofs of their love. Poor Eulalia was so frightened that she shut herself up in her room. . . .

In spite of the difficult birth, all danger was thought

¹ See page 12.

² Principe Ferdinando di Savoia, Prince of Udine, now Duca di Genova, born Turin, *April 21, 1884.*

to be over, but on the second day a high fever set in and continued some time. My father was in despair. After some days the fever yielded to treatment and again all seemed well. On the fourteenth of May my brother was baptized in the Palace of Madrid in the porcelain salon known as the Camera de Gasparini, and received the names of Ferdinand Maria, King Francisco and Queen Ysabel being his god-parents ; the former was not present but was represented by his son Alfonso XII. who wore his Bavarian uniform. Everyone was happy and content—until some days later when suddenly my mother's condition again became critical. There was so much fever and the patient was so weak that the worst was feared. However, after four days of anguish the crisis passed.

"With God's help," concluded my father in his account to King Ludwig II., "she will be in a few weeks, or even less, completely well again." Then, knowing how his Sovereign interested himself in ceremonial, he continued :

Yesterday His Majesty the King of Spain opened Cortes in State. From the Palace balcony I watched the procession come into view and sweep by. Troops were stationed in the Palace Square and in the streets, when at two o'clock the firing of a cannon announced that the King was leaving the Palace. In front eight or ten four-horse state carriages with the gentlemen and ladies on duty ; then came the six-horse state carriage with the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, followed by a half-squadron of Escolta, and behind them the eight-horse carriage with the King and Queen, followed by the other half-squadron, and about two squadrons of the Guardia Civil, and flanked by Generals and aides-de-camp. The footmen's liveries are very rich, consisting of a dark-blue coat with gold braid, a three-cornered hat trimmed with short, curled red feathers, red stockings and buckles on their shoes, powdered wigs and a long gold-headed staff. The postilions who rode the near horse of the leaders of the six-horse and eight-horse carriages, were liveried in English fashion, and wore short dark blue or red jackets, according to the colour of the harness. The King's carriage was drawn by white horses carrying red harness. . . .

At last my parents started on their homeward journey, stopping two days in Paris on the way :

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

PARIS, HÔTEL CASTIGLIONE, *July 10, 1884.*

. . . Only a few words before we go out shopping in the Rue de Rivoli ; Uncle and Aunt Montpensier are living there quite near our hotel and have insisted on inviting us to luncheon. At six o'clock in the morning Montpensier sent to ask us if he could come. Ludwig was indignant that he should grab some of the little time we have in Paris, and told him I must be allowed to rest. At one o'clock Papa is coming to see us. If they only leave us time, we want to go this afternoon to the Sacré Cœur, and to the Louvre. Our little one is very well and at this moment is screaming lustily. . . . The chamber-maid here asked me if he was five months old, and was astonished when I told her he was just two months to-day. . . . Ludwig has his hat on ready to go out. I am afraid of our uncle seeing us leave the house. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *July 14, 1884.*

. . . We are trying to put all the things that are coming out of our trunks into order. The nursery is very nice and airy and Ferdinand seems quite happy there. What pleases him most is that his bed rocks. He spends nearly the whole day in the garden, has a good appetite and gives his nurse plenty to do. She seems to be a philosopher ; nothing surprises her. Now and again she wipes the perspiration off her forehead and says : " Ave Maria ! it is even hotter than in our village, and they told me this country was so cold." Yesterday we paid visits to all the family, but only saw Uncle Luitpold. He told us Arnulf's wife had been very ill, and was still in a darkened room. Her baby was christened on Sunday ; his name is Heinrich.¹ . . .

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

BERG, *July 22, 1884. Early morning.*

. . . Yesterday, when I arrived here at daybreak from a stay in my beloved mountains to which I soon return, I found to my great joy and surprise your affectionate letter and the

¹ The Prince fell in Rumania at the head of his Bavarian Guards Regiment, November 8, 1916 : see p. 321 and footnote.

beautiful album with the exquisitely finished pictures from incomparable, heavenly Spain.

Perfectly enchanted with your delightful present, and your most kind letter, I hasten to express . . . my warmest thanks for this new proof of your loyal feelings for me, which gladdens my heart and soul. I heartily welcome back to Bavaria you, your wife and your little one. . . . I also thank you for your last letter from Spain and the one before it, both of which interested and pleased me greatly. . . . That a spot in El Pardo vividly reminded you of a scene in *Parsifal* gives me the liveliest pleasure. The first time I saw and heard this wonderful work was in spring, and it moved me in an extraordinary way. It is really uniquely beautiful. It has a purifying effect, and one is carried away in wonder and admiration.

I am heartily glad that you are so pleased to be back again in Nymphenburg. So, once more, welcome to the Fatherland: and again warmest thanks for your dear letter and beautiful gift. Madrid, the Escorial, Aranjuez, Ildefonso—their very names fill me with enthusiasm.

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYPHENBURG, *September 11, 1884.*

The days go monotonously here. I paint, read, embroider, or practise a little music; my husband is always studying medicine, and so the hours pass quickly. In the evening we go over to my mother-in-law's apartments, where we play the piano, billiards, or knit. We seldom see people, but yesterday we had a visit from the German Crown Prince (Frederick) and his second son Henry, who is serving in the Navy. The Crown Prince is a charming man, most friendly and at the same time dignified, very tactful, liking to give everyone pleasure. He talked to me of my family and Spain. He spent two weeks last winter with my brother, as he went there in the name of the Emperor to return Alfonso's visit to the Prussian manœuvres at Homburg. He spoke to all our servants, asked them if they had perhaps met him during the war of 1870, as the Bavarian troops were at that time under his command, inquired in what Army Corps they had served, and so on, leaving everyone with the very best impression.

Cholera has broken out in Italy. They say three hundred on an average are buried every day. In Spain, too, there have been some cases. I am sure my brother will go to

wherever the epidemic is worst. I find that quite natural and proper, and only regret I am so far from them all. I trust in God to protect them. Our baby is very well, already eats soup and is getting very fat. It makes us so happy.

When towards the turn of the year Southern Spain was visited by terrible earthquakes Alfonso XII. hurried there at once, camped out in the snow on the Sierra Nevada, visited all the ruined towns and villages, bringing help and comfort to the homeless victims of the catastrophe. The King would never listen to the cautious warnings of the doctors to take more care of his health when there was a question of his being able to help the unfortunate.

II

1885

My mother did not give much thought to the fact that the Bavarian King was daily becoming more shy of society, burying himself more and more in his mountain solitude, and giving himself up almost entirely to his building mania. Suddenly, one night, he made his appearance unannounced in Nymphenburg and demanded to see the little Ferdinand, having first made sure that my parents would not be at home ; on their return they were told that the King had arrived after dark and had ordered them to show him to the baby's room. Ferdinand was sleeping soundly, but woke up suddenly and, seeing a very large, strange man in a fur coat standing beside his cot, was naturally frightened and screamed with all his might. In spite of this the King it seems was pleased with him :

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

February 25, 1885. Early morning.

. . . It was really kind of you to write to me at once last night. As unfortunately I did not find you at home, I wished at least to see your little son. I was delighted to see that he looks so healthy and strong. He is really a splendid little

fellow, as my mother already wrote me from Hohenschwangau. God bless him, and may he grow up good and brave, which I do not doubt. . . .

Three days later the King gave a family dinner party in the Royal Residenz, it being the first time my mother had seen him since that night in the Winter Garden :

. . . The King (she wrote shortly after to Queen Ysabel) is only in Munich in February, March and April and if during that time the Emperor of Austria,¹ or any other high personage arrives, he hurries away and hides himself. So I tell you frankly that you may give up any idea of seeing him. There are times in summer when the Ministers do not even know where he is. Even the Diplomats have not met him ; and when we ask him for an audience he always answers that he will see us when an opportunity offers. The " opportunity " is the one family dinner he gives yearly.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *June 7, 1885.*

. . . Since Isabel arrived two days ago we have not had a moment's rest. As she did not know Munich she wants to see everything at once. . . . Nymphenburg is beautiful just now. I hope you will like it when you come. When will that be ? . . . Yesterday there was the big Review Uncle Luitpold holds every year. Isabel was of course enchanted to see soldiers. . . .

My mother did all she could to amuse her indefatigable sister. She gave a dance for her in the Amalienburg, arranged excursions to Starenberg and other places. At a family dinner at Prince Leopold's they met the Emperor Franz Josef, and the next day the Infanta Isabel left for Spain.

That summer my father was not left undisturbed at his studies ; he was sent by the King to Potsdam to the funeral of Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia, a nephew of the Emperor William I., who died in his

¹ The Emperor Franz Josef was often in Munich visiting his elder daughter Princess Leopold (the Archduchess Gisela).

hunting castle Schloss Glienicke. The "Red Prince,"¹ as he was called because he nearly always wore the red uniform of his Ziethen Hussars, was undoubtedly the most distinguished soldier amongst the Prussian Princes of his time, and had borne a prominent part in all the campaigns that took place during his life. Ludwig II. wished to be represented at the funeral and my father took it as a great compliment to have been chosen for the mission. On his arrival in Berlin at eight o'clock in the morning he was met by the Commandant General Count Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister Colonel von Xylander, and the Emperor's Lord Chamberlain who conducted him to his apartments in the Palace. Two hours later the special train for the Princes left Berlin for Potsdam. The mourners, assembled round the coffin in the Court and Garrison Church, were besides the widow—born a Princess of Anhalt—the son Prince Friedrich Leopold and the daughter the Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess Frederick, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Hesse with his brother the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Mecklenburg and Oldenburg, the Duke of Connaught, the Markgraf of Baden and other younger Princes. Officers were on guard. On a black cushion lay the dead soldier's Field-Marshal's baton and the Collar of the Black Eagle. The service over, the dead Prince, accompanied only by his son Friedrich Leopold, and escorted by a squadron of the Ziethen Hussars, was borne to the little Church of Nikolskoi in the Potsdam woods, where he was laid to rest in the family vault.

After a dinner in Berlin, given by the Crown Prince Frederick to all the visiting Princes, my father was received by the Emperor William I. to whom he was charged to convey personally the King of Bavaria's condolences. The Emperor was very friendly; looked

¹ 1828-1885: nephew of the Emperor William I.; his third daughter, Louise Margaret (1860-1917), married the Duke of Connaught in 1879. See page 227.

feeble in body but seemed exceedingly fresh in mind. He inquired most kindly about the Bavarian Royal family and asked my father how he liked the Potsdam Regiments.

To Nymphenburg about this time came disquieting rumours of the increasing virulence of the cholera in Spain. The Infanta Eulalia wrote that the King had not allowed himself to be dissuaded from going to the town of Aranjuez where the epidemic was at its worst, but although forbidden by the Cabinet to do so, had stolen off and visited the hospital there. Alfonso XII., like my mother, found this quite natural. By this example of his personal courage he changed the unrest in Madrid—caused by the ever-increasing fear of the epidemic—into enthusiastic ovations upon his return to the capital. But this disregard of self accelerated his malady. It was no wonder that my mother was in a constant state of anxiety, even though she was far from imagining the worst.

A great pleasure was the arrival in July of her mother on a visit to Nymphenburg. Although the Queen had never lived in the Schloss before, she knew it from the year 1871 when she first came to Munich to see her son. My mother was naturally delighted to be able to show the Queen her new home. When she took her one day to see the colossal statue of Bavaria, one of the chief sights of Munich, Queen Ysabel recalled that fourteen years before she had wanted to climb up into the head of the gigantic bronze lady, but, remembering her experiences in the cupola of St. Peter's, had desisted. Many years later the old keeper of the statue without knowing who she was related to my sister Pilar how Queen Ysabel of Spain had once very nearly got stuck in the throat of Bavaria: so is history made for the benefit of the tourist.

When in the beginning of August the Genovas with their first son duly arrived at Nymphenburg, the big Schloss woke up to new life. There were suppers and dinners in the Amalienburg and at the

various palaces of their relatives in Munich. In the middle of August Queen Ysabel left for Vienna.

A month later the Infanta Eulalia wrote to my mother from Madrid saying that the King had a bad catarrh which kept him in his room, but not in bed ; she added that when she went there to see him he was just reading a letter he had received from my mother : "Paz is the gem of the family," he remarked, and Eulalia answered that this was no news to her.

. . . Last night (wrote my mother on the nineteenth of September to Queen Ysabel in Madrid) I dreamt that I was on a journey to Spain ; I hope the dream will come true this winter. By that time the little one will be running about. . . . Ludwig performed an operation to-day and was much praised for it by Dr. Heigel. If he goes on like this he will soon be a noted surgeon. . . .

Early in October the Genovas left for Stresa, and Nymphenburg was quiet again. My mother required rest, as, to her great delight, she was expecting her second child. She imparted this news to her mother under the seal of secrecy :

Now and again I feel as if I were on the high seas, but I do not think this will prevent me from going to Spain and getting back here in time for the birth of my baby. Travelling does not tire me, and I would so love to get a breath of home air.

In November the long-expected news was telegraphed to Nymphenburg of the engagement of the Infanta Eulalia to her cousin the Infante Antonio María de Orleans y Bourbon, Duca di Galliera—only surviving son of the Duc de Montpensier—and it was announced that the wedding would take place in February :

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, 9 *November* 1885.

. . . I am very happy at Eulalia's engagement. You know I always wished it. I am not yet sure of our own plans. . . . I must in any case be here for the birth of my child. The Bavarian family criticizes what I do quite enough as it is. . . . I hope we can leave for Spain in the beginning of January. I should like to spend with you all there the last month that



Eulalia

THE INFANTA EULALIA, DUQUESA DE GALLIERA

Eulalia will be at home. Perhaps we can then go to Seville with you. . . .

And again a week later :

. . . I am very well. . . . I believe it will be another boy, although we would both rather have a girl. But whichever it is we shall receive it with joy. . . .

The unexpected death of King Alfonso XII. changed my mother's future cruelly, and overwhelmed her with grief : the longed-for journey to Spain turned out to be one of the saddest of her life. Although the following notes from her Diary were not written until later they are accurate in all details, as it is just those sorrowful remembrances that remain the most vivid in her mind to this day :

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

We wanted to spend some months of the winter of 1885 with my brother in Spain. They had told me, it is true, that he was not very strong, but I did not want to believe it. One cannot understand that those one loves can die ! One November day, it was the twenty-fifth, my husband had gone with some friends on a shooting expedition in the neighbourhood of Nymphenburg. I drove out to lunch with them at a *gasthaus* in the village of Aubing. It was the first time I had eaten in a simple village inn, and I was as happy as a child at the novelty. After lunch I was sent home so that I should not take cold. I found a telegram there and opened it without noticing that it was addressed to my husband. Even now when I think of it I still feel my heart turn cold and see the words before my eyes : " Alfonso is very ill and we are all in El Pardo : Eulalia." When my husband returned I gave him the telegram, and said beseechingly : " Let us start to-night ! "

Then came one of the cruellest moments of my life. We could not travel without the King of Bavaria's permission ; he was in the mountains and etiquette forbade one telegraphing to him. Nevertheless, Ludwig did so ; but of course we could not leave that evening. Next day the King's permission arrived, but I had fever all the night and was in such a nervous state that Dr. Heigel assured me I would risk my unborn child's life if, in that condition, I were to pass two consecutive nights in the train. I dressed myself, but lay all day on my bed without uttering a word. I did not even dare to ask if

any further news had come. Towards evening I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

In the morning they brought me a sheaf of telegrams. Understanding immediately what that meant, I opened the first: "I mourn with you my best friend: Friedrich." It was from the good Crown Prince of Prussia whose own early death had already been decreed. I did not cry. I leaned my head on my husband's shoulder and said: "Perhaps we might at least still see him." "Do you really wish to travel?" he asked, perturbed. I knew it was a risk, but I could not bear my grief alone, with people who could not fully understand it. I embraced my boy: I could not take him on such a long journey for such a short stay—and we started at midnight on the twenty-sixth of November.

On arriving in Paris we drove out at once to Epinay to see Papa who was ill from grief and in bed. When he saw me he cried like a child and said to me: "Tell your mother when you get to Madrid that I also wished to go to Spain, but I am too ill; tell her that I understand what she suffers." At the station I learned that Queen Cristina's brothers, the Archdukes Friedrich and Eugen, were in the same train. At Bordeaux I received a telegram from Crista, advising me to make a stop at San Sebastian, as her brothers would be received ceremoniously on their arrival in Madrid. I could not bear to delay my journey and replied that I would not be in their way. My position had, with one blow, changed. I was no longer the sister of the King—while they were the Queen Regent's brothers.

But, at the frontier, I saw that I was still, and always would be, the same to my countrymen. To the great astonishment of the Archdukes, a royal saloon coach was waiting for me, and at every station I was asked if I had any orders to give. In Madrid a Guard of honour was waiting at the station to receive the Archdukes, and I remained hidden in my carriage, but the troops did not want to march off. The Captain-General of Madrid¹ came to my saloon and told me the men would remain at the station as long as I was there. I perforce got down, to the sounds of the *Marcha de Infantes*, and the Captain-General asked my permission to ride by my carriage as far as the Palace. When one is in grief every little attention touches one; General Pavia proved his attachment to me on that occasion. My husband and I entered the Palace by the

¹ General Manuel Pavia y Albuquerque (1828–1895), see page 170.

smaller staircase from the Plaza de Oriente in order to leave to the Archdukes the Royal salute of the Halberdiers on the great staircase.

Upstairs Crista came alone to meet me and I threw myself weeping into her arms ; my sisters Isabel and Eulalia insisted on my going at once to rest. I was no sooner alone in my room than someone knocked at my door, and a man came in whose deadly pale face frightened me : it was Dr. Camison whom, as generally happens in such cases, the people about the Court most undeservingly blamed for the King's death. He looked at me searchingly for a moment as if he would read my innermost thoughts ; but he found there only my unshakable friendship which would never fail him, even as I knew that I could always count on his. . . . My poor mother, I learned later, had at least the consolation of being able to embrace Alfonso before he died. . . .

The object of the hurried journey was after all not attained : when my parents arrived the King had already been taken to the Escorial and my mother did not have the satisfaction of looking on her brother's sleeping face ; nevertheless it was a relief to see and speak with her mother and sisters. At the Requiem service in the Cathedral of San Francisco el Grande my father represented the King of Bavaria ; beside him were the Infante of Portugal (the Duque do Coimbra), and the two Archdukes, opposite to them the Diplomatic Corps. There were no ladies present at the very imposing ceremony.

Queen Cristina was now Regent for her elder daughter Mercedes, Princess of Asturias. The great question was whether the child she was expecting would be a boy or a girl. If a King were not born, then Mercedes would be Queen Regnant like her grandmother Ysabel II.

As always throughout her life my mother found some relief in chronicling her acts and feelings in her Diary :

. . . We remained only two weeks in Madrid. I was longing to see my child again, and besides I had promised Papa to stay a few days with him on my return journey. We took Miss Delaney back with us to Bavaria ; she had already been many

years with us in Spain, and as she had come to us very young, was more like a friend and companion than the other ladies-in-waiting. Being the only one of them regularly on duty—all the others taking turn and turn about—she shared nearly all our excursions and amusements. After my wedding she had remained with Eulalia. And now I was so glad to have her with me.¹ . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

EPINAY, 16 *December*, 1885.

. . . I have just time before dinner to tell you how much I think of you and to give you news of Papa. He is in very low spirits: to-day when he was showing us some family pictures his eyes filled with tears. He asked very much about you and says he intends to go to Spain towards the middle of January to see you. To-day he went out for the first time and we drove through Enghien and Montmorency, although we could hardly see the fog was so dense. . . .

III

1886

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January* 3, 1886.

. . . As soon as I hear more particulars as to your state of health I will let you know when I shall appear in Nymphenburg. I should like to be here for Crista's great event, and then leave so as to be with you in time for yours. . . . Your dear letter from Epinay gave me great pleasure. Your father wrote me that he would be here on the twenty-third of February as he wishes to be present at Eulalia's wedding. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *February* 2, 1886.

. . . Eulalia has nearly quite recovered from her pain. As Uncle Montpensier organizes everything according to his own idea, the wedding is to be on Saturday the sixth of March,

¹ Miss Emma Delaney is still with my mother, and is translating this book into English. She is quite one of the family and shares all our joys and sorrows.—A. OF B.

although it could quite as well have been sooner. To-day the Comtesse de Paris and the Duc de Chartres arrived. . . .

Besides these letters from Spain, there came numberless others to Nymphenburg addressed to my father, which at first puzzled, and then seriously alarmed him. They contained cries of help from Ludwig II. from Hohenschwangau beseeching my father to aid him to raise money for his new Castles. The King's ever-growing passion for building had not only exhausted the Royal finances but had piled up enormous debts. The Ministers having declared that it was out of their power to find any more money, the King was suddenly confronted with the fact that he could not go on with his plans. This touched him on his sorest spot. Moreover, he chose to see in the Government's attitude an affront to his Royal Majesty. As in his fantasy he lived in the time of *Le Roi Soleil* he could not (or would not) understand that such autocratic ideas were not possible at the end of the nineteenth century; indeed he regarded the Ministerial ultimatum as an encroachment on his personal prerogatives, while the Government, on the other hand, considered itself in duty bound to put an end somehow to the King's building extravagances. There were other motives besides, as there can be no doubt that the King's mental condition was at that time clearly not normal. We have seen how he withdrew himself more and more from human companionship, scarcely ever came in contact with his Ministers, and wherever possible avoided the performance of his Governmental and regal duties. My father, greatly against his wish, became entangled in these unhappy events, but only in so far as Ludwig himself enlightened him. The King wrote to him almost daily during that spring and put forward the most perplexing questions and projects. My father did all in his power to help the Sovereign whom he so loved and loyally honoured, but naturally without success. In the King's first letter of that year there was no mention of these matters; he merely returned thanks in very friendly words for two Catalan

legends my father had translated for him ; it is, nevertheless, of interest as showing how Ludwig's mind was dominated by poetry and fantasy :

. . . On account of the interest I take in the cycle to which both stories belong . . . these beautiful examples of Spanish legendary lore—so full of poetic inspiration—on the " Holy Grail " and " Lohengrin," are of intense interest to me. . . .

In a letter of the ninth of February, after a few introductory sentences, the King begins to speak of the burning subject : His secretary, he complained, should have long since let him know that his funds were exhausted, instead of which he was only now informed of the hopeless state of his finances when it was too late. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary at once to raise a very large loan. If this could not be done within fourteen days the Castles of Linderhof and Chiemsee would be seized by the creditors. My father must see if he could not, through his influence in Spain, raise the necessary sum : he replied placing all his own personal possessions at his Sovereign's disposal, and undertook to do his utmost to find someone who would lend the money. He turned to Queen Ysabel, to banks, and to various friends, but without success. In mid-February King Ludwig wrote to him :

. . . If it were only possible, at least, to go on with my longed-for building ! Last year was, since August, the most painful one I have ever lived through, and now this newly begun year seems to be just as bad ! . . .

Five days later he wrote again :

. . . I am infinitely concerned that, as I was always promised, the new Castle as well as the Castle and gardens on Herrenwörth should be finished in the year 1889. For the Castle of Neuschwanstein the architect assures me he still requires five, and for Herrenwörth six million Marks. My bedroom in Linderhof—which is as sumptuous as the Reichen Zimmer in the Residenz—and which they promised to have finished in November 1885 is, alas, also still very far behind. The painting on the ceiling is nearly completed : it is an apotheosis of Louis XIV. after Lebrun.

I here send you a description of the paintings in the throne room (in the Byzantine style),¹ which are now fortunately finished, thinking it will perhaps interest you. The room itself is unhappily not yet completed, although this also was promised for the end of December 1885. In my present study, in which I am writing to you, are pictures from the Tannhäuser-saga; in the dining-room others recalling the Wartburg in its florescence; in the bedroom are episodes from *Tristan and Isolde*; at the head of the bed is a painting of the Blessed Mother of God after a picture in the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople; on the bedstead itself is a representation, in relief, of the Ascension of Our Saviour. Next to this room is a small oratory with a picture of St. Ludwig as altar-piece. In the dressing-room are depicted events from the life and writings of Walter von der Vogelweide and Hans Sachs. The sitting-room is adorned with representations from the Saga of the Knights of the Swan; and the large Sängersaal, on the fourth story, with paintings from *Parsifal* by Wolfram von Eschenbach. . . .

In such surroundings the romantic King dreamed, and failed to understand how anything so prosaic as money should be permitted to prevent the realization of his visions. Queen Ysabel wrote to my father from Madrid that nothing could be done in Spain, and gave him some addresses of people in Paris who also, in the end, refused to put such a lot of money into unprofitable building.² Naturally all these things made my mother very uneasy, and at a time when she was burdened with enough cares of her own.

QUEEN ISABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March 9, 1886.*

. . . You will know by now that Eulalia's wedding took place on the morning of the sixth. The ceremonies were the

¹ The King here refers to the great throne room in the Castle of Neuschwanstein, from which he was writing; all the other letters appear to have been written from the old Schloss; both castles overlook the small village of Hohenschwangau.

² It is rather ironic that the large revenue derived from admission fees to King Ludwig's three castles, Neuschwanstein, Chiemsee and Linderhof, have greatly and regularly enriched the Bavarian Government and people throughout the past forty years, and will go on doing so indefinitely.

same as at yours. My feelings were mixed. I was glad of course for Eulalia's sake, but the thought that Alfonso was no longer there was terrible. . . . Eulalia was much affected and looked very pale; she had hardly recovered from her angina. They are now in Aranjuez. They have taken a house here in the Castellana, and are going to visit you in June. Next Monday your father is going with the Montpensiers to San Lucar. I shall soon return to Paris, and think of being in Munich in May. . . .

My poor father had now no rest. He had not only almost daily letters and telegrams from Hohenschwangau to answer, but he had also, by the King's command, to write to many people in Bavaria, speak with others, and leave no stone unturned to raise the desired money. From interviews with various members of the House of Peers he learned that there was very little chance of the King's wishes being fulfilled by the Government, but, on the other hand, he was not told that the Cabinet had already been for some time occupied with the idea of forcing the King to abdicate.

It was most painful for my father to have to report to his Sovereign one failure after the other.

KING LUDWIG II. TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

HOHENSCHWANGAU, *April 5/6, 1886.*

. . . I am truly sorry to have to trouble you so often with letters, particularly during the last few days. To-day it is again absolutely necessary. . . . Heartiest thanks for your letter of the night of the fourth. . . . Up to this it seems you quite believed the loan could be raised. . . . Urgently I beg you to exert yourself to the utmost to prevent, above all, the sequestration of my Castles. . . . Now the people understand what our grandfather¹ did for them. Whilst he was still reigning King they behaved shamefully to him, opposing him particularly for his artistic aspirations, and not only on that account, until finally, in the year 1848, they all turned against him. . . .

¹ Ludwig I. (1786-1868) reigned 1825-1848, when he abdicated in favour of his son; he was almost entirely responsible for making modern Munich the beautiful city it now is, and spent nearly all his private fortune in doing so.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *April 7, 1886.*

. . . Ludwig cannot write to you as he is absolutely nearly out of his mind with the daily letters from the King.

And two days later :

. . . The King's affairs are in a terribly complicated state. I believe it would be a great misfortune if he were to get this money before he has decided to pay his debts with it, instead of using it to pile them up still more. Before there are any direct negotiations with Rothschild—those entitled to do so must give the King good advice, which is no easy matter, as he will not listen to it. . . .

On the fifteenth of April :

. . . We have the King's permission to invite you to stay at Nymphenburg. Let me know soon when you come and whom you are bringing with you, so that the rooms may be arranged. The Queen-Mother Marie has gone to the country and will remain there until December. Both she and the Emperor of Austria, who is in Munich for some days, have asked me to greet you for them. . . . The trees in the Park are still leafless, one cannot believe it is spring. . . .

Four days later :

. . . How I wish the twenty days that still remain before you arrive were over. . . . Of course I was delighted with your news that you dined at Epinay with Papa. Well, is it not very pretty there and everything so beautifully arranged? . . . Eulalia writes most amusing letters. . . .

Each one of the Bavarian King's letters was now increasingly urgent. He was quite in despair at the failure of all the efforts to raise money. At the end of April he spoke very harshly against the Ministry and Parliament because they would not fulfil his wishes. The cleft between the Sovereign and the Government daily grew wider and wider, although my parents were far from imagining how serious and untenable the situation was becoming.

Early in May Queen Ysabel arrived in Nymphenburg to be with my mother some weeks before the birth of

her second child. Thus it was that the following letter from the Infanta Eulalia, addressed jointly to her mother and sister, announced to both the joyful news of the birth of King Alfonso XIII. of Spain :

MADRID, *May 17, 1886.*

. . . Yesterday Crista did not feel well . . . but they said the birth might not be till morning—that there was still no hurry. But all the same we were all at the Palace to-day by ten o'clock. The doctors assured us that everything was going on normally. At half-past twelve a boy arrived, screaming so loudly that no one can doubt the strength of his lungs. Crista is going on very well. She would like to eat and talk, both of which are forbidden. I went up to the girls to tell them of the arrival of a little brother, and then we went down together to look at him. . . . Maria Teresa in particular found it all very funny. They do not yet know when the christening will be. . . . The children call the baby Fernando, as their mother told them that would be his name. He has dark eyes, is not a bit red, and has a few little brown curls. He is awfully nice. I should like to have news of Paz. I am always thinking of her and live in a state of perpetual expectation. The Archduchess (Elizabeth) and all here are profoundly moved at this time by remembrance of Alfonso. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO QUEEN YSABEL II. AND
PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *May 18, 1886.*

. . . His Majesty the King screamed very much during the night. When I, just now, went to visit him he was fast asleep, while his sisters stood admiring him. . . . I received Paz's telegram and see by it that all is going on well. I hope she will be over it as quickly as Crista.

All Madrid is in a state of excitement. They want the little King to be called Alfonso instead of Fernando ; people are even running to the Palace to beg for this. They insist that the number XIII. makes no difference. The Pope has the same number and he is most lucky. Besides Leo XIII. is to be the baby's godfather and thirteen must be lucky. Crista insists on Fernando. The christening will be on Saturday. Isabel is very proud to be godmother.

I implore Mamma to telegraph to me the moment Paz's affair comes off. I also want to know what the name will be

if it is a boy ; I know if it is a girl she will be called Pilar : I should do the same. In the meantime I am very well. . . .

On the twentieth of May :

. . . I am quite all right again ; Mamma may go on hoping that she will have three new grandchildren in one year. Crista's boy will after all be called Alfonso ; everyone, from the Grandees to the washerwomen, was so insistent on it that she had to give way. His names will be : Alfonso Leo Fernando. Everybody is delighted. . . .

On the twenty-fifth of May :

. . . I am writing to you in Crista's room while His Majesty the King is being carried about by Miss Mary. He is really lovely. Crista gets up the day after to-morrow. Mercedes and Maria Teresa cannot be separated from their little brother. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

My poor brother ! He had so longed for a son and did not live to see him ! I still remember how he was almost jealous when my Ferdinand was born. Each time he saw him he would say : " Give him to me " and I always answered : " Not even to make a King of him." . . .

It almost seemed about this time as if Ludwig II. had become calmer, at least his letters were quieter, although my father had been obliged to tell him definitely and finally that all attempts to obtain the money had failed ; the King even wrote to my uncle Alfons, always seeking for a remedy that no one could find. The whole Royal family was much disquieted by the publication of frequent newspaper articles on the subject of the Royal debts and the disagreement between the Sovereign and the Government.

Queen Ysabel had often asked if she could see Schloss Chiemsee, but King Ludwig had each time answered evasively. However, she was not easily put off, and now felt she might surely ask again. On the twenty-eighth of May the King wrote from Linderhof saying that he begged the Queen to excuse him for not coming to visit her, but he was quite ill because of the

unhappy experiences of the previous terrible year, and, up to the moment, the new year was no better. He had received with liveliest pleasure from Queen Cristina herself the news of the birth of the King of Spain.

On the third of June at three o'clock in the morning my mother gave birth to her second son in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm. I am told that repeated flashes of lightning lit up the room as if it were day, while loud peals of thunder followed. Queen Ysabel, who was by my mother's bedside, declared that a child born during a natural phenomenon like this must turn out to be something extraordinary—or an Artilleryman. . . . Although I am certainly nothing extraordinary—I was the child and—I did join the Artillery! According to Bavarian Court custom the Minister of the Royal Household should be present in person at the moment of the birth, but my father only acquainted him of the fact when all was safely over. When he arrived I was already wrapped up in my swaddling clothes. He declared he must see for himself if it was a boy or a girl. Queen Ysabel was very angry; he could at least believe what he was told, and the child would take cold. But he would not give in. I must be unwrapped. Apparently Bavarian punctiliousness was satisfied over this contentious point; but my grandmother was disgusted and thought him very impolite. She could not see that it was really no pleasure for him to have to drive out to Nymphenburg in such a thunderstorm for such a purpose.

That the Minister of the Royal Household and of Foreign Affairs had much more serious cares on his mind just then the following letter from Ludwig II. to my father will show:

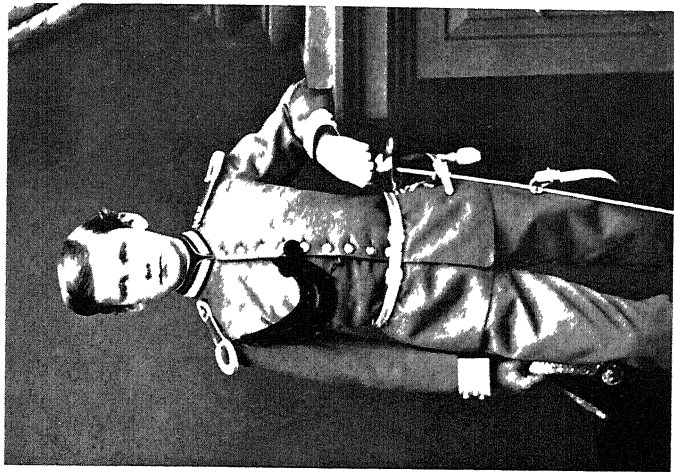
HOHENSCHWANGAU, *June 4, 1886.*

BELOVED COUSIN!

Receive first of all my heartfelt thanks for your last two letters. My heart is illumined with pleasure by the pure gold of your friendship, faithful and firm as a rock. I know that I can always count not only on you but on my beloved cousin



LUDWIG II KING OF BAVARIA (1815-1886)
IN UNIFORM OF 2ND BAVARIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT



OTTO THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF KING LUDWIG II (1815-1893)
IN UNIFORM OF 2ND BAVARIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT

your brother. Greet him affectionately for me, please, and thank him heartily in my name.

To the proposed visit of inspection by Queen Ysabel to the unfortunately still unfinished Schloss Chiemsee I, of course, cordially agree. I pray of you, however, to beg the Queen to be so kind as not to speak of it. I am also very anxious that Her Majesty should know beforehand through you that there is very little to see so far; moreover, the paintings on the ceilings have become very faded and require renovation. Please lay me at the Queen's feet—and try to prevent her expectations being too high. Receive at the same time my warmest congratulations on the birth of your son. Embracing you, with heartfelt love,

Your faithful Cousin,

LUDWIG.

That was the last letter but one that my father received from the King; he answered it next day, regretting once again that all his efforts to procure the money had been unavailing; the mother and son were going on well; his brother Alfons would be godfather and, immediately after the Christening, Queen Ysabel would return to Spain; she was very pleased she could see Chiemsee and would go there next Thursday, accompanied by the Baroness von Reichlin.

But the Queen's long-anticipated visit to Chiemsee did not take place.

On the tenth of June came the utterly surprising news that the King had been placed under legal restraint, and that his uncle Prince Luitpold had become Regent. It can be imagined how overwhelmed my parents were by this news. It was only after some days had passed that the King's last letter, written on the tenth of June from Hohenschwangau, came into my father's hands; Ludwig was by that time a prisoner in Schloss Berg under the surveillance of the mental specialist Dr. von Gudden.

The poor King's last letter was only to tell my father how they wished to place him under restraint. It is by no means the letter of an unbalanced mind and, although written hurriedly and with a pencil, the thought is clear and logical, the German forceful and

correct. It was not only Ludwig's last letter to my father ; it was, in all probability, the last lines he ever penned. My mother describes in her Diary what happened when this sad epistle reached Nymphenburg :

I was still in bed when my husband showed me the letter from the King which a servant from Hohenschwangau had brought him. . . . The man told us that the King was already interned in Berg. When my husband went out of the room I had such a convulsive fit of crying that my mother was seriously alarmed. My husband immediately wrote a reply to the King saying that he was always at his service ; but we learned later the servant was never able to deliver the letter. . . .

Then came the worst.

On the thirteenth of June, the very day of my christening, the King was drowned in Lake Starnberg almost within sight of Schloss Berg, together with Dr. Gudden. His life had been mysterious, and so was his end. He tragically passed from a world that was completely different from what his romantic dreams imagined it to be.

When an officer officially brought the dreadful news on the morning of the fourteenth of June to Nymphenburg, my parents were so shocked and affected that it was long before they could realize it. . . .

The dead King was conveyed to Munich during the night of the fourteenth and lay in state in the Chapel of St. Georg in the Royal Residenz, wearing the black velvet costume, white ruff and Gold Collar of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. Hubertus. From there he was taken on the nineteenth through the principal streets of Munich to the Royal vault in the St. Michaelskirche.

It was one of the largest funeral processions Bavaria had ever seen and took three and a half hours to pass a given spot. The throng of people was enormous. So many came from outside Munich that all the hotels were overfilled. The Bavarians wished to show how they honoured their beloved King whom they had so seldom seen in life. Feelings were very excited, as the

wildest rumours were afloat concerning the King's death. The troops were prepared, but there were no unpleasant incidents.

At the funeral the German Crown Prince Frederick represented the German Emperor ; the Crown Prince Rudolf the Emperor of Austria. Nearly all the German reigning Princes were present ; the few who were not sent special Representatives. Foreign Monarchs sent their Ambassadors or other high personages : King Umberto of Italy sent the Duca di Genova ; the Tsar of Russia Prince Menschikoff ; the Queen Regent of Spain and the King of Portugal their Ambassadors in Berlin ; the Empress Elizabeth of Austria her Lord High Chamberlain.

The death of King Ludwig prostrated the Empress, as he had a particular affection for her, and she was probably the only person alive who really understood him. On hearing the tragic news she had gone at once from Possenhofen, which is just across the lake from Berg, to look upon her dead friend.

Her flowers alone lay on his breast inside the casket in which at last his fiery, self-consuming heart had found its rest. . . .

CHAPTER NINE

Glittering Years, 1886-1888

NATURALLY it was some time before my mother felt herself quite at home in Munich. Soon, however, she got to know a great variety of people, and was overjoyed to find that there were many in Bavaria who could understand, appreciate and share her outlook on life : she was very happy with her husband and children, liked the country life in Nymphenburg and before very long had less nostalgia for Spain. Moreover, the early death of her brother made a break between the old life and the new that could never be filled, even though there always remained between herself and all the Spanish members of her family the sincerest affection ; still things would never be quite the same as formerly, as all her girlhood memories were bound up with Alfonso XII. In Schloss Nymphenburg she had far more room than she wanted ; it was so large that she felt almost lost in it. The well-known painter Lenbach once said to her : " This cage is too big for you." She had a staff of servants to attend on her, a quantity of horses and everything that was considered necessary for a Royal household at that time, but it was just such things she cared for least. She would much rather have been alone with her family than always surrounded by people. Nor had my father any wish to lead exclusively a court and society life ; he was pleased when he could pursue his studies in peace and live quietly with his family in the country. Now and again in winter it was perhaps a little too quiet for my mother when the Park was snowed up and the wind rattled in the big windows and the days were so short. Then

she would sit beside the stove and by the light of a petroleum lamp (gas and electric light had not then reached Nymphenburg) she would knit or crochet for the poor, while Miss Delaney read aloud to her. It was considered necessary at that time for Princesses to give audiences at intervals and receive the Hofgesellschaft (Court society). My mother at first observed this custom, but when she noted complaints of the distance and the inconvenience of half an hour's drive in a carriage to Nymphenburg, she gave up her formal receptions, not knowing how else to get out of the difficulty. However, she let it be known that she would always be happy to receive at Nymphenburg anyone to whom it gave real pleasure to visit her. We shall see how later on all sorts of people found their way there—men and women who had wide and varied interests of their own and who knew how to share them and awaken them in others, even though their names were not to be found in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Indeed, no account of my mother's life would be anything like complete if it failed to indicate the catholicity of her tastes, the variety and reality of her friendships, her tender regard for the poor and humble and her exhaustless work for charity and the well-being of others.

The members of the Adalbert family—my grandfather's line—were nearly always together. My mother's mother-in-law, the Infanta Amalia, with her two unmarried daughters, Elvira and Clara, and their brother Alfons, always passed the summer months at Nymphenburg. My parents could of course have spent the winters in their town house in Munich, but my father did not like it; and my mother, as always, conformed to all his wishes. The other members of the Wittelsbach family my parents seldom saw; almost the only occasions on which they met were at the Court functions and family dinner parties, as even in the theatre the "Adalberts" had their own private box. Amongst my mother's greatest joys were the visits to Bavaria of Queen Ysabel, and of her sisters,

Isabel and Eulalia, and of the members of the Genova family. Then the Schloss woke up to new life, particularly when the children of both families began to grow up and make a tremendous hullabaloo amongst themselves. The letters from my mother to Queen Ysabel give a clear picture of her family life as in them she speaks of all her big and little joys and cares.

The period immediately following the tragic death of Ludwig II. was particularly sad for my parents, and they were long in getting over their sincere grief. My mother was glad she had not to take part in the funeral ceremonies, as having to take care of herself after my birth, she was absolved from receiving the many foreign Princes who came to Munich for the occasion. As she wrote to her mother, apart from Tommaso di Genova and his mother the Duchessa Vedova, she made only one exception :

NYMPHENBURG, *June* 1886.

As I lay on a *chaise-longue* in a frightfully ugly dressing-gown and slippers, I suddenly heard the voice of the German Crown Prince in the next room. I forgot all about my attire and court etiquette and went in to speak to him. He looked at me with his blue eyes and told me in a commanding way that I must at once go back and lie down again. Following me he sat down beside me and spoke in the kindest way about everything. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *June* 22, 1886.

. . . Yesterday your father dined with me. He asked me about every detail of Adalbert's birth, and also asked about Ferdinand. . . . I think Montpensier will go to Munich with Eulalia in the beginning of July, and she and her husband Antonio will remain for some time with you. . . . I can imagine Ludwig's pleasure at all the different visits to Nymphenburg ! . . . I wish you would come to Madrid for the birth of Eulalia's baby, and afterwards come to Seville with me. Ludwig would I am sure be quite happy in the Alcázar, and the children could play to their hearts' content in the gardens. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *June 23, 1886.*

. . . This time I had much to go through, but I have got over it quickly. . . . The boy is bigger than his sisters were. He was fifty-four centimetres at birth and has grown since and is fatter. He has lost all his hair, so I cannot tell you if he will be dark or fair. Up to this his eyes are blue, but I think they will be brown later. I was terribly shocked at the death of the poor King of Bavaria. . . . My poor sister is quite in despair and suffering very much about it and Uncle Luitpold¹ will find how difficult it is to reign. I pity him. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
CALVERLY HOTEL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND, *July 1886.*

. . . We passed the night in Dover and the day in Folkestone. I found both delightful. We came here last night; the country around is lovely. I am not going out to-day as I want to be quite rested for London. We anticipate all kinds of amusements there, as the "season" is not yet over. On the twenty-third we shall go to Brighton; if Antonio decides to take his sea-baths there we can go direct to Nymphenburg from England. . . . Although I am madly in love with England I am counting the days till I see you again. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *July 20, 1886.*

. . . Yesterday the Emperor William I. passed through Munich and stopped two hours. Uncle Luitpold gave him a luncheon in the Royal Waiting-Rooms at the station. We were all there, and the Regent introduced us with friendly words. . . . The Emperor is very old, but still robust for all his ninety years. The children are well. . . . Now that Ferdinand can run about alone he is much gayer. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

ONTANEDA, *July 30, 1886.*

. . . I shall take my baths here until August tenth, and then go to San Sebastian to the Duquesa de Bailén; from there I intend going to Conde de Guaqui's near Aspeitía, and then see what happens next. . . . I have good news of Eulalia

¹ The new Regent (1821-1912): his wife, Archduchess Augusta (daughter of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany), had died in 1864; his son had married a half-sister of Queen Regent Cristina.

through the Archduchess Rainer who is with her in the same hotel in Brighton. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BRIGHTON, *August 3, 1886.*

. . . I have just come from the races. To-morrow I am to go there again with Aunt Rainer. I enjoyed myself immensely yesterday at the regatta at Newhaven. England is one of the gayest countries I know.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

AYETE,¹ SAN SEBASTIAN, *August 17, 1886.*

. . . So that you may have something to make you laugh I will tell you about my journey here by sea. We left Ontaneda at six o'clock. . . . The mole at Santander was packed with people as we embarked on the *Eulalia*. Inside the harbour it was naturally quite smooth and everyone found it delightful. Scarcely had we come to the open sea when the dance began. We were thoroughly rocked and shaken about in the little gun-boat. I was very much amused. The chairs had to be lashed, and mine as an additional precaution tightly held by a sailor. The Duquesa de Híjar was sea-sick at once, as was also a priest from Valencia whom I had invited. It had not the least effect on me; indeed I dined quite comfortably. There were even two of the officers and men sea-sick. Here I am quite in the country, with a lovely garden. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *August 23, 1886.*

. . . Eulalia arrived on the nineteenth and will remain until the fifteenth of September. I am delighted, but am only afraid my husband will be in a bad humour as Uncle Montpensier will stay on too! Antonio is very good to Eulalia and does everything she wishes.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *September 12, 1886.*

. . . To-day Eulalia is at Tegernsee visiting the old Duchess Maximilian. She drove there with the Montpensiers and

¹ Summer residence of the Duquesa de Bailén. When Queen Victoria was received here by the Queen Regent Cristina in March, 1889, she wrote: "Half an hour brought us to the charmingly situated villa . . . in a beautiful small park, comfortably and nicely arranged with English comforts."—*Letters of Queen Victoria, 1886-1901*. Edited by G. E. Buckle. London, John Murray, 1930.

the wife of Philip of Coburg¹ who is here for a few days. Antonio loves movement even more than does his father and is always making little journeys. He is now in Vienna, and on the eighteenth they all leave together for Switzerland and stay a month in Geneva. Hardly a day passes without our seeing Uncle Montpensier and he always comes with new plans. I must confess that sometimes I am glad of the excuse to go oftener into town as, in the long run, it is rather tedious to do nothing but walk through the Park every day. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

JUIN TORREA, AZPEITIA, BASQUE PROVINCES, 13 *September* 1886.

. . . I expect that (with Eulalia's help) you will have been able to persuade Ludwig to bring you to Spain for the birth of her child, and then come with me to Seville. Ludwig will be quite content there, and I happy. The Alcázar will be ready. . . . I can easily imagine that Ludwig must be in despair with your Uncle Montpensier's endless travel plans. How pleased you would have been if you had been with me the other day during the great pilgrimage to Loyola in thanksgiving for the deliverance of this Province from the cholera. I do not know how many thousands of people from the villages and lonely *caserios* came here to take part in it, men and women singing as they marched in procession as far as Loyola; I was moved to tears. As long as the people keep their faith the ideals of Fatherland and monarchy will flourish. More than twenty thousand received Holy Communion. The festival itself was very beautiful and well organized, as is everything that is taken in hand by the Jesuits. When it was over they went away singing the *St. Ignatius' Farewell to his Mother*. It is such a wonderful hymn that the violinist, Monasterio, who was conducting the music, declared he had never heard anything so moving—nor did I. . . . But for the moment I console myself with the thought of Madrid and Seville, and, who knows, perhaps I can still have a Spanish home of my own one day? You know for whom! . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *September* 20, 1886.

. . . Your picture of the Loyola pilgrimage gave me the greatest pleasure, not only on account of the event itself but because of the way you described it. In it I see at once my

¹ 1844-1921: he married in 1875 Louise (1858-1924), daughter of Leopold II., King of the Belgians.

mother Ysabel II. ! You are right ; so long as the people preserve their faith God will protect Spain. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

HENDAYE, *September 25, 1886.*

. . . We came here on foot as the train was derailed, but, as you see, nothing happened to us, although we were terribly tossed about before the carriages in front of us turned over. I write sitting on a stool in the station. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

JUIN TORREA, AZPEITÍA, *September 27, 1886.*

. . . Yesterday as soon as I saw Eulalia and Antonio I telegraphed to let you know that they were safe and sound after the railway accident in Hendaye. It is perfectly wonderful that Eulalia, in spite of the knocking about and fright, has withstood it splendidly in her present state of health. She looks very well. What do you say to the revolt in Madrid ?¹ It was worse than they thought. The revolutionaries began it too soon and so spoiled it all. I am very grieved at the deaths of Conde de Mirasol and the Brigadier-General Velarde, two such faithful and loyal men. Pavia² has again behaved splendidly. Antonio did well immediately to rejoin his Regiment. The moment I heard the news I wrote to Crista and to the Government asking if I should not come to Madrid so as to be with the Queen and the little King ; in which case I would postpone my journey to Paris. . . . Crista telegraphed that I should not change my plans ; and Sagasta wrote to me saying that it would be better for me not to come to Madrid until the time I had originally fixed as my presence just now in the Palace might look as if I wanted to mix in politics. So I shall go back to Paris. Everybody knows I only wish what is best for Crista and Alfonso XIII. . . . As your father will be back from his summer resort in the middle of October we will travel together to Spain. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *October 11, 1886.*

. . . Read this letter carefully through. I think it will not displease you. Well, yesterday I spent my birthday in Epinay

¹ On September 19, 300 of the Madrid garrison revolted under Brigadier-General Villacampa.

² See page 150 and footnote.

with your father. I was very sad at the thought that our poor Alfonso was not there to congratulate me; and your father did all he could to cheer me up. We arranged between us that we would travel together with you and your children to Madrid. . . . I am sure that under these circumstances Ludwig will have nothing against it. You can come to me when it suits you.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *November 9, 1886.*

. . . Wire me when you start. It is a great consolation to me to know you are on the way. Bernardina insists that children should always lie down in the train or their brains will be injured. I cannot believe it is so dangerous, as in that case we should all have been idiots, particularly Isabel and Alfonso, as they were dragged about from the time they were born on all those awful official journeys! Crista says there are many cases of smallpox here, but I think this is mostly so in all large towns. Adalbert will surely have been vaccinated. . . .

The plan to be in Madrid for the birth of Eulalia's first baby was frustrated by the latter being in a greater hurry to arrive in this world than doctors or family had anticipated. On November the twelfth the boy suddenly made his appearance, and was christened Alfonso :¹

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *November 1886.*

We spent a few days in Papa's house in Epinay. The moment I arrived in Madrid I went to Eulalia. She has a very attractive little house in the Castellana. I ran up the stairs, and stopped a moment inside the door of her bedroom to look at her. It was a pretty picture. She had the baby in her arms and was smiling happily at me. The child is very tiny, but of course I said he was splendid. He is really a lovely baby.

In the Palace another joy was waiting for me. I saw the child God had sent to replace my brother. I was greatly

¹ The Infante Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon, born November 12, 1886; in 1909 married Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh (Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha); they have three sons, the Princes Alvaro, Alonso, and Ataúlfo.

moved when I embraced him for the first time. He looked very healthy, and was as big as my Adalbert who is almost the same age.

ALCÁZAR DE SEVILLA, *December* 1886.

The Queen Regent bestowed the Grand Cross of Carlos III. on Eulalia's little son at his christening, and also at the same time on my son Ferdinand. As soon as Eulalia was well enough to get up we left for Seville with Mamma. I have been given the same rooms in the Alcázar that I had occupied when a girl, and find it very cold in the old Moorish Palace as it is without fireplaces. My husband says it is colder than in Bavaria ! Yet when I opened the shutters looking out on the gardens the sun shone warmly in.

Uncle Montpensier invited us to spend some days with them in San Lucar. We embarked on the little gunboat *Eulalia* and steamed down the Guadalquivir as far as Bonanza. There our uncle's carriage was waiting for us, and an immense crowd of people. As we were disembarking someone cried out : " Look at the beautiful children ! " This flattered my mother-heart, and all those watching black eyes must have noted how proud I was.

We passed some wonderful days at San Lucar, and made lovely excursions by sea. My husband shot wild game ; little ragged boys used to carry the booty. " Would you like them to sing for you ? " my uncle asked me one day—the ragged boys—not the dead birds. He knew I would rather hear those clear, high, children's voices over the sea than listen to the finest opera.

We returned to Seville for Christmas. I wanted to arrange a Bavarian Christmas tree for my children in this land of palms. But that was a difficult undertaking. There were neither pine nor fir trees. In the end I had to make a stone-pine do. I did my best, but nothing could make it a proper Christmas—that can only be in Germany.

II

1887

The following letter to my parents—Luisito is my father's *kosenamen*—from the Queen-Mother Marie of Bavaria gives an idea of the kind and affectionate



PRINCE FERDINAND AND PRINCE ADALBERT, THE TWO SONS
OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

character of the mother of King Ludwig II. and King Otto :

ELBIGENALP, BAVARIA, *January 5, 1887.*
[From the German]

DEAR LUISITO AND PAZ :

With all my heart I thank you both for your dear letters and kind wishes for the New Year, which I most warmly return. God bless you and your dear children. Let me, above all, thank you for your faithful love for my poor Ludwig ; how well he understood and prized it and loved you for it ! God bless you for it a thousand times. How glad I was to be able to pass the year of mourning here in all quietness ! In about ten days I shall return to Munich. Please give your mother-in-law and Crista my sincerest good wishes and greetings for the New Year. It must have been beautiful in Seville.

In truest love and gratitude I embrace you both,

Your old aunt

MARIE.

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

EPINAY, *February 1887.*

My husband was not over-happy in Seville so my own pleasure was somewhat alloyed. . . . Mamma of course did not want to let us go. . . . Papa has arranged his little baroque Palace with great taste. It is three-quarters of an hour's drive by carriage from Paris and twenty minutes by train. One day Papa said to me : " To-day we two will bummle about the Boulevards and I will buy you whatever you like." We did—and I was almost dazed by the lovely display in the shop windows, and besides, after my country life in Nymphenburg I was quite unaccustomed to the turmoil of Paris. The noise of the omnibuses, the traffic and bustle in the streets confused me. At one of the crossings my father told me to take care as it was always called the "*carrefour des écrasés*." That was the last straw. Papa crossed and waited on the opposite side a long time, while I stood petrified. At last a policeman came to my help : " Come, Madame " said he and piloted me over. I was astonished that I should be called " Madame " in Paris, where I felt myself back in the days when I was still a little schoolgirl. Papa bought me a lot of things, but I found them all too elegant for Nymphenburg, and even to please him could not express a wish for anything in particular ; it seems he thought this rather stupid—not to

say unfeminine—as next day he gave me a brooch with a donkey in diamonds ! . . .

Writing to Queen Ysabel from Epinay my mother, when speaking of this walk, mentions an incident which gives an idea of the feeling in Paris at that time :

. . . They were selling on the Boulevards at a penny a piece a toy called "*La Question du jour*," which was a caricature of Bismarck : on his sleeves were printed the words "Alsace" and "Lorraine," on the breast, as the star of an Order, "Sedan," and on his face the Pope and two other men who were unknown to me ; his hand was resting on the map of France. . . . When the railway porters read our names on the luggage at the station this morning they laughed aggressively and mockingly. . . .

In France at this time the feeling against Germany was very strained. When the Comtesse de Paris was taking leave of my mother in Madrid, she said to her very sadly : "Even if there should be war between France and Germany we two will always remain friends."¹

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SEVILLE, *February 22, 1887.*

. . . I am very sad here without you. . . . What about the war ? God grant we may have peace ! I find it perfectly incredible that the French Government should allow such caricatures to be carried about the streets to provoke the Germans. You must know more about it than I do down here. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February 28, 1887.*

. . . Yesterday in the theatre we saw the Alençon² family in the box opposite ours. Maria Anna of Braganza was with

¹ General Georges Ernest Boulanger (1837-1891), War Minister 1886-1887, had for some time been stirring up his countrymen towards a war of *revanche* and was taking war precautions on the eastern frontier. He understood how to awaken enthusiasm in the people and was ambitious of becoming head of the French State. The inevitable result in Germany was that the Reichstag approved of the formation of two new Army Corps.

² Ferdinand Duc d'Alençon (1844-1910), nephew of Duc de Montpensier, married in 1868 Duchess Sophie in Bavaria (1847-1897); their only daughter Louise is here referred to.

them ; she is very pretty, but the daughter of Alençon is still prettier. How nice it would be if she were to marry my brother-in-law Alfons !¹

Soon after this Aunt Eulalia was sent by the Queen Regent Cristina to London to represent her at the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria :

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, LONDON, *June 11, 1887.*

. . . There is the greatest excitement here on account of the Jubilee. Up to this we know of five balls to which we must go. On the twentieth we are to take up our residence in Buckingham Palace instead of the hotel. . . . The rush is so wearing that the Prince of Wales says when the Jubilee is over we shall all be lunatics—or in bed. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, LONDON, *June 19, 1887.*

. . . Everyone here is so nice to me, and they all speak to me about you. . . . This evening we have a "small" dinner at Marlborough House to which sixty-three guests are invited. The other morning at lunch with the Wales's, I met the Crown Princess of Germany and her daughter Victoria. We spoke of you at once ; they are both perfectly crazy about you. They admire you so much morally and physically. They think you are very like our brother Alfonso. Tell Ludwig that all the newspapers announce the coming of "Prince Ludwig of Bavaria"² for the Jubilee, and as everyone thinks it is your husband they congratulate me and sometimes think that I am you. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON, *June 20, 1887.*

. . . We have just come from luncheon with the Queen and all the Royalties—we are sixty-three or sixty-five. The Queen was very kind and told me to wear a mantilla to-morrow in the procession, instead of a bonnet, as it is more characteristic and will make more effect. . . . To-night we have a state

¹ The Princess did : see page 204.

² Eldest son of the Prince Regent Luitpold and afterwards Ludwig III.

dinner. We are to have Prince Ludwig of Bavaria and the old Duke of Coburg ¹ in our carriage in the procession to-morrow. Ludwig, as representative of the Bavarian Throne, must sit beside me—so they will now be quite sure he is my husband! I have met Anhalt ² and Amadeo; both spoke of you. . . . The prettiest princesses here are the Princess of Wales, the Grand Duchess Sergius and the Marchioness of Lorne. They are simply charming. . . . The Prince of Wales and I are the best of friends. He insists on my calling him "Bertie" and I find it very hard to do so. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June 21, 1887.*

. . . We have only stood up from luncheon, and in a short time I must dress for dinner. This will show you how long the procession and ceremonies at Westminster Abbey lasted; it is now more than five o'clock.

Everything passed off very well; great enthusiasm for the Queen. The German Crown Prince, as the Queen's eldest son-in-law, took part to-day in everything; he has no voice, but does not look very badly. His wife said to me this morning: "When you write to *cette chère* Paz say everything most affectionate to her from me." He (Frederick) is coming to pay me a visit in Ems. . . . I saw Princess Beatrice's baby; ³ he is too delightful. . . . The Queen returns to Windsor to-morrow. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June 25, 1887.*

. . . I am still in bed although it is eleven o'clock. The ball last night lasted so long. I am now going to dress for lunch at Marlborough House; after that we have tea at Grosvenor House, and from there take the train for Windsor, where we remain until the day after to-morrow—all this we do accompanied by Bertie and Alix (Wales).

¹ Ernest II. (1818-1893), brother of the Prince Consort of England (1819-1861).

² Aribert, uncle of the present Duke of Anhalt; born 1864, married 1891, at Windsor Castle, Princess Marie Louise, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The marriage was dissolved July 13, 1900.

³ The only sister of this baby (Prince Alexander, now Marquess of Carisbrooke) became Queen of Spain in 1906.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BRIGHTON, BEDFORD HOTEL, *July 1, 1887.*

. . . We have invitations from all our friends to stay at their houses : the German Crown Prince wants us at Potsdam, the Edinburghs at Coburg, the Wales's at the Isle of Wight ; we cannot go to everyone. The three daughters of the German Crown Princess, Vicky,¹ Sophie² and Mossy³ have given me a charming brooch—three sapphires forming a *trèfle*. The Queen also gave me a brooch—a bar of gold, with V.R. and a crown in diamonds in the middle. I am awfully sorry the Jubilee is over, as I enjoyed myself immensely and everyone has been so charming to me. On the eighth we sleep in London so as to be present next day at the Review. The Wales's insisted on our going to it. On the twenty-third is the Naval Review ; I will see if I can go from then till the twenty-fifth to the Isle of Wight. It is quite "stylish" to be able to say one has been there.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BRIGHTON, *July 4, 1887.*

. . . On the twenty-second we are going to Cowes, Isle of Wight, and stay until the twenty-sixth. The Crown Prince is there at Cowes Castle : you can imagine how glad I shall be to see him again before we leave.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BRIGHTON, *July 18, 1887.*

. . . Before I start for London I must ask you and Ludwig what you think of Ferdinand⁴ being elected Prince of Bulgaria ? I think he has done well to accept. I suppose he will now marry. . . .

¹ Victoria (1866–1929), Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe.

² (1870–1932) Queen of Greece.

³ Margaret, born 1872, Princess Friedrich Karl of Hesse.

⁴ Born 1861, a Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and grandson of Louis Philippe ; elected Prince July 1887 ; proclaimed King (Tsar) 1908 ; abdicated 1918. He married first in 1893 Maria Luisa of Bourbon-Parma (1870–1899), a niece of the Conte de Girgenti, by whom he had four children, Boris III. the present King, Prince Kyrill (born 1895), Princess Eudoxia (born 1898) and Princess Nadezda (Duchess Albrecht-Eugen of Württemberg) (born 1899).

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

VENICE, *September 25, 1887.*

. . . The Comtesse de Flandre is here with her husband ¹ and four children. She inquired very particularly about you. . . . Her eldest son Boudouin,² who will one day be King of the Belgians, is nineteen years old. He is very handsome and distinguished-looking. The daughter Henriette ³ is seventeen and Joséphine ⁴ thirteen. They are not perhaps beauties but are very charming and clever, fair, tall, friendly and altogether very nice. Albert is twelve years old and is a very fine gay-looking boy. They are all good matches. Louise ⁵ is also here. . . . The German Crown Prince arrives to-day; I am sorry that his wife and daughters only arrive some days after I have left. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

VENICE, *September 27, 1887.*

I received a letter yesterday from Aunt Victoria ⁶ and you may feel very flattered as, although she seldom takes much notice of anyone, she says: "*Puis je te prie d'offrir mes hommages à ta sœur Paz, que je regrette bien de ne pas connaître. . . .*"

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

October 1887.

. . . One day a letter arrived from my sister Eulalia from Bologna. She was ill, could not travel to me, and if we loved her we were to go at once to her and bring her son ⁷ with us. I was in despair and cried so much that my husband consented to the journey. His sister, the Duchessa di Genova and her

¹ 1837-1905: brother of Leopold II. of Belgium and Heir to the Throne.

² The Prince died in 1891, aged 23; his only brother Albert, who is now King of the Belgians, married in 1900 Elizabeth, daughter of Duke Karl Theodor in Bavaria (the Oculist).

³ Married in 1896 the Duc de Vendôme (1872-1930).

⁴ Married in 1894 Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (1868-1919).

⁵ Princess Philip of Coburg, see page 169 and footnote.

⁶ The Queen of England.

⁷ While his parents were travelling, the baby Prince Alfonso remained with his aunt.

husband who were visiting us were on the point of returning to Italy, so we travelled together as far as Verona. I arrived in Bologna in a great state of anxiety about my sister, and found her, to my amazement, seemingly perfectly well, waiting for us at the station. In my joy I almost forgot what had really brought us there and was quite surprised when I caught sight of the furious look in my husband's eyes. He told me in a whisper that he would never again believe her—even if she declared that she was dying. It was all so funny that I could only laugh, which naturally made him still angrier.

Uncle Montpensier was very kind and kept us fast for a week in his Palace. Nothing could for even one hour stop him showing us the town and neighbourhood, but he would not allow me one moment to sketch and paint as I wished to do. Instead he gave me photos of everything and every place I admired in order to avoid changing a single item in his already arranged and overloaded programme. I would so have liked to put something of this southern colour and atmosphere on paper: the blue of the heavens, the white houses, and the dark green cypresses, or one of the old streets with pillars and blackened walls, but there was nothing to be done. . . .

One evening a telegram came from Tommaso di Genova with an invitation from the King and Queen of Italy to visit them at Monza. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

PALAZZO GALLIERA, BOLOGNA, *October 19, 1887.*

. . . Thank God I found Eulalia very well. Only she must not travel before the end of November. A Spanish ship will be sent to bring her from Genoa to San Lucar. Here it is lovely; the palace is ultra-classic, and the town most interesting. Next Friday we go to Monza where the Genovas are already with their Majesties. . . .

The letter was finished by the Infanta Eulalia who wrote :

. . . Now I know definitely we are to go to San Lucar at the end of November. I am very glad as I can often see you from there, and help to make your life in Seville pleasanter. My little boy Alfonso is very well; Paz says she is sorry to part with him. I think she is by this time almost convinced that it was *she* who has brought him into the world. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

November 1887.

. . . We travelled first to Milan. Tommaso di Genova had told us we were to be invited to dinner by the King and Queen so I only brought a dinner dress—a red satin—with me. Immediately we arrived at the hotel I asked if no letter or telegram had come : No, nothing. The waiter asked if we would dine : “ We do not know yet,” we answered ! At last a gentleman of the Court of King Umberto was announced. I have forgotten his name—but it does not matter—he had the same courtly manners as any other Chamberlain at any other Court whether it be Munich or Madrid. They are all quite alike. I do not care to find any of my good friends amongst them as all personality is submerged in the courtier. Well, after some deep bows, this gentleman explained that their Majesties expected us to luncheon next day. I could not trust myself to look at my husband ; and I think he did not let anything odd appear. We Princes and Princesses are from time to time required to be good actors—although we sometimes forget our rôles before the courtiers—so, to gain time, we answered that it was very kind of their Majesties, very kind indeed. Then the polite gentleman told us the Royal train would be waiting for us at ten o'clock next morning, and that he would have the honour of escorting us.

He was hardly out of the room before we all looked at one another and gave vent to our merriment. We sent for the Marqués de Valdueza, who had come with us from Bologna, and who spoke Italian, and the Baroness von Reichlin to help us to arrange our plan of campaign. First of all, eat at the hotel, and then out at once to buy a dress, as I could not appear at ten o'clock in the morning in a red satin dinner gown, or present myself before the Queen in my well-worn travelling-dress—Baroness von Reichlin's was much smarter. With the Marqués's help we found a very good shop, where I bought a blue costume and a hat that in the lamp-light looked blue, but in the morning, to my great disgust, turned out to be exasperatingly green and perfectly impossible. The dress had to be altered as it was too large, so we had to leave it to be delivered in the morning, while we went on further to buy a hat for my husband who had only brought a soft hat with him. By the time we returned very late to the hotel we had no money left, but our friend in need, Valdueza, again came to our aid. The next day was Sunday and we went to the Cathedral, which

looks as if it were made of carved ivory. I must confess I was extremely distracted at Mass. On our return to the hotel my dress had not come. The Marqués took a cab and brought me back a dressmaker—and the dress. Another man would hardly have done this for fear of dimming one of the pearls of his coronet. Now at last we were ready.

Tommaso di Genova came for us and accompanied us to Monza where, at the station, King Umberto and Queen Margherita, with my sister-in-law Isabella, were waiting. All the ladies were so magnificently costumed and hatted that I felt a little uncomfortable as every woman does when she is not very sure of her toilet. I made the lowest possible curtsy, remembering that Ludwig II. had not found it low enough, and stammered to the Queen: "It was most kind of Your Majesty to invite us." She smiled, her beautiful mouth disclosing a row of lovely teeth: "I hope you will not call me 'Majesty'; we are cousins, you know." She explained our relationship through the Royal House of Saxony. The bright red livery of the servants seemed to me rather funny; they looked like cardinals. The Palace of Monza is beautiful. The grand staircase in the courtyard reminded me of Fontainebleau. The reception rooms are large, but not of the most sympathetic Empire period. But to make up for that the Queen's apartments were in still greater disorder than my own, which gave them the charm and personality of their owner. One saw that a woman lived and worked there, thought, and took advantage of all that the heart most needs in this world. We understood one another at once. When I thanked the Queen later for her photograph, she said as we could not see one another often we would keep up our friendship by correspondence, as the Princesses in the Middle Ages used to do. We have both kept our vow.

After lunch the King mounted his horse and rode beside our brake through all the ways and windings of the Park—which reminded me a little of Aranjuez. The Queen asked me if I would like to see the Iron (Lombardic) Crown¹ in the Church. I had of course heard of it; but it was only when I got home that I learned more about it from a History of Bavaria. We were taken into the crypt of the Monza church.

¹ The German Princess Theodolinda received it from the Pope in the eighth century on her marriage to King Antaris of Lombardy: with this historic circlet Napoleon I. crowned himself King of Italy in Milan Cathedral.

The priest looked very pale and his hands shook as he lit two candles, and after reciting a prayer, held up the crown with which all the Kings of Lombardy were crowned so long as they remained true to the Church. A nail of the true Cross is preserved inside the circlet concealed under rubies and emeralds. The crown is a marvellous work of Byzantine art. All at once I understood the priest's agitation: the King of Italy was excommunicated! The Queen admitted to me that she had never seen the crown before. She herself showed me some very remarkable frescoes in a side chapel, after which we returned to the Palace for tea. The ladies sat at a table and the gentlemen stood in a corner—a bad arrangement.

Their Majesties accompanied us to the station and saw us off to Bologna. My sister Eulalia, who is always so chic, was quite in despair when she heard in what a deplorable toilet I had made my first appearance before the Italian Queen.

Eulalia insisted on our remaining in Bologna for the opening of the Opera when *Lohengrin* was to be given. Uncle Montpensier wished to show off his Bavarian niece before the public and every day he said to me: "You will make yourself very smart, won't you?" I promised to do my poor best; but after all there was no need to worry, as the opening performance was put off so often that my husband lost patience and decided to go home. We had already been thirteen days away from Nymphenburg and that seemed to him enormous. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PALAZZO GALLIERA, BOLOGNA, *November 12, 1887.*

. . . The news of the German Crown Prince's health is dreadful. Vicky wrote to me after she had spoken with Dr. Mackenzie about it. It is very serious. Write a few lines to the Villa Zirio, San Remo. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NICE, *December 9, 1887.*

. . . Antonio is ill in Spain. . . . I went to Rosa Bonheur's atelier. She looks quite like a man and gives one the impression of great intelligence and cleverness. The day after to-morrow we are going to Bordighera¹ to meet the Prussian Princesses. . . .

¹ At this moment the Crown Prince was desperately ill with his throat at Villa Zirio, San Remo.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NICE, *December 11*, 1887.

. . . The German Crown Princess wrote to me that she cannot come to Bordighera. . . . I hope the Crown Prince is not worse.¹ . . . I do not know when Antonio is coming. It looks as if he had more than chickenpox he has taken so long to get over it, and besides Ramona² said he was so swollen. She is the only one of them who visited him. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *December 21*, 1887.

. . . Are you coming to the exhibition in Barcelona? If so we could travel there together. The little King is very well and nice and runs about everywhere. He is very like Crista. Mercedes has grown quite tall and pretty; Maria Teresa is rather thin. Crista fulfils her duties admirably. The political situation is at present quiet. I am glad that Spain will now have Ambassadors, instead of Ministers, in Germany, England, Austria, Italy, and probably in Russia. I do hope the *simpatico* Crown Prince will recover. . . .

III

1888

At the turn of the old year the tension between Germany and France had again developed; Carnot having succeeded Grévy as President of the Republic. In March of the new year Boulanger was removed from his post of General Commanding the Thirteenth Army Corps; afterwards, as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he kept up his anti-German agitation in conjunction with the Radicals. In almost all the letters to my mother at that time the critical position in Europe was the chief theme.

¹ The Crown Prince's health was not the reason. On January 22 the Crown Princess wrote to Queen Victoria: "Fancy that I am forbidden to see the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier . . . or to ask them here."—*Letters of the Empress Frederick*. Ed. by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. London, Macmillan, 1929, page 267.

² Doña Ramona, daughter of the Condesa de Casa Miranda, one of the Duchesse de Montpensier's ladies-in-waiting.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

[From the French]

ROME, *January* 17, 1888.

. . . My niece Amélie¹ is now somewhat better. What must not the poor woman have gone through ; my sister-in-law² wrote to me quite in despair about the health of the poor girl ; she loves her daughter-in-law tenderly, and tells me she is very much beloved in Portugal. . . . What a dreadful sight Europe presents to-day ; one would be inclined to say it has liver complaint : every moment war seems to be on the point of breaking out ; may God preserve us from it ! . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *March* 11, 1888.

. . . By now the Emperor Frederick III.³ will have arrived in Berlin. I fear he will soon follow his father. How terribly he and his family must have suffered on that journey ; but even in his dying state he *would* return to Berlin. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *March* 16, 1888.

To-day a memorial service for the Emperor William I. was held in the Dom. As he was a Protestant there could be no Requiem Mass, but there were hymns, a sermon, five "Our Father's," and then hymns again. The Dom was crowded from end to end. The death of the old Emperor has awakened much sympathy here.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *March* 31, 1888.

. . . Now we are not so far away from one another, why cannot you come here to me with the children for a little while ?⁴ At the end of May I am going to England. The Queen has let me know that she would like very much to make

¹ Queen Amélie of Portugal, then Crown Princess, a daughter of the late Comte de Paris ; she had just lost a little daughter by a tragic accident.

² Maria Pia (1847-1911), sister of King Umberto of Italy, and wife of Luis King of Portugal (1838-1889).

³ The Emperor William I. had died on March 9, 1888.

⁴ To this my mother answered that they could not go to Paris on account of the political tension.—A. OF B.

my acquaintance. I proposed to go to her in the spring. She answered that May would suit her best. . . . Crista's children are very well. The little King runs about like a weasel. . . .

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

ROME, *April 15, 1888.*

. . . The situation in Germany makes me very uneasy. It is really tragic that the poor Emperor Frederick, who always wishes to do the best, must suffer so much, and that everyone should look on him as only a passing figure on the throne. I am dreadfully sorry for the Empress. I know her very well. She has pre-eminent qualities and the very best intentions, yet a few imprudences were enough to make her unpopular. Consequently, the injustice of men now makes her appear as responsible for everything that goes wrong. It really goes to my heart. . . . Two days ago I saw the historian Gregorovius. He told me he is working on a Greek history of the Middle Ages. . . .

FERDINAND PRINCE OF BULGARIA TO PRINCE LUDWIG
FERDINAND

SOFIA, *April 16, 1888.*

MY DEAR FRIEND :

My sister tells me in her letters that you still keep for me, the outlaw of Europe, your old affectionate opinion, and I have on this account begged that I also may have from time to time more direct news of you. I take the opportunity of the journey of my Secretary Stancieff to write these few lines to express to you my innermost and unshakable feelings of friendship. I am contented and happy in my refuge in Sofia (politics excepted) and find now and again a naughty pleasure in being able to look down a little from my height on so many cavilling and tormenting spirits below. What will the summer bring us? I am determined to hold out to the end; my fate and my country's are in God's hands. Now farewell . . . and receive a warm hand-clasp from your faithful cousin and friend

FERDINAND.

This letter shows that my parents had already been for a long time on very intimate terms with Ferdinand,

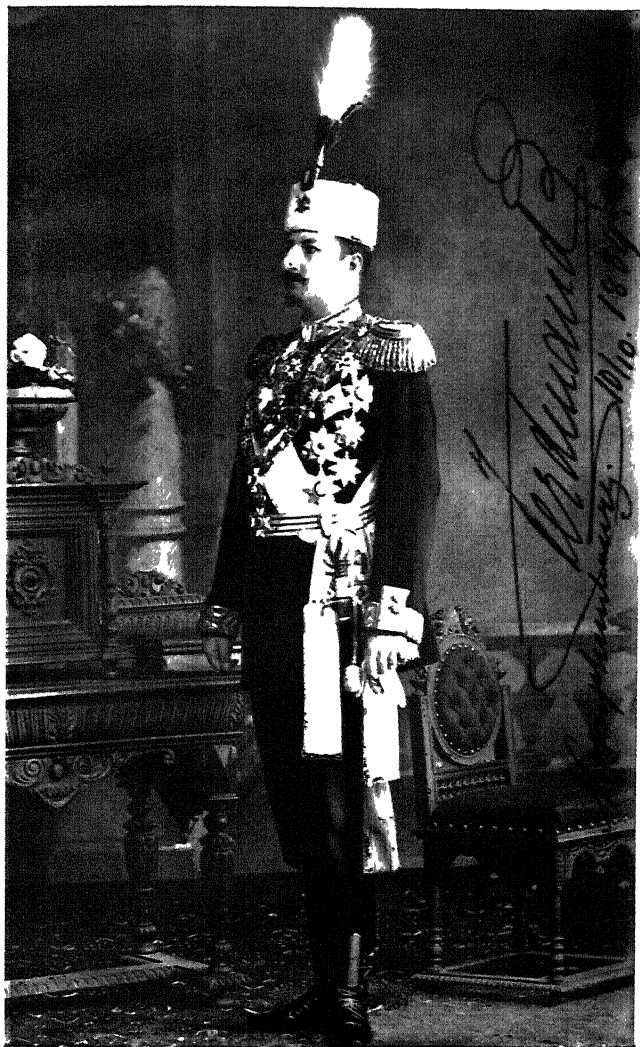
then Prince and, later, King of Bulgaria. It was not only through his sister, the Duchess Max Emmanuel in Bavaria, that they knew him, but also through his relationship with the Montpensier family. Ferdinand's mother, Princess Clementine—daughter of Louis Philippe of France—was of course the sister of the Duke of Montpensier. Ferdinand had been several times in Spain, and when he was serving for a time in an Austrian cavalry regiment often visited Munich. It had been very difficult for him in such politically excited and unstable times to shoulder the responsibility of becoming the successor of the unlucky Prince Alexander of Battenberg as ruler of the Bulgarian people. Courageous and tenacious as he was nobody imagined at the time that he could hold out long in that land of frequent crises. However, his extraordinary prudence and adroitness in political matters won for him the respect of all the scoffing and envious prophets. In the end he was the only monarch of Central Europe who saved his country from revolution, by seizing in 1918 the right moment in which to abdicate in favour of his eldest son Boris. Having declared in that letter of the year 1888 to my father that he would "hold out to the end," he kept his stern resolution and in so doing gave the greatest proofs of his sagacity.

Since his abdication he has resided in Coburg and we are always glad to see him whenever he passes through Munich, and listen to his interesting views and share in his comprehensive knowledge of all subjects. At the time I speak of he stood on the threshold of his long and brilliant career. A cultivated and enthusiastic musician, he is one of the unfailing supporters of the Bayreuth festivals, and this is a great bond between the King and my father.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *April* 18, 1888.

. . . At last we have fine weather again. Now the children can run about in the garden. . . . I hear the poor Emperor Frederick has not long to live ; the news is very sad. . . . In France things seem to be going badly. . . .



FERDINAND, KING OF BULGARIA

NYMPHENBURG, *April 20*, 1888.

. . . Have you read Comte d'Herrisson's book *La Légende de Metz*? It is most interesting and shows up the unjust treatment given Bazaine. Aumale comes out very badly. The author states that the Marshal's wife procured for her husband the offer of a command in Don Carlos's army, but Bazaine declared he knew Queen Ysabel too well to accept it. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *May 25*, 1888.

. . . You ask me where your father is. For the moment he is at the Italian lakes and writes very often to me. I do not yet know when I shall go to England. The Queen is in Scotland and it is difficult to visit her there. . . . I think it will be in summer or autumn. But that will not prevent me coming to Nymphenburg. . . . Your letter yesterday amused me very much. . . . The opening of the Barcelona Exhibition must have been splendid—the Naval Review above all. It rejoices me for Spain, Crista and her children. It is good that Rupprecht¹ went to the Exhibition. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *June 22*, 1888.

. . . The English papers say that you are going to England in July; but I do not know if the death of the poor Emperor Frederick² will change your plans. The centenary celebrations for King Ludwig I. have naturally been postponed. They are to begin on the thirtieth of July and will be very fine. Tell this to Uncle Montpensier. The Spanish pictures in the Glaspalast Exhibition here were as universally admired as those of the previous year. . . . The Pinakothek has bought Benllure's *Month of Mary in Valencia* for twenty-three thousand Marks.

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *June 23*, 1888.

. . . It was a pity you were not at the opening of the Barcelona Exhibition. There were many foreign ships present

¹ The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria: eldest son of King Ludwig III.

² June 15, 1888.

in the Harbour. You must at least go there in the autumn on your way to Madrid. . . . I spoke very much of you to Rupprecht and his Bavarian Gentlemen ; and also to the Duca di Genova. . . .

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

ROME, *June 29, 1888.*

. . . At the moment of leaving Bologna I received, in the midst of a very lively crowd, a telegram with the news that our dear friend the Emperor Frederick was dying : it was a dreadful contrast. What a distinguished character is lost to this world ! With what strength of soul he bore his sufferings without ever complaining ! Poor Victoria ! I am so sorry for her, particularly as the general attitude was so cruel to her. This quarrel between the doctors, even after Frederick's death, I find horrible. I am very curious to know how the young Emperor will turn out. . . . Tommaso has returned enraptured from his visit to Barcelona. They were all, particularly the Queen Regent, most kind and friendly to him. He says the little King is very nice and good. . . . We have a big event in our family, the wedding of my brother-in-law Amadeo and my niece Letitia.¹ I am very happy about it. . . .

THE WIDOWED EMPRESS FREDERICK TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

[From the French]

FRIEDRICHSKRON, *August 20, 1888.*

. . . In my deep grief it consoles me to see how high the memory of my husband is held by dear and sympathetic friends. Perhaps the hearts most heavily stricken are the most sensitive, therefore a warm sincere letter like yours does one all the more good. I am deeply grateful to you for it.

My daughters wish to be kindly remembered to you all ; they, as well as I, were very happy to hear that you and your children, and your dear sister, are well.

From this sad and unhappy house where tears are always flowing I have as yet no news to give ; I only wished to thank you at once for your dear and heartfelt words of sympathy,

¹ On September 11, 1888, the Duca di Aosta (ex-King of Spain) married secondly Princess Maria Letitia Napoleon (1866-1926), daughter of *Plonplon* and Princess Maria Clotilda di Savoia, and granddaughter of Jerome, King of Westphalia.

and for the kind remembrances from your husband and mother-in-law.

I remain ever your affectionate but deeply unhappy Empress and friend

VICTORIA.

At the end of August Queen Ysabel came to Nymphenburg from Schlangenbad, and a short time after the Genovas arrived from Italy. It was at this time my mother made the acquaintance of the Emperor William II. when he paid the customary Accession visit of courtesy to the Bavarian Court. At the state banquet he sat between Queen Ysabel and the Queen-Mother Marie. He was most friendly to my mother and made a very sympathetic impression on her. They soon got to know one another well, and my mother has never lost the good opinion she then formed of one who has shown her always an unfailing friendship.

Shortly after Queen Margherita wrote very enthusiastically from Rome to my mother about the visit of the young Emperor to Italy :

. . . I found the Emperor very sympathetic. He seems to possess a most active spirit. . . . You will be happy to see your country again, so full of art and poetry—which I would also so gladly know. My brother-in-law Amadeo and my sister-in-law were very happy at receiving your congratulations, and have charged me to thank you particularly for them. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the Queen Regent of Spain ; nevertheless she is one of the personalities I admire most. . . . She is for me the model of a woman steadfastly true to her duty.

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CHAPTER TEN

The Bavarian Fatherland, 1889-1891

1889

IN the beginning of this year came the news of the tragic death of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf. My mother was greatly shocked : she had met and liked him in Madrid, and my father had seen him for the last time at the funeral of Ludwig II. only three years before. Above all they felt inexpressibly sorry for his elder sister Gisela who for sixteen years had been living amongst us as the wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Rudolf's death, like that of the Bavarian King, remained a mystery :

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

. . . I can understand how the death of the Austrian Crown Prince must have shocked you. . . . It almost seems as if the Archdukes themselves were helping to undermine the Throne. . . . The wind is whistling through the chimneys and blowing through windows and doors, but even so it is not so cold this year. Ferdinand seems to be developing a talent for architecture ; he builds such pretty things with his bricks ; and Adalbert is most amusing. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *February* 1889.

. . . I have been quite overcome with the dreadful news of the horrible catastrophe in Austria. . . . What a blow it must have been to Gisela when she heard of Rudolf's death ! Is she back again in Munich ? . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *March 22*, 1889.

. . . I hope you will not behave so foolishly as I did when you had the measles and I kissed you ; I caught it and nearly

died. Do not, even with the harmless chickenpox, do such a thing. . . . The death of the Archduke is something too horrible. I pity his poor parents most of all. The papers say that the poor King Otto is worse.¹ His poor mother! When you see her tell her how much I really care for her. . . .

Alas! poor Queen Marie's days were numbered. She suffered from heart disease, and just about that time had gone to recuperate in Lugano. Shortly after her return she died at Hohenschwangau, and was laid to rest beside her husband King Maximilian Joseph II. in the Theatiner Church:

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *May* 18, 1889.

. . . The death of the good Queen-Mother will have touched you deeply. The poor thing suffered dreadful pain during her last months. To-night the body will be brought to Munich to lie in state. The funeral will be on Wednesday. . . . She died as she lived, a saint; a few hours before her death she received Holy Communion from the hands of that white-haired priest whose acquaintance we made when we were at Hohenschwangau together last year. He is now Bishop of Passau. He was a great friend of the Queen's and was there to close her eyes. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *June* 1889.

. . . These lines will be brought to you by the Bogarayas.² . . . Eulalia was here with me but left to-day with Antonio for England. . . . Her children, Alfonso and Luis Fernando, are very attractive. The youngest is really rather like me, whilst the eldest is exactly like Montpensier when he was a boy. . . . Yesterday we all lunched together at Epinay. I shall try to be with you when the Shah of Persia arrives. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *June* 20, 1889.

. . . You would like my son even better if you could see him now. He has curly hair, and is always gay and happy.

¹ King Otto's condition remained unchanged until his death at Schloss Fürstenried, near Munich, on October 13, 1916.

² The Marqués de Bogaraya and his wife were old friends of my mother's from Madrid.—A. or B.

. . . You will already have heard from Eulalia that Antonio was ill in England ; I am glad their boys are going to Nymphenburg to you. . . . I should so much like to see your children again, they and mine were so happy together. . . . Adalbert will I suppose be able to speak, as Alfonso can now say a few words. . . . The weather is lovely. We passed some very pleasant days in Aranjuez. I thought of you particularly when the gunboat *Pax* was sunk. I am sure you were very sorry. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *July 21*, 1889.

. . . I am so happy that you are going again to send me my grandson Ferdinand to Schlangenbad ; you may be sure I shall take good care of him. As I do not know Holland I intend on the way to stay a few days in the Hague and Rotterdam. I am leaving Paris earlier than I had intended as I do not wish to be here when the Shah of Persia arrives. Otherwise I would have to make a spectacle of myself in public with Carnot, the Shah and the Black Kings. I have let the Shah know that I will see him either in Nymphenburg or somewhere near Schlangenbad. This savage but sincere Eastern monarch has shown me more attention than some people nearer home have done. . . .

Shah Nasr-ed-dine of Persia seems to have been a remarkable and extremely original personage. From the moment of his arrival in Munich he excited general astonishment by bringing with him a boy dressed as a Persian Prince ; he carried a tiny sword and did not budge from the side of his lord and master. At first everyone thought he must be a son of the monarch, but it soon came out that he kept this boy only to amuse himself ! Nor could he be made to understand why he should renounce Oriental customs in Europe ! At the reception in the Residenz, it was said he looked very disapprovingly at the more elderly Princesses and Palace ladies and openly pitied the Regent for not having a handsomer harem. At the state dinner party he kept everyone waiting, as it was one of his religious feasts and he could not eat anything until

after sunset. Worse than all, he had a sheep slaughtered by his Grand Vizier in his salon. His suite also seem to have conducted themselves in such a very unceremonious way that the Master of Ceremonies and other gentlemen of the Court were in a state of perpetual consternation. It was even said that the Shah begged the Regent to arrange a European execution for him ; if there was no one conveniently under sentence of death he would be happy to supply the deficiency by handing over one of his own servants for the demonstration.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, August 21, 1889.

. . . The Shah has charged me with many greetings from him.¹ On the day of his arrival he seemed to be in a bad humour and hardly spoke to anyone. Yesterday he went to walk in Nymphenburg Park, and we went out with Adalbert to meet him. We stopped at a little distance from the Pagodenburg when we noticed him coming out. When he saw us he said something in Persian to his interpreter, the only words of which I could understand were : "*Pharaona Elisabeth.*" I was almost tempted to warble like Aida : "*Aida di Pharaon la figlia*," as he came towards us. He told me he would wait for you in Munich if you were coming in two or three days' time—the Lord Chamberlain almost collapsed in a faint when he heard this. There exists (the Shah assured me) a great sympathy between you, and he regretted very much not to have seen you. I made in your name all kinds of friendly phrases. Adalbert was very much surprised at the sight of all these extraordinary men with black astrakhan caps, and quite frightened when the Shah with his enormous bristling moustache kissed him. I explained that his elder brother was with you. That evening after dinner the Shah spoke a long time with me in French—naturally again about you. He talked so loud that everyone heard every word he said, and I was delighted. He inquired how long the journey to Schlangenbad was. I said twelve hours, but that was too long for him ; he regretted he had not time to go so far. Then he asked about the little King of Spain. Surely he was destined

¹ Queen Ysabel had sent the Shah a second message regretting that she could not arrive in Munich in time to meet him.

for something great, he said, as he had been born a King. Later on when he spoke casually of "the Queen" I asked him if he meant my mother: "*Oui, oui, mon amie*," he answered. He has a real enthusiasm for you. If I had not had the good luck to be your daughter he would never even have glanced at me. . . .

NYMPHENBURG, *October 9, 1889.*

. . . Yesterday we were again at Lenbach's. I find your portrait very good, although he has not done much more to it. In a few moments he made a lovely pencil sketch of Eulalia. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *October 23, 1889.*

. . . Guess who came to congratulate me on my birthday and thus give me the greatest pleasure? The ever-faithful Novaliches, who have always, through thick and thin, been proof against every attack on their fidelity. At first in my surprise I thought the Chamberlain had not announced them correctly. To-day they return to Madrid. . . . Your father was nearly all day with me and the Novaliches. . . . I am glad that Lenbach has made a pencil drawing of Eulalia, and that you like my portrait in oils which he so quickly finished. . . . Greet him very kindly from me. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *November 27, 1889.*

. . . The Comtesse de Flandre begged me to ask Lenbach to send some of his pictures to the portrait exhibition in Brussels which is to be opened in February. I am glad of the pretext for looking him up. He is such a charming man. . . .

NYMPHENBURG, *December 4, 1889.*

. . . Yesterday I enjoyed myself immensely at Lenbach's. A number of men dressed as clowns played various instruments. They are real artistes and do wonderful things. Amongst other things they played long pieces on an orchestra composed of bells. I met there Ministers of State, actors, officers and artistes. The idea that we were fraternizing with people who have no "Chamberlain's key" would cause the Marshal of the Court to have a fit! There were over fifty people present. . . . Unfortunately we had to leave at nine for a supper at the Residenz. . . .

II

1890

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 9, 1890.*

. . . This morning at four o'clock the whole family and all the Ministers were summoned to the Palace. The King had a fainting fit, and the worst was feared. The heart had almost stopped and the pulse gone. The crisis is now happily over, but the boy's condition is still very serious. The worst of it is nobody rightly knows what it really is ; they still fear meningitis. . . . I do not know what will happen. Poor Mercedes has no idea how near the Throne she is. Each of the doctors has a different opinion. . . . Crista has truly had no luck up to now : political and business conditions are equally bad—difficulties on all sides for the poor thing. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *January 11, 1890.*

. . . You can imagine what I am going through so far away from you all. What is really the matter with the poor little boy ? I believe God has heard our prayers because Alfonso is already better. The newspapers say you have not been well either. Ludwig is so good to me. He understands how dreadful it is for me not to be able to be with you all. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 12, 1890.*

. . . We have passed through a terrible time. Our lovely and beloved child was very near death. I can write to-day with a little more calm. I know Mamma wrote you all the news yesterday, but I will do so also to show you I am thinking of you in these difficult times. It was a crisis for the family and for the whole nation. Just because you are so far away you will long for details. Thank God, I find the King better to-day, and I believe He will spare him to continue to be a pride and comfort to his mother and all the family, and the hope of his country. To-day the doctors think he will pull through, and I also have that impression. It would be perfectly impossible to give you an idea of our anguish during those last days. You will have heard from Mamma of the terrible fright we had four days ago, and ever since then the

child has been hovering between life and death. Even now, though we are somewhat calmer, we always fear the danger may not be over. On Friday night he went to bed quite well and at two in the morning he suddenly got convulsions. . . . We were all called up immediately. Since then I have not been properly in bed, as I simply cannot go away from the child's sitting-room—in which I am now writing to you, while Mamma is asleep in a chair. Crista is with the boy, and Egi¹ has only just this moment gone down to his room. It is now ten o'clock at night and we are going to watch until about two in the morning. Crista has passed through a real calvary. It is astounding how she bears her sorrow. The people show great interest and sympathy, as is natural. To-day the little darling slept well, and is regaining strength. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *January 20, 1890.*

. . . I am convinced the prayers of all Spain have kept the little King alive. Maria Theresa² has begged me to thank you for your news; she is very fond of you, and I learn daily how good she is. . . . The death of poor Amadeo will have grieved you; he was respected by everyone, and it is sad to think he should die just as he had begun a new and happy life!³ Altogether so many of our acquaintances have passed away lately. The Crown Prince⁴ of Sweden's wife lies dying in Meran. . . . Ferdinand must now begin to learn to read and write. As soon as he is six years old he will have a tutor, as in Germany every child at that age must go to school. Both children are very well. They speak very often of their grandmamma. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 21, 1890.*

. . . The little King is again gay and happy. I confess he amuses me immensely with his chatter. He is still weak, but I hope he will very soon be quite recovered. It is a wonder that he is alive. . . . I cannot tell you what I have been through since my arrival here, but that will all be richly re-

¹ The Archduke Eugen, brother of the Queen Regent.

² Princess Ludwig of Bavaria.

³ The Duca di Aosta died January 18, 1890; see p. 188 and footnote.

⁴ Now Gustav V. Succeeded his father Oscar II. 1907; his wife, Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, died 1930.

compensated when I see my little grandson the King quite well and strong again. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 21, 1890.*

. . . I can only write a few lines as Mamma is here with me. I am so glad that your Adalbert and my Alfonso are such good friends; how happy Alfonso would be if he could only take Adalbert back to San Lucar with him. The little King said to me yesterday: "Once Miss Emma came as Nikolaus and Adalbert was fearfully frightened and cried. . . . When will Adalbert come again?" When I answered "Perhaps next year," he said quite sadly, "Then he will never come." . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 21, 1890.*

. . . I have been going through such terrible times that I do not know when I wrote last to you. . . . I pray God that He may keep your children well, and that you may never experience such a winter as I have had to pass through. All my children were ill: Mercedes and Maria Teresa with very heavy colds, and my boy at death's door, first in December with bronchitis, and this last time so ill that he was twelve days and nights between life and death. Thank God who has heard our prayers and spared the life of my darling child. He is up again, regains strength, is in very good humour, eats and sleeps well. He sends you and his cousins many kisses, particularly to Adalbert. . . .

TELEGRAM FROM QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *February 5, 1890.*

This moment I hear of the sudden death of Montpensier.¹ Antonio left at once for San Lucar.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *February 6, 1890.*

. . . My poor Alfonso will be very frightened in San Lucar. He will think his grandfather is sleeping. To-morrow the body will be brought here to be interred in the Escorial.

¹ While walking in the Park at San Lucar on February 4 (1890) the Duc had an apoplectic stroke and died immediately.

Antonio remains with his mother in San Lucar. . . . Crista will soon go to Malaga if the doctors decide that it is the best place for the little King's convalescence.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *March* 6, 1890.

. . . Yesterday at a rout Lenbach asked me to tell you that he intends painting a new picture of you this summer, so that you may forget his last sketch. He was greatly pleased with your greetings.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *April* 6, 1890.

. . . Tell Lenbach I shall bring the proper dress and jewels with me so that he can paint the large portrait which I shall like so much to have from him. I will myself write to him and thank him.

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *April* 1890.

I had taken over the protectorate of a little Institution for the care and education of poor children in the neighbourhood of Nymphenburg. The building having become too small for its needs, had to be enlarged, and money was required. So a bazaar was got up. The Burgomaster of Munich put the large salon in the Rathaus at our disposal, and I was overjoyed to see all Munich rallying to my help. I shall never forget it to my good Münchener. On one of the afternoons of the bazaar I was told that two Spaniards asked if they might see me. I said at once they were to be admitted—without even asking their names—and was not a little astonished when my father walked in and took me in his arms. He had been in Switzerland and came on from Lindau to give me this pleasure. . . . He had seen, when passing through the Marienplatz, the Spanish flag waving over the Rathaus: and said to himself "when Munich does that in honour of my daughter I on my part must also do something." So he came in and spent a lot of money. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *April* 30, 1890.

. . . Papa will have given you more detailed news of us. We were enchanted at his visit, and were only sorry he had to leave so soon. He visited my bazaar and to the great joy and

redoblar en el por-
que con Papá.

Quis y los chicos de
varias edades y
tambien de todas edades
y todos
En un momento
que estábamos
vendo

Papá

80 de Abril de 1890

Queridísima Madre
De Papá después de
de todos, hemos dado
una gran alegría en
ver de esto sentimos que
se haya un momento
perdido. Como en el
papel y se pudo una
memoria de mis
al gran amor y alegría
de las momentos que
no están acordados
y de unido. El fin
que Papá fue al
papel en gran unificación

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO HER MOTHER QUEEN YSABEL II.
Dated 30th April 1890.

astonishment of the stall-holders left heaps of money with them all. The Prince Regent called on him at his hotel in full uniform, which pleased me extremely. The Regent is altogether most kind; he gave us a big sum for the Institute, and I am quite convinced he did it for my sake. The children were delighted with their grandpapa. He brought them beautiful toys, for example a gigantic elephant, and an old woman who knits when she is wound up. My mother-in-law, too, was so happy to see her brother again, and was quite gay those days. Now we are going soon for five days to the Palatinate to visit Ludwig's Regiment. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *May 4, 1890.*

. . . My husband has had a curious adventure. As he was walking, rather late, the other evening in the Park here, he saw on coming to the Kaskade something black in the water. It was a woman doing her best to get picturesquely drowned! She held a crucifix in her hand and was muttering prayers. Ludwig, thinking she must be demented, began to pull her out. The water was not deep, but her power of resistance was very great. Using might and main he succeeded in dragging her out over the edge, and she lay there dripping and half-frozen with the cold. At first he tried to carry her to the Schloss (a kilometre from the Kaskade) but soon found she was quite well able to walk. An extremely ugly old woman, she was an uncanny sight, and kept solemnly asserting that she was a most virtuous person. It took a long time before they reached the Schloss, where she left great pools of water behind her. When she was somewhat wrung out and recovered we had her driven back to the asylum from which she had escaped. We learned afterwards that she had been employed in the Schloss before Ludwig was born, and that she had always been very peculiar.

The children are well. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHLOSS NYPHENBURG, *May 1890.*

Fortunately my husband's Regiment (the 18th Infantry) is stationed in the pleasant garrison town of Landau in the Pfalz. He had for a long time been wishing to visit it, but something always came between. At last it was happily possible, and I was so glad to accompany him and get to know another part of Bavaria. Herr Lavale the Director of the Palatinate Railway

was waiting for us at Germersheim. We had hardly exchanged a few words when we understood one another perfectly. The farther we went into this lovely country the better was the impression. In Landau the Burgomaster and the Officers of the garrison were at the station to receive us ; and during our drive through the town the people cheered, smiled and waved their handkerchiefs just as in Spain—so I felt myself quite at home at once. In the Rathaus young girls dressed in white presented us with flowers in the name of the ladies of the Regiment. I still keep the ribbons (red and yellow, and blue and white) amongst my souvenirs. The hotel was the typical German hotel one reads of in novels. There were crowds of people assembled there to greet us, and it was not hard for me to speak to all those cordial people. . . . We drove next to the Church where a Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman were waiting at the door for us. The one handed me holy water, the other a tract—after which he addressed to us some words of welcome. When I saw a lamp burning before the Altar, and a statue of the Blessed Virgin, I could not imagine what the Protestant parson had to say there, until they explained that the Catholics and Protestants had only one Church between them ! We also paid a visit to the handsome Jewish Synagogue. As I had never seen one before I made them explain every detail to me, to the despair of the Burgomaster. In the evening there was a large dinner party in the Officers' Mess at which ladies were present. We all became good friends at once. Afterwards there were choirs of male voices under the balcony, illuminations and torchlight processions. The next morning we were awakened by the music of the Regimental band. As it was announced on the programme that it was in our honour I sprang out of bed at once, and throwing on a robe ran out into the corridor to my dressing-room and unexpectedly came face to face with a sentry posted at our door. He stood stiff and straight, never moving a muscle of his face : to my greeting he answered : "*Guten Morgen, Königliche Hoheit*"—in strict accordance with the charming Bavarian military custom!¹ I believe a Spanish soldier in such a situation simply could not have kept his countenance. The band played some quite good pieces, and finished off with *Viva Triana !* which I had so often heard at the changing of

¹ "Good morning, Royal Higness." In the Bavarian Army when the Colonel (or senior officer) comes on Parade he says "*Guten Morgen*, men of the — Regiment"; the men unitedly respond with "*Guten Morgen, Herr Oberst.*"

the Guard outside the Palace in Madrid. In a moment the light blue uniforms and the romantic hotel vanished from my mind and my thoughts flew to Spain.

There followed a parade at the barracks, a banquet (with military music) and afterwards an excursion to Ludwigshöhe. This is a charming, very large villa which King Ludwig I. had built on this lovely spot, and left in his will to my husband. The following morning we visited the old Wittelsbach town of Zweibrücken, which still preserves its air of distinction. The Burgomaster presented me with a bouquet and welcomed me as the first Wittelsbacherin who had visited the town for thirty years. I spoke with the soldiers and tasted their food. . . .

As it happened my sister Eulalia was just at that time in Strasbourg going through a cure, and we made an excursion there. The Cathedral was of course what interested me most. Meeting in the street a yellow Uhlan, from the Regiment which the Emperor William I. had given my brother that time in Homburg, I looked at him so wistfully that I am sure he must have thought "that woman is not quite right in her head." We returned in the evening to Landau. The Colonel had arranged a feast for the soldiers so that I could meet them more informally. We enjoyed ourselves immensely. Of course all the officers came up to me and kissed my hand: the youngest Lieutenant first and the Colonel last—to the great amusement of everyone present, the last being of course my husband, the Colonel-in-Chief. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *June 12, 1890.*

. . . Paulus gave me your letter in London; unfortunately the King of the Belgians interrupted our conversation. . . . I was delighted with London; but nevertheless I would rather live with you in the Palatinate or some other place in Bavaria. . . . How pleased I should have been if we could have travelled to England together. The Queen and all her family were most attentive. From my arrival until my departure I found nothing but kindness and consideration. When I left the boat at Dover a special train was waiting for me by order of the Queen; and at the station in London one of her carriages, and a Lord-in-waiting and an Equerry apportioned for my service. The next day¹ I drove to Windsor to visit the

¹ May 20, 1890.

Queen. It is a beautiful Castle. The Queen met me at the foot of the grand staircase ; the Guard of Honour presented arms and the *Marcha Real* was played. I must confess my Spanish heart beat quicker at that moment. (I forgot to say that at the Windsor station the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Henry of Battenberg and Prince Henry of Prussia were waiting to receive me.) The Queen and I immediately understood one another. We lunched all together—the other sons and daughters of the Queen being also there. Afterwards I drove back to London to take part in the very magnificent ball at which the Prince of Wales presided as representing his mother. It was a splendid affair ; like what the Court feasts in the time of Louis XIV. must have been. I was placed in the centre of the dais reserved for the Sovereigns and Princes. On my right was the Princess of Wales and on my left the King of the Belgians.¹

I was also present at a Military Review, several other balls, visited theatres and made excursions—all arranged by the Queen. She had written out with her own hand everything that I was to do. I had only to pay for my hotel—for everything else I was the Queen's guest. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *June 16, 1890.*

. . . The Prince Regent is quite pleased that I like the Pfalz so much, as he is particularly fond of it himself. I told him I was baptized a Bavarian on my arrival in Munich, and now in the Pfalz I was confirmed, and he repeated this to all his friends. A gentleman came here yesterday to assure us that the good Pfaltzers would never forget what the Prince Regent had told them I had said of them. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *June 22, 1890.*

. . . To-morrow at five minutes to five in the morning it will be twenty-eight years since I held you for the first time in my arms. Even at that time you were good to me, as your birth was the easiest and shortest of them all ; you were so nice and very fat. . . .

The great event for the inhabitants of Nymphenburg that year was the engagement of my uncle Prince Alfons of Bavaria to Princesse Louise d'Orléans, daughter

¹ Leopold II., 1835-1909.

of the Duc d'Alençon and his wife the Bavarian Duchess Sophie. It was, as we know, a great wish of my mother's that this marriage should come to pass. My father placed his house in Munich at the disposal of the young couple, and my mother had her hands full with all the arrangements. At this time she was looking forward to a very important event in the coming spring—the birth of a third child—and imparted her secret first of all to her mother, hoping that this time it would be a girl.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

HOTEL BRISTOL, LONDON, *August 20, 1890.*

. . . The Connaughts have inquired very particularly about you ; we are dining with them to-night. I am anxious about your health and should like to see you again soon. . . . On the twenty-fourth we start for Edinburgh, on the twenty-sixth we go to Glamis Castle where Lord and Lady Strathmore ¹ have invited us. We shall stay there until the twenty-ninth, afterwards go for a week to Loch Kennard, and then travel via Brussels to Nymphenburg.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *August 21, 1890.*

. . . Still eight days before you come ! On the twenty-seventh Louise Alençon comes here with her mother. Alfons must go on the twenty-ninth to the Manœuvres. . . . The other day I made the acquaintance of the King and Queen of Rumania ² and the King's brother Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. They are all very charming, particularly Carmen Sylva. The King sends you through me his kindest greetings. He remembers with pleasure his visit to Spain in 1861, and in the year 1869 to Paris. He said you had sent him a very kind telegram for his Coronation. He is very good-looking, but his brother is still more sympathetic. . . .

It was very interesting to my mother to meet Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the former candidate for

¹ Claude, 13th Earl of Strathmore (1824-1904) and his wife, daughter of Oswald Smith of Blendon Hall, Kent, grandparents of H.R.H. the Duchess of York.

² Carol I. (1839-1914), elected Prince 1866 ; proclaimed King 1881 ; married 1869 Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) (1843-1917), daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied.

the Throne of Spain, and it vividly recalled to her all the events of 1870 ; she and Carmen Sylva kept up the friendliest relations from the time of that visit until the Queen's lamented death as, before they met, my mother had felt drawn to the Rumanian Queen by her poetry and unique personality.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

EDINBURGH, *August 26, 1890.*

. . . Some time between the tenth and fifteenth of September I shall be in Nymphenburg. I hope I shall not be too horrified at your appearance. I can hardly imagine that my son Luis can speak already. If your baby is a girl you will of course call her Pilar. . . . I am leading a tourist's life here armed with waterproof and Baedeker. Yesterday we drove to Callander and from there by coach to lunch at the Trossachs Hotel ; crossed Loch Katrine by boat, and then by coach to Loch Lomond. At Balloch Pier we took the train to Glasgow and were back here in the evening. I have just wired to Lady Strathmore that we shall arrive this afternoon at Glamis Castle.

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG, *September 1890.*

Every ten years the Passion Play is performed in Oberammergau. We left Munich by train with my mother and husband in bitterly cold wind and torrents of rain. The bad weather had damaged the roads so much that we had to go a long way on foot. It was a real pilgrimage—particularly for me who dislikes walking very much. We were wet through and through and had not brought enough change of clothes. We only got there at ten o'clock at night instead of five in the afternoon as it should have been. The next morning we could at least see a glimpse of the mountains.

Mamma was not ready at the proper time so that we only got to the theatre for the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The Passion Play has so often been described that I will say nothing about it, except that there is something uniquely impressive in the fact that simple peasants continue to represent this most moving drama in fulfilment of a vow made nearly three hundred years ago. Equally impressive is the reverent attention of the crowds of every religion and class gathered from all parts of the world to witness the representation. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

LOCH KENNARD LODGE, ABERFELDY, PERTHSHIRE.

September 5, 1890.

. . . It seems to me it was madness for you to go to Oberammergau. I only hope it has not done you any harm. . . . Yesterday quite a number of gentlemen arrived here, amongst them Alfonso Rothschild. They went off early to shoot. Hélène¹ and I rode out to join them at luncheon. We remained for two drives and then came home. This present country life is very diversified and suits me very well. Tomorrow the Prince de Wagram gives a shooting party. I shall go again with Hélène to lunch at the Castle. I am enjoying myself enormously. . . .

On the 11th September she wrote from the same place :

. . . My mother-in-law has sciatica ; Antonio is therefore leaving for San Lucar, and I shall arrive in Munich on Tuesday the sixteenth with the Marqués de Brunetti. If my mother-in-law does not get well soon I can only stay a short time with you. My sister-in-law² will also go to Andalusia. I think I shall go mad between all my relations. There is no doubt the happiest people are the foundlings. . . .

During the stay at Nymphenburg of Queen Ysabel and the Infanta Eulalia the Duchess of Teck with her daughter, now Queen of England, came to Bavaria, attended by the Dowager Countess of Aylesford and Lady Eva Dugdale. In a letter to a friend the Duchess described the visit as follows :

SCHLOSS HOHENBURG, BAVARIA, *October 1, 1890.*

We left St. Moritz on the 15th September. . . . Two very pleasant days were passed at Innsbruck with my sisters-in-law Claudine and Amélie,³ visiting all the lions of the town and two fine old castles in the environs. They had just arrived from Gmünden, after spending ten days with

¹ Her niece, daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and later Duchessa di Aosta.

² La Comtesse de Paris.

³ Princess Claudine of Teck, 1836-1894 ; Princess Amalia of Teck, 1838-1893, married in 1863 Paul Count von Hügel, 1835-1897.

Francis ¹ at the Cumberlands' fine place, and were overjoyed at seeing us after a lapse of six years. Alge ² had only one day with his Aunts, as he was due at Eton on the 19th.

We went to Munich, and had a most delightful time, though we nearly knocked ourselves up with sightseeing! Francis met us on the 21st, and the same day who should turn up at the Belle Vue Hotel but Marie Edinburgh ³ and Charlotte Meiningen ⁴ from Coburg, who were joined later by Bernhard. We made an excursion with them to the poor King's wonderful Palace on the Chiem See; a replica of Versailles minus two wings, which were in course of erection, but are unfinished and will probably be ultimately pulled down. The palace is so vast that we took one hour and three-quarters to go over. . . . On the evening of our arrival, after a hurried toilette, we rushed to the Opera-house to see Wagner's *Siegfried* (such a dull wearisome opera). . . .

We found ourselves opposite the Royal Box, in which were Queen Isabella of Spain and her two daughters—Infanta Maria de la Paz, the wife of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, and dear Eulalia, wife of Prince Antoine, the Duc de Montpensier's son. Eulalia was so overjoyed at seeing us that she flew down to speak to us during the *entr'acte* of twenty minutes, chaperoned by her cousin Alphonse of Bavaria, who is shortly to be married to Louise, the Alençons' daughter, and carried us off to pay our respects to the dear Queen, who seems quite devoted to me and mine, and to be introduced to Princess Paz. She then took us to a beautiful *rococo* theatre (also in the Schloss) in which an amusing *Lust-spiel* was being given, which attracted us far more than Wagner's dreary creation, over the greater part of which (for we felt ourselves in duty bound to return for it) I fear I nodded. Next day May and I made our *Staats Besuch* at the Schloss, where we were received by Princess Adalbert, with whom we found her two daughters, Elvira and Clara, and on the Sunday Eulalia lunched and spent the rest of the day with us, accompanying us to the station to meet Francis. She is such a dear! On the Monday we drove to Nymphenburg, a fine royal *château* in the environs of Munich, inhabited by Prince Ludwig

¹ The Duke of Teck (the writer's husband), 1837-1900.

² Now Major-General the Earl of Athlone.

³ 1853-1920: afterwards Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

⁴ 1860-1919: daughter of the Emperor Frederick III., she married 1878 Bernhard Prince of Saxe-Meiningen (see page 177, footnotes 1-3).

Ferdinand and Paz, where the Queen and Eulalia were also staying, to a luncheon *dinatoire* at two o'clock.¹ . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *October 23, 1890.*

. . . To-morrow afternoon we are going out to Epinay, and in the evening to Sardou's new play *Cleopatra* with Sarah Bernhardt. It is the daily topic here. They say she has marvellous toilettes, real jewels, and carries a live snake on her arm. . . . The day after to-morrow I drive out to lunch with Joinville at Chantilly, and afterwards go to the races with Uncle Aumale.² . . .

III

1891

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *January 31, 1891.*

. . . I am sure Louise is waiting impatiently for the arrival of my baby, so that her wedding may not be put off too long. . . . Tommaso Genova came here on his return from Berlin; he is now Admiral over the Fleet stationed at Venice, and Alfons is very glad of this as he intends paying him a visit there with his bride after the wedding. What do you say to the death of poor Boudouin? ³ I feel so sorry for his parents. . . . My children are overjoyed that you are coming so early this year. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February 10, 1891.*

. . . Please speak with Santiago Arco before your journey on a matter the Queen Regent has much at heart. There is again the question of getting good Spanish paintings for the exhibition in the Glaspalast. It is all the more important this year as there is an international exhibition in Berlin also. I want Santiago Arco to send some of his own pictures, besides

¹ *A Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck*, based on her private diaries and letters; by C. Kinloch Cooke. London, John Murray, 1900. Vol. ii, p. 227.

² François, Prince de Joinville, third son, and Henri, Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe.

³ See page 178, footnote 2.

getting the other Spanish artists now living in Paris to do the same. . . . The wedding of Alfons and Louise will be after Easter—unless I should do something to disappoint them. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February* 19, 1891.

. . . Before your trunks are packed I want to remind you that there is sure to be a dinner party at the Regent's on his birthday, March the twelfth, and a reception by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Royal Household. After Easter the Russian Ambassador will give a great fête in honour of the Tsar's silver wedding; so bring your Russian Order with you; otherwise no one here has it. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February* 24, 1891.

. . . It is a great consolation to Ludwig to know you will be near me for the coming event; and the children and I are more than happy to have you with us. . . . This year you will get to know Aunt Modena, as she will remain some time in Munich. She is the Guardian Angel of the Adalbert family. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *March* 1891.

The date of my brother-in-law's marriage to Louise Alençon could only be fixed after my baby arrived. I told Alfons he should not let that interfere, but both he and Louise wanted me to be present. On the thirteenth of March the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin arrived here in order to report to his Court on the birth of my child. I told him I would not keep him waiting long. That evening the Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Royal Household, Count von Crailsheim, gave the usual reception in honour of the Prince Regent's birthday. "We are going there, I suppose?" inquired my mother. "No," I answered under my breath—and that evening at nine o'clock I heard, with that indescribable joy that makes everything else forgotten, the first cry of my baby whilst my husband announced to those waiting in the ante-room: "A girl!"

After the Minister had seen the child I remained alone with my joy. When I awoke in the night and heard her I was supremely happy. The loveliest music in the world could not be sweeter to my ears. The next morning I sent for

my two boys to show them their little sister. My husband had told them they must be very quiet as Mamma had a headache, so they crept in on tiptoe, and gazed with admiring astonishment at the baby in my arms. They were delighted with her, and not a bit jealous. I told my husband, somewhat timidly, that I would like to call her Pilar, but was afraid the name might be too Spanish for a Bavarian princess. He only asked me if it would really give me particular pleasure, and when I said "yes" he at once consented. It seemed to me as if in that name my sister had come back again. Antonio and Eulalia were the godparents; but as they were not here for the christening my mother, as their sponsor, (in defiance of etiquette) held my little Pilar.¹ My little son Ferdinand asked me if my sister Pilar was the godmother and I answered him at once with that certainty with which one speaks of supernatural things to children: "Yes, my child, she is." After the christening my mother brought the baby in to me and gave her a very beautiful brooch, as she wished that my daughter's first present should be from her. Two weeks later I again sat with them all at table. . . .

There was now nothing to delay the wedding of Prince Alfons and Princess Louise. First the Duca and Duchessa di Genova arrived, then the Duc and Duchesse d'Alençon with the bride, accompanied by her brother the Duc de Vendôme and her uncle the Comte d'Eu; last of all arrived Francis II. the King of Naples,² whose Consort, "the heroine of Gaeta," was of course a sister of the Duchesse d'Alençon:

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG, *April* 1891.

. . . The bride looked lovely in her simple white satin dress, with long tulle veil, and without jewels. After the ceremony her mother said to me with tears in her eyes, and an expression in her voice that only a mother's can have

¹ On March 14, 1891; it is not customary for a Sovereign to deputize for anyone of lesser rank; the baby Princess was baptized Maria del Pilar Eulalia Antonia Isabel Louise Françoise Josepha Rita Euphrasia and all the Saints.

² See page 134, footnote 3.



PRINCE ALFONS OF BAVARIA ONLY BROTHER OF PRINCE
LUDWIG FERDINAND, AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESSE LOUISE
D'ORLEANS

when it speaks of her child's happiness : " Now she belongs to you " ; and I answered : " You may set your mind at rest. " . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *May 5, 1891.*

. . . Since my return I do not care for Paris any more. I would give this entire house for one room in Nymphenburg. Every morning I miss your visit and that of the boys and long to be present when your little Pilar is carried in to you like a bundle ; I want to see her laugh, and look into her blue eyes, that are as blue as yours and mine. . . . The King of Naples has just been here ; he sends warmest greetings, as also do the Alençons and the Nemours. I told them about the enthusiastic welcome and serenade the young couple received on their return to Munich from the honeymoon. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *May 6, 1891.*

. . . You can have no idea how much we miss you. I hope you have not had too much worry in Paris. . . . To-day Louise has to receive all the ladies of Munich society. Yesterday it was the Diplomatic Corps. The gala theatre performance was beautiful—the Regent made us sit in his box. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *May 26, 1891.*

. . . Already little Pilar can sit up in her chair ; she laughs the whole day long and is growing fast. . . . Louise is greatly admired in Munich. To-day we have a family dinner party at Gisela's. The King of Naples has bestowed Orders on the officers and gentlemen of the Household, as souvenirs of the wedding. It will not have cost him very much, but it makes an excellent impression. Tell him we are very grateful to him. Louise has risen still more in everybody's eyes through this act of generosity on her uncle's part. Such is the world ! . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *August 17, 1891.*

. . . We are impatiently waiting for you. Tell me when you are coming and if you will be here for the German Emperor's visit, as all the arrangements must at once be seen to, the programme, order of places at table, and such matters.

Eulalia and Antonio arrive on the sixth of September. There will be a grand military Review : tribunes will be erected, the first rows reserved for the princesses. There one must hold out for five hours, either in rain and cold, or roasted in the sun. It begins at nine o'clock in the morning on the heath near Schleissheim,¹ so we must leave here before eight. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHINZNACH, *August 21, 1891.*

. . . In order to avoid awkward questions of precedence I find it more tactful for me not to take part in the festivities in honour of the German Emperor. I have already made his acquaintance, and I think the Regent will appreciate my motives. Later I shall come to Nymphenburg with the greatest pleasure. Your Aunt Montpensier is here on a visit ; I am very happy to have my sister with me. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG, *September 1891.*

. . . Before the Emperor arrived Mamma sent me home my boys from Schinznach, so that I could present those two future soldiers to him. I took them with me to the really splendid Royal tattoo outside the Residenz, but unfortunately did not take them to the Review, as I thought they had no business there. I regret it extremely as one should seize every opportunity of instilling the love of their Fatherland into children's minds. The march past was very fine. My husband rode by twice with the 2nd Schweren Reiter Regiment the uniform of which he has worn since he was eighteen years of age. Amongst the foreign officers was a Spaniard, the Marqués de Mendigorria. At the state dinner the same evening many people were presented to me, including the Imperial Chancellor, General von Caprivi : he told me in the kindest way that the Emperor had telegraphed to the Empress saying that it was one of the finest Reviews he had ever seen : I was quite proud. Then Caprivi spoke of the difference between the Austrian and German troops. I remarked that very often troops—for example in Spain—were excellent soldiers, even if they were not so *stramm* (strapping) as the Germans. The General gave me a benevolent smile for my pride of country and said : " One need only have asked Napoleon I. whether the Spaniards

¹ An old Royal castle a few miles north of Munich, now a museum.

were good soldiers or not"—and by this he quite won my heart at once and I could have embraced him. The Emperor was most attentive to the Regent, wore the uniform of the Bavarian First Uhlan Regiment, and all through his stay led the Regiment himself, and surpassed himself in amiability. He particularly singled out my sister Eulalia, and has invited her to Berlin. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *November 10, 1891.*

. . . I am quite home-sick for Nymphenburg although Eulalia and her children go about with me everywhere, and I am often with your father. . . . I am so glad of Elvira's engagement,¹ all the more so as her future husband seems to have a personality likely to make her happy. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYPHENBURG, *November 12, 1891.*

. . . You will by this have heard from Eulalia all about Elvira. It is a pleasure to see them together ; they are a very handsome couple. She is in sympathy with all his wishes ; I hope it will always continue so. He plays the violin beautifully and she accompanies him on the piano ; moreover, she has taken up singing again. To-day they are coming to dine with us. . . . Little Pilar is running about already. She has a quantity of fair hair and is really too nice. . . .

My mother had secretly been cherishing the hope that she could again revisit her old home, but when she saw it was not possible she resigned herself to the inevitable. She mentions this longing in her Diary. Then, speaking of an old friend of hers, Don Miguel Tenorio, she says something about the notorious and celebrated Spanish dancer, Lola Montes, that I should like to quote. Lola Montes was partly the cause of the abdication of Ludwig I. in the year 1848 in favour of his son Maximilian II. Ludwig I. had taken a violent fancy to that wonderfully beautiful, evidently very clever woman, and absolutely refused to send

¹ Princess Elvira, born 1868, second sister of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, married at Munich on December 28, 1891, Rudolf, Reichgraf (Count of the Austrian Empire) von Wrba (1864-1927).

her away from Munich when, in that year of revolution, the very excited feelings of the Government and people demanded that he should do so. Don Miguel Tenorio, who had held many important posts in Spain during the reign of Ysabel II., had now for some time lived a very retired life in an hotel in Munich. My mother describes the incident as follows :

I once bought at a second-hand bookshop in Munich a portrait which I was told was that of Lola Montes the Spanish woman—she was not a real Spaniard—who after captivating Dumas and Liszt, captivated Ludwig I. and played a brief and unpleasing rôle in Bavarian history. I showed this picture one day to my old friend Tenorio, and asked him if he recognized it. To my great astonishment he answered : “ Of course I do—Lola Montes—I knew her personally.” He then told me this anecdote. When he was Governor of Barcelona Lola came to him one day to beg of him to find one of her husbands who (perhaps wisely) had run away from her. She was very handsome and evidently knew well that her beautiful eyes full of tears made a particularly touching impression upon men—so she kept them quite desperately wet. In her despair she wrung her hands and shook her head so vehemently that the tears even splashed about—then she suddenly looked up ravislingly at Tenorio and said : “ But what beautiful feet you have, Señor Gobernador ! ” and forgot to cry any more.

She was clever in her management of men, was the lovely Lola Montes !

●

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mostly of Musicians and Poets, 1892-1896

1892

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *January* 26, 1892.

. . . Poor Duchess Maximilian got inflammation of the lungs and died within two days. Fortunately the Alençons were still here, but I do not know if any of her other daughters could have arrived in time. In any case the Empress of Austria is ill in Vienna.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February* 15, 1892.

. . . It is awfully cold and we are almost snowed in. Louise can go to no balls this year on account of her mourning for her grandmother, and of course it is the same with Gisela's eldest daughter Elisabeth. Gisela was very fond of her Bavarian grandmother and visited her every day. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *February* 28, 1892.

To-day is Carnival Sunday. Involuntarily my thoughts flew to the Carnival in Madrid and my girlhood. But they soon came back to the present as my children, masked and costumed, ran into the room. Ferdinand as a Chinaman, Adalbert as an Arab with a big stuffed elephant, and Pilar in trousers; she looked too funny and the whole house had to admire her. . . . In the afternoon I took the two elder to see a play performed by the children of my Institution in Neuhausen. The piece was very sad and Adalbert did not want either to look at or listen to it; he shut his eyes and put his fingers in his ears. He will have to learn to keep his feelings under control. . . .

NYMPHENBURG, *Tuesday, March 8, 1892.*

We had several visitors to-day, which seldom happens. The first to appear was the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, a sister of Don Carlos's wife ; I was particularly friendly to her because I may not meet her sister. I was just going to dress for a dinner party at the Regent's when the Archduke Albrecht,¹ the "Victor of Custozza," was announced ; I am extremely fond of his sister the Archduchess Rainer. Unfortunately I had not time to receive the Duchess Amalie in Bavaria, the daughter of Karl Theodor by his first wife, who came in quite late with her fiancé the Duke of Urach. As it takes half an hour to drive from here to the Residenz we are always afraid of being late and therefore generally appear too early ; as it happened the dinner was in honour of the engagement of Amalie and Urach so I was able to explain to them my apparent discourtesy. Amongst the foreign Royalties (besides the Grand Duchess of Tuscany and the Archduke Albrecht) was the Grand Duke of Luxembourg.² I was so distraite that I only remarked he was there when we were actually sitting at table. As, owing to eye trouble, he had hardly been able to see the last time I met him I thought he did not recognize me ; but he suddenly raised his glass and drank to my health. When I apologized for being remiss he said laughingly that young women never looked at an old man of seventy-five. . . .

NYMPHENBURG, *Sunday, March 13, 1892.*

To-day my daughter is one year old. She is beginning to run about already. What will the poor child have to go through in her life ! . . . Yesterday, the Regent's birthday, there was a service in the Theatiner Church for the Princesses, and a Military High Mass in St. Michaelskirche for the Princes, after which there was the unveiling in the Feldherrenhalle of a monument given by the Regent—a group representing the army as guardian of Peace. God grant it may be an omen of peace and happiness to the land and that there may never be war again ! Only in defence of its honour and life should a country resort to war. Such thoughts as these passed through my mind yesterday on seeing the troops standing to attention

¹ 1817–1895 : an uncle of Queen Regent Cristina of Spain ; he married in 1844 Hildegard (1825–1864), daughter of Ludwig I. of Bavaria.

² Adolf (1817–1905) ; in 1921 his granddaughter, Princess Antoinette, became the second wife of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, see page 330.

at the four corners of the monument, and as I watched the march past. . . .

NYMPHENBURG, *Wednesday, March 16, 1892.*

The King and Queen of Württemberg came to pay a visit to the Bavarian Court. We were presented to them at the station one after the other as we stood in a row like the chorus singers in an opera. In the evening there was a reception at Leopold's, to which only those of first-class court-rank¹ were invited. It is only at the Germanic Courts that such distinctions are made, and I find it is not right. I did my best to be amiable to everyone, in spite of a toothache. The next morning my face was so swollen that I wanted to stay at home, but nevertheless was obliged to go to the state dinner. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *March 27, 1892.*

. . . Your doll is lovely and nearly as big as the whole of Pilar. She admires it with open mouth. I hope you are coming soon to see the live doll who is really too nice. Eulalia will be with the Genovas to-day. . . . Amalie Karl Theodor will be married to Urach in Tegernsee at the end of June. I do not know if we shall be invited. . . . To-morrow there will be a reception for them given by the Prussian Minister Count Eulenburg.² I hope he will recite something for us ; they say he does it very well. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *Monday, March 28, 1892.*

This evening we are going to Count Eulenburg's. He is very sympathetic and has the soul of a real artist, poet and writer, in fact an oasis in the modern drawing-room, where so many uninteresting people are congregated together. For six years I have been waiting to hear him sing. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *April 16, 1892.*

. . . We think you ought to spend the greater part of the year with us here. You have many friends in Bavaria, begin-

¹ *erste Hofrangklasse.*

² 1847-1921 : created in 1900 1st Prince zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld ; author of *Philip Eulenburg : the Kaiser's Friend*, translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne ; ed. by J. Haller. London, Martin Secker, 1930.

ning with the Regent. Eulalia frightened me, she wrote in such trouble about her health from Monaco. I was on the point of going there, but she is much better. The Prince and Princess of Monaco ¹ she says were very kind to her. . . . Pilar is running about now quite alone. You will see what a darling she is with her rosy cheeks. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *Tuesday, April 19, 1892.*

It is snowing since two days, but I do not mind. Pilar makes me so happy. It is funny with what a mixture of pride, pleasure and fear children take their first steps alone. She laughs, gets red in the face, and then quickly throws herself into my arms. They will always be open for her. . . .

The marriage of Amalie, only daughter of Duke Karl Theodor in Bavaria by his first wife Princess Sophie of Saxony, to the Duke of Urach at Schloss Tegersee still holds a pleasant place in my mother's memory, not only on account of the beauty of the place itself—one of the loveliest of the Bavarian mountain lakes—but also because she met there various interesting personalities. The Schloss belongs to the Ducal line of the Bavarian Royal family; it dates from the time of Charlemagne, and was a well-known monastery famous, particularly in the tenth century, for its beautifully illuminated miniatures and missals, the special work of the monks. It stands close to the edge of the lake near the church. Naturally all the Royal family of Bavaria met there. As near relatives of the bride's mother, the House of Wettin was well represented; King Albrecht of Saxony with Queen Karolina, his brother Georg (who later succeeded him as King) with his two sons Johann Georg and Max, and his daughter Mathilde; his younger daughter Maria Josepha came with her husband the Archduke Otto of Austria:²

¹ Albert I. (1848–1922) and his second wife, Alice *née* Heine, widow of the 2nd Duc de Richelieu.

² Mother and father of the Emperor Karl (1887–1921).

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *July 6, 1892.*

. . . The Prince of Monaco¹ is going to see you and will tell you all about Amalia's wedding. The Schloss and Church are wonderful. The various uniforms and the light costumes of the ladies looked to the best advantage in the sunshine ; it was a beautiful sight and reminded me a little of the wedding procession in *Lohengrin*, particularly as they moved out of the church when the ceremony was over. It was interesting to see them all together. After the Princes of Württemberg (the bridegroom's nearest relations) came the mediatized Princes, then the German Dukes, the Bavarian Regent, the Kings of Naples and Saxony, the Emperor of Austria and, last of all, the newly married pair. Both are very tall and slight. Amalia was agitated before the ceremony, but afterwards very gay and happy. She wore a white silk dress with a very long train covered with wonderfully beautiful lace, and a tulle veil which fell over her face and reached the ground. On her head she wore a wreath of diamonds intertwined with myrtle. Her husband is very nice. His old mother can hardly walk. She had herself carried into the church, and appeared after lunch in the *salon*. She charged me with many remembrances for you, as did also Alfonso² and his wife: He is very agreeable ; it is a pity that a political gulf stands ever between us—unless such a thing should happen as that Don Jaime leaves no heirs. There were many handsome princesses present ; the daughter of Contessa di Trani—the Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen—looked very well ; also the Archduchess Otto and Karl Ludwig. . . . To my great surprise Ludwig Ferdinand enjoyed himself extremely. Clara was delighted and looked very nice in a pale-blue frock. It was terribly hot, but in spite of that beautiful. . . .

What interested my mother most of all was the meeting between herself and Don Alfonso, the brother of the Carlist Pretender, and his Princess. She found them both very sympathetic. She had often heard from Queen Ysabel's lips how Alfonso's wife, who was born Maria-das-Neves de Braganza, wearing the Basque *boina* on her head, had stood at her husband's

¹ The Duke of Urach's mother was born a Princess of Monaco.

² Brother, and representative at the wedding, of the Pretender Don Carlos VII.

side during the Carlist War against Alfonso XII., and by her presence inspired the troops with enthusiasm.

The King of Naples looked on with curiosity and pleasure while my mother kept up a seemingly interesting and friendly conversation with Don Alfonso ; later he told her that he had experienced a similar situation when at a dinner party he had once had to give his arm to the Duchessa di Genova—in spite of the fact that the House of Savoy was at mortal enmity with the Neapolitan Royal family. My mother became so sad thinking over the Carlist “political gulf” that she cried during the drive home. When my father asked what was the matter, she said she found it deplorable that such a charming man as Don Alfonso could not visit the Spanish Court. In this my mother was like Queen Ysabel ; neither of them ever had any rancour in their hearts against the family of Don Carlos. A day or two later at a dinner at the Regent’s, my mother was placed beside Don Alfonso and opposite her was the Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Crailsheim, who felt as if he were sitting on a volcano expecting every minute an unpleasant scene. But to his astonishment my mother and Don Alfonso seemed to be enjoying themselves extremely. When the music struck up *España* by Chabrier, they drank to each other ; and when dinner was over Don Alfonso’s Chamberlain rushed over to my mother and exclaimed : “Thank God, Señora, that at last I may lay myself at your feet. I have often been in Munich but did not dare to present myself.” When leaving the Palace my mother spoke to one of Don Alfonso’s men-servants ; some years later this man wrote to her saying he was returning to his native village, and begging her to let him have a certificate stating that while on duty at the wedding he had received a Bavarian medal from the Prince Regent. He had no paper attesting it, and no one in his village would believe him if my mother did not confirm it. She gladly fulfilled his wish, being particularly pleased that a servant of a Carlist Prince felt that he could apply to her.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *October 9, 1892.*

. . . Ludwig has been sent to Weimar to represent the Regent at the golden wedding of the Grand Duke. Besides the German Emperor he will meet the Grand Ducal pair from Baden, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, Charlotte Meiningen (the Emperor's sister) with her husband, the Queen of Holland with her mother Queen Emma, and many others. I would have liked to have gone with him, but unfortunately it could not be. . . .

It was a very big affair. The Emperor was nearly related to the old Grand Duke, his grandmother the Empress Augusta being the Grand Duke's sister. The Duke of York¹ was there also representing the Court of Great Britain. It was natural that my mother should have wished to go ; it was said at the time that there was no place, but the real reason came out later. The old Grand Duke Karl Alexander of Weimar was a very kindly, tactful man. He knew that, in honour of his wife Marie Sophie who was a daughter of King William II. of the Netherlands, a play by Richard Voss was to be given in which the freeing of the Netherlands from Spanish dominion was glorified. It would, he thought, be bad taste for him to invite my mother to witness it. Some time later my mother had an opportunity of speaking to Richard Voss himself about the incident and he laughed and said that the old Grand Duke was quite right.

My father was delighted with Weimar. The narrow streets with cobble-stone pavings were then just as they had been in Goethe's time. Moreover, the Grand Duke when a child must more than once have seen the illustrious author as he was fourteen years old when Goethe was laid beside Schiller in the Ducal vault in Weimar. When the Grand Duke Karl Alexander's mother, the Grand Duchess Anna Paulowna—a daughter of the unhappy Tsar Paul—entered Weimar, Schiller himself composed in her honour the poem *Die Huldigung der Künste*.

¹ His Majesty King George V.

II

1893

HERR HERMANN LEVI TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MUNICH, *January 2*, 1893.

Will Your Royal Highness forgive me these few informal lines written just before the Opera begins. After speaking to d'Andrade he desires to let Your Royal Highness know that *in any case*—whether he goes to Augsburg or not—he will keep a day free to sing for Your Royal Highness as many Spanish songs as ever you like. Of course he would be very happy if Your Royal Highness would do him the great honour of allowing him to pay his respects to you this evening either during the *entr'acte* or after the Opera. The first signal for the Opera to begin has just been given. There is therefore just time for me to say in one word how highly honoured and happy Your Royal Highness's note made me. . . .

HERMANN LEVI.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *January 8*, 1893.

. . . Pilar is every day nicer. We took her to the baptism of Elvira's son,¹ and also to the Schäfflertanz. Every seven years the Schäffler² dance in procession through the streets of Munich. Once long ago when the plague was raging the people were in such fear and despair that they shut themselves up in their homes afraid to open windows or doors. A band of young coopers determined to raise the spirits of the inhabitants and give them courage came dancing through the streets to the sound of merry music. They were dressed in gay red jackets and carried fresh green branches in their hands. The people, forgetting their fear, rushed into the street; windows and doors were opened; fresh, cleansing air entered; they returned to their usual occupations, and little by little the sickness abated until it quite died out. Then the coopers made a vow to repeat the dance every seven years in thanksgiving.

Yesterday Louise's brother Emmanuel Vendôme³ was here;

¹ Count Rudolf von Wrba-Kaunitz-Rietberg-Questenberg und Freudenthal, born 1892.

² Coopers who make the casks for the famous Bavarian beer.

³ See page 178, footnote 3: (1872-1931) grandson of Louis Philippe, married in 1896 Princess Henriette, sister of Albert II., King of the Belgians.

he only stayed a few hours in Munich, dined with us, and afterwards we skated in the Park. In the evening he went to the theatre with his sister, and then left by train. He brought us fresh news of you. . . .

FROM THE DIARY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

NYMPHENBURG, *February 3, 1893.*

Eulalia's life is certainly much more exciting than mine. She wrote to tell me that she and her husband will be sent by the Queen Regent to visit Cuba and Puerto Rico in order to try to raise their rapidly vanishing national spirits a little. Afterwards they are to go (also as representing the Queen) to the International Exhibition in Chicago. It is very fine to be able to serve one's country in this way. When I hear the wind blowing and my windows shaking I feel rather anxious about my sister crossing the ocean.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *February 24, 1893.*

. . . There have been great festivities here for Prince Ludwig's silver wedding. . . . The Archduchess Elizabeth¹ is here and took part in them all. She will go to Spain at the beginning of March. Naturally I feel a wee bit envious. But at least I have seen some Spaniards lately. Breton the composer came with his wife on his way to Prague where his opera *Garin* will be given; and on the twenty-eighth Sarasate gives a concert. . . .

HERR HERMANN LEVI TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MUNICH, *May 1893.*

. . . It would be a great presumption on my part if I were to characterize Your Royal Highness's predilection for Verdi² as a want of artistic taste, as Your Royal Highness seems to take for granted I am likely to do. I only think that for every man his nationality erects an almost insurmountable barrier above which he can rarely raise himself. Just as Wagner expresses the deepest and sublimest feelings of the German mind, the French find their most perfect embodiment in Molière, and the Italians in the music of Verdi. Nor would I blame a Roman, or proudly look down on him, were he to think less of our

¹ The mother of Princess Ludwig (afterwards Queen Maria Theresa) and of the Queen Regent Cristina of Spain: see p. 84.

² The Princess had sent him a present of some bound volumes of Verdi's music.

works of art than of those of his own country. The real point is that one has a heart at all for art, and Your Royal Highness may believe me that I never doubted for a moment your high ideals and aspirations, and that my faith in you cannot be shaken even by the fact that you still stand hesitating and afraid before Wagner! . . . The evening in Nymphenburg still echoes in my mind as one of the most beautiful and melodious of my memories. . . . I can assure Your Royal Highness that I have never felt myself in any society, so *free*, so released from conventionalities and pretence as I have in yours, and that I am always happy to serve and be the true and loyal servant of *such* Princes. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *May* 30, 1893.

. . . Eulalia's journey seems to be going on well. In Havana particularly she had great success. The Duque de Veragua¹ has already been in the United States where he was cordially welcomed as the descendant of Christopher Columbus. . . .

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

[From the French]

POTSDAM, *July* 7, 1893.

DEAR COUSIN !

Punctuality is the politeness of Kings, even when it is a question of answering a letter. According to this rule I fear I have been very impolite to you for not having replied to your charming letter sooner. The fault lies, however, with *force majeure*. I am sure, dear Cousin, that you realize what it means to be the father—not only of children—but of an entire people. These beloved people are now and then hard to satisfy, because sixty million children cannot always be of one mind. They leave one breathless, and time flies without one being able to attend to personal affairs, or fulfil one's duties towards such a kind correspondent as yourself. But "it is never too late to amend," so I beg your forbearance, and thank you sincerely for your kind words with regard to my Navy. My officers and sailors have had a feast for themselves in

¹ Veragua, i.e. to see water: Columbus (Colón) was the first Duke; the heir to the title is always baptized Christopher (Cristóbal).



PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND AND HIS YOUNGEST CHILD
PRINCESS PILAR

arranging one for your charming sister.¹ She made them all happy and turned all their heads ; she was most kind to everyone on board. Who would not be enchanted by such charm as you both possess ! Your sister has also written me a very nice letter on the same subject, but I do not know to where I can send my answer. Perhaps you, dear Cousin, would be so kind as to convey my thanks to Eulalia. I hope I have not forfeited all claims to the many marks of kindness you shower on me when I am in Munich.

I kiss your hand as your faithful Cousin

WILHELM.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *August 24, 1893.*

. . . Eulalia passed through here on her journey to England. . . . A few days ago your father returned from Plombières : I see him very often. The situation in Spain is somewhat complicated, but I feel sure that God will make it all come right, and protect the little King and his mother. She conducts everything with great judgement and does all she can for Spain. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *November 19, 1893.*

. . . The wedding of Gisela's daughter² was splendid. We, and even the bride, had to wear low-necked dresses and court trains, which I do not find suitable in a church. The Princes and Princesses walked two and two from the Throne room of the Residenz Palace down into the Hofkirche, followed by their Ladies-in-Waiting and Aides-de-Camp, their trains carried by pages. The smartest of all were the Hungarians in their national costumes. It was a beautiful sight. The Arch-duchesses Stephanie³ and Clotilde Coburg⁴ wore particularly

¹ When the Infanta Eulalia visited Havana there was a certain amount of unrest and the Emperor ordered the German training ship *Gneisenau* to stand by during her stay ; the Infanta, in return, paid a visit on board, where she was enthusiastically received.

² Princess Augusta, second daughter of Prince and Princess Leopold of Bavaria, married the Archduke Joseph at Munich on November 15, 1893. Two weeks later her eldest sister Elisabeth married at Genoa Otto Count Seefried-Buttenheim ; in 1919 their daughter Augusta became Princess Adalbert of Bavaria.

³ Youngest daughter of Leopold II. of the Belgians and widow of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria (now Princess Lónyay).

⁴ The bridegroom's mother.

magnificent jewels. Both the Archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor begged me to remember them most particularly to you. Everyone inquires with much interest about you, as they know it gives me pleasure. . . .

HERR PAUL HEYSE TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

December 27, 1893.

. . . In order to set the tender conscience of my respected *hermana* (sister) in Apollo at rest, I reply at once that it can only be a pleasure to me if my really inadequate translations can help to make the talent of the noble poetess better known and honoured in Germany. These unassuming attempts of mine belong in every sense to you. . . . My work translating those charming poems was a delight as it reminded me of the good young times when, as a student of Romanic philology, I devoted myself with passionate eagerness to the richly superabundant Spanish literature, and published through Geibel a Spanish song-book. Since then I have applied myself so exclusively to Italian that I must renounce the pleasure of answering my Royal patroness's kind letter in her own language. But *on revient toujours à ses premières amours*, and so I beg my "sister in Apollo" not to look at it as a trouble, but as the bestowal of a great favour if at any time she wishes to have any more of her poems translated by me. . . .

III

1894

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *January 12, 1894.*

. . . Ludwig is going to Berlin to thank the Emperor for the Order of the Black Eagle and receive from him the Collar. You can imagine with what pleasure I accompany him. As soon as the Emperor heard Eulalia was with us he invited her also. We shall start on the fifteenth and she on the eighteenth, as she has promised the Prince Regent to be present at the Court ball here on the seventeenth. I must say I think that after five years' unbroken residence in Nymphenburg I have earned these five days' "leave of absence." . . .

My mother was quite touched by the thoughtful kindness of the German Emperor and Empress. The

first thing the Emperor did was to place Count Clemens Schönborn, a Bavarian noble, who was at that time serving in the Garde du Corps, at my father's service. At the Investiture two Bavarian Cadets were chosen to carry my mother's train. When she asked them how it came about they told her that the Emperor had himself sent a command to the military school that Bavarian Cadets were to be selected for this honour. The rooms allotted to my parents were full of remembrances of Munich; amongst other things an album published by my mother some time before for charity lay on the table. Before Aunt Eulalia's arrival the Emperor gave a dinner party to which the Spanish Ambassador was invited, and later a second one (also with the Ambassador) at which she was present. Even the most trifling attentions indicated a delicate forethought that was truly charming.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN ISABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *January* 23, 1894.

. . . I wanted to write to you from Berlin but could not get time to do so during my six days there. I cannot tell you how extremely kind the Emperor was to us. We had three big dinner parties, the fête of the Order, and a small ball given by the Emperor and Empress, besides a dinner at the Empress Frederick's, one at the Spanish Ambassador's, and a luncheon at the Bavarian Legation. Then there was a gala performance at the opera, and one at the theatre. We also made an excursion with the Empress's sister¹ to Potsdam. With all this very full programme I still found time to see three museums, and pay a visit to the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville who is very ill and whom I fear even the specialist cannot cure. I was greatly pleased with Berlin, and Ludwig also was content. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *April* 8, 1894.

. . . Have already seen Levi and Solbrig and greeted them from you. Last Sunday I was at Levi's concert, although I could only arrive towards the end as I had to be at the opening

¹ Princess Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, the daughter-in-law of Prince Friedrich Karl, "the Red Prince"; see page 146.

of the Academy earlier. To-day we go again, and to-morrow he is to come to us to conduct Beethoven's *Septette*. The musicians of the Chapel Royal will play. I am sure it will be beautiful. I knew Levi already from Munich and Bayreuth. I like him very much, he is agreeable and intelligent. Solbrig too seems very nice. . . .

HERR HERMANN LEVI TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

GRANADA, *April 12*, 1894.

. . . During the busy and exciting days in Madrid it was impossible for me to collect my thoughts. I let myself be carried away on the clouds without will of my own, and lived a dream life from which I am only now beginning to awaken little by little : Yes ; it would have seemed to me not right to have answered Your Royal Highness's gracious lines and that beautiful and deeply moving poem with a hasty superficial letter, wrung from me in the midst of that mad whirl. Now, however, my journey through the Andalusian groves and the first magical spring morning in Granada having somewhat restored the serenity of my mind, my first duty is to thank Your Royal Highness from the depths of my heart for everything that you have done for me and for all you have been to me during all this time. I felt myself from the first moment I put foot on Spanish soil as if enveloped in a warm sheltering mantle thrown over me by a beneficent fairy, and I had the conviction that everything must succeed with me, that no accident nor malevolent power could touch me, nor weaken the effects of the blessing Your Royal Highness gave me on my way. At the head of the Orchestra I felt neither lonely nor a stranger ; I was amongst your countrymen and your friends, and I had from the first moment the feeling of confidence and joy that lifted me high above myself and raised my artistic skill to the highest degree so that it was easy to sweep my orchestra along with me and lead them to victory. . . .

No ; Your Royal Highness has truly not exaggerated nor said too much about this wonder-land ; there is no word that is not far below the reality. And now that I have seen your land and people with my own eyes and heart I am able better to understand Your Royal Highness's character, and I hope Your Royal Highness will not find it presumptuous on my part if I say that I never felt myself so near Your Royal Highness as here, so many miles and miles away ; it seems to me as if I were constantly hearing your voice and feeling your presence. . . . The details of our journey, the concerts, the

overwhelming graciousness of Her Majesty, the kindness of your Royal sister, above all the way in which all your friends have taken us up and spoiled us, friend Solbrig will have fully described already; so that it now only remains for me to repeat again my deepest, innermost thanks and, assuring Your Royal Highness of my unchangeable attachment and respect, lay them at your feet!

HERR PAUL HEYSE TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

April 13, 1894.

. . . Will you allow me, most gracious Princess, to tell you that the liveliest wish I have is to open my mind to you, and let you know that in a dark and heavy hour ¹ *my* whole view of life was changed? Even with the danger of my innermost convictions being in complete contradiction to yours, still I have it much at heart that my Royal patroness should see me exactly as I am, mindful of the words: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Over the dividing thresholds thereof surely men of goodwill, thirsting for truth, can stretch out their hands to one another in neighbourly friendship. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *August 24, 1894.*

. . . They tell me you are going to Spain this year.² You know that your rooms are always ready for you in my house, and that it gives me the greatest joy and happiness whenever you come to me. Your sister Isabel is coming to spend my birthday and your father's Name-day with us. It would be lovely if we could all meet together here. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *December 31, 1894.*

. . . I am glad you find a resemblance between us, not only in our features, but also in our way of thinking and feeling; I think your little Pilar will be like us in that: even though she will have to pass many sorrowful hours during her life, she will still be thankful for the many good ones, and, like us, make the most of them. . . .

¹ The reference is to the death of his only son.

² To the great regret of my mother this visit did not materialize: she had three whole years to wait before she again saw Spain.—
A. OF B.

IV

1895-1896

Between 1895 and 1897 my mother suffered great anxiety on account of the revolts in Cuba and the Philippines, which she realized boded ill for Spain, although at that time neither she nor anyone else could have foreseen the end :

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *April* 12, 1895.

. . . The official announcement of the wreck of the *Reina Regente* has filled everyone with sorrow and horror. It is terrible to think what those four hundred men must have suffered before their death. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
PARIS, *June* 1, 1895.

. . . I recommend to you with particular interest the Comtesse Tascher de la Pagerie, a niece of Napoleon III. The Prince Regent Luitpold knows her very well ; she is one of my best friends and has given me many proofs of affection. When you speak with her you will like her. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *July* 6, 1895.

. . . I herewith give you notice of the coming of two small, but very clever little subjects of mine, that I am sending to your children. They are two donkeys. They will come by express. I think they will give the children pleasure : mine already have donkeys like these ; they ride, drive and play with them. As they come from your beloved fatherland you will like them. Eulalia will tell you about our donkey's child, which she carried in to us in her arms while we were at dinner. . . .

PALACIO DE MIRAMAR, SAN SEBASTIAN, *August* 23, 1895.

. . . You ought to come to us. You would see how the children play on the strand. My little boy goes about barefooted and paddles up to his knees in the water. . . . On the fifteenth we went to Vitoria to inspect the Troops. I begged the Pope to send his blessing to our soldiers, and the Nuncio conveyed it to them—after a beautiful discourse. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January* 24, 1896.

. . . You would have been pleased yesterday if you could have seen my son in uniform for the first time.¹ He looked very well in it, and I thought of my poor husband. He would have been so happy ! The war in Cuba makes me very uneasy. May God soon send us peace and tranquillity !

MADRID, *June* 6, 1896.

. . . I can quite understand with what intense interest you follow the news in the papers about the war. Almost every day there is a more or less important engagement. God be thanked that up to now our arms have always been successful. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *June* 21, 1896.

. . . Only a few lines so that you may have them to-morrow, the day of Ferdinand's first Holy Communion. How the time flies ! It was a good thought of yours to choose the same day as the one on which you received your own first Communion so many years ago from the hands of Pope Pius IX. My prayers and innermost thoughts will be with you and yours. We send you a Holy-water font that your father had in his oratory : he wishes our beloved grandson to have it. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

TOURS, *September* 15, 1896.

. . . Next week I shall be in Paris again. On the tenth of October it will be fifty years since my marriage. How nice it would be if you could be with us on that day. I am waiting for you with impatience. I will remain a few days longer in Touraine, the garden of France. The country is beautiful—and everything I see makes me think of you. Come soon ! . . .

¹ King Alfonso XIII. was then aged nine and a half years.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Sad Stories of the Death of Kings, 1897-1903

1897

AT the State Concert which was given every year at the Court of Munich a musical composition of my father's was performed in 1897; I mention it only to show that in addition to his medical profession he occupied himself principally as a composer and a violinist. These two pursuits so completely filled his time that, as we know, he preferred to stay always in Nymphenburg so that he could give himself up to them entirely; but frequently his duties as a Prince entailed ceremonial visits to foreign Courts. My mother, always ready to agree to her husband's wishes, nevertheless felt the time had come when she should no longer be asked to postpone her long-projected and ardently desired visit to Spain. The early part of the year was overshadowed by the unexpected death of the Duchesse de Montpensier. Her son Antonio, Aunt Eulalia's husband, was broken-hearted, and her only sister Queen Ysabel felt very much the loss of the companion of her childhood and youth—the last link as it were with her early home.

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March* 13, 1897.

. . . I can imagine how delighted you will be to see your sister Isabel again at Fernando di Calabria's wedding to my niece Marie.¹ We are going through sad and anxious times

¹ The Duca di Calabria, eldest son of the Conte di Caserta, married Princess Marie, second daughter of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria (afterwards Ludwig III.) at Munich on May 31, 1897; they made their home in a wing of Schloss Nymphenburg.

here. We wait impatiently for news from the Philippines. In a few days the march on Imus will begin. . . .

MADRID, *March 17, 1897.*

. . . I have not yet answered your telegram as I imagine a letter from you is on the way. . . . I must tell you that we are in a most critical situation. If it were only my heart that had to speak, I would tell you to come here at once, as I have been wishing for years, but my conscience compels me to lay the state of affairs frankly before you. If you wish to come in spite of this, you know I shall receive you with open arms. Keep what I tell you to yourself. God only knows how long these wars with Cuba and the Philippines are going to last. Now our funds are running out. If a loan is to be raised, or any other financial operation arranged (which would mean more sacrifices for the country) one must be prepared for great opposition, and perhaps revolts in Madrid and in the Provinces. If, besides that, they have to send reinforcements to the Philippines, one must count on the resistance of the opposition parties, who would take advantage of the opportunity to disturb the general peace. The worst is that the Carlists, the Catalonian Separatists, and other agitators, have been given money, so that on the first bad news from the war they can raise a revolt in the streets. It is very probable that they will go thus far, even if doing so only serves to destroy our finances and credit abroad. Along with that, we are waiting daily for the court martial of the anarchists. Their supporters will do all in their power to prevent the accused from getting a just punishment. Already they are making threats every day in the most shameful way. I should not have told you of these unpleasant things had I not thought it indispensable, as I do not want you to expect a peaceful visit here, when I can answer for nothing but my own love for you. For that very reason I must be open with you; it would be most unpleasant for me if anything serious should happen during your stay—the interruption of the railway lines or some such thing. . . . Perhaps it would be better if you were again to postpone your journey until the operations in the Philippines, the movements of the troops, and the trial of the anarchists are over. If you wish to come in spite of this danger I shall be very glad, but I cannot take the responsibility of advising you to do so. You can understand how hard it is for me to be obliged to confess this sad state of affairs in our beloved land. . . .

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA

NYMPHENBURG, *March 21, 1897.*

. . . The moment we received your telegram we gave up all thoughts of our journey. We should have been so happy to see you again after a lapse of some eight years, but we understand that you have more important things to occupy you. I must only tell you that this time Ludwig *wanted* to take me to Spain. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March 26, 1897.*

. . . It is with absolute despair that I take my pen to write to you on receiving to-day your telegram renouncing your journey. When I wrote to Paz I was under the apprehension of the difficulties of the moment. . . . In the meantime a great deal has changed. Yesterday came the good news of the taking of Imus. With this I hope the war will soon be over. Also the other things I spoke of in my letter have improved. There is now really no serious reason for putting off your journey. I am overjoyed more than I can say at the prospect of seeing you again. After all the anxieties and troubles of these difficult times you can brighten me up with the sunshine of your dear visit. . . .

After several telegrams back and forward, we started early in April for Madrid, stopping only a short time in Paris with Queen Ysabel. For us children it was all a great adventure. We were old enough to enjoy something of the journey; Ferdinand was thirteen, I eleven, and Pilar six. When we got to Madrid we found our life in the Royal Palace quite lovely. We dined and played with King Alfonso and his two sisters; he let us ride his ponies, and we drove nearly every day together to the Casa de Campo or in El Pardo. The King and I became great chums, there being only two weeks difference in our ages. Our most thrilling diversion was, seated beside the coachman, to drive a four-in-hand carriage with mules. Neither of us, naturally, had the strength to hold or guide them, so we divided the task between us; one held the reins of the two animals on the off side, and the other those on the near. In this manner we drove

up and down the very twisty terraces that lead from the Palace to the Campo del Moro—or Palace gardens—then round about at full gallop through the park. That we did not overturn we owed to our good mules, knowing as they did much more about precipices and dangerous narrow paths than we did. Of course, we fondly imagined ourselves to be first-class whips.

The Campo del Moro had been converted by Queen Cristina from a rather bare piece of park, sloping steeply down from the Palace to the banks of the River Manzanares, into a blooming terraced garden with fine trees, a large teahouse and many ideal spots in which to play. This was the principal scene of our activities—a perfect paradise. Naturally we did not give much thought to the war over the seas, nor to the worries of the grown-ups. All we were sorry for was that the lovely days passed so quickly.

I do not remember exactly how long we stayed at that time in Spain nor, on the way back, at Queen Ysabel's house in Paris; I only know that we lunched at Epinay with King Francisco on the day¹ when the Duchesse d'Alençon and many others lost their lives in a terrible fire.

A fancy fair called the Bazar de la Charité for the benefit of the poor was being held. Many ladies of highest French society took part in it; the Duchesse who was a patroness and who was presiding at one of the stalls had begged my mother to visit her there. A big flimsy enclosure had been erected; it was charmingly fitted up but, incomprehensible as it now seems, the necessary precautions against fire were completely neglected.

Queen Ysabel drove to Epinay on that fatal morning accompanied by all of us and attended by her Lord Chamberlain the Marqués de Grijalba. My mother wanted to return to Paris immediately after luncheon in order to keep her promise to the Duchesse; King Francisco, however, protested, saying that as he saw her so seldom she might stay a little longer with him.

¹ May 4, 1897.

We were sitting in the garden after luncheon when the Marqués de Grijalba was called to the telephone. He was told about the fire, and assured that his two daughters who had been selling there were safe. My mother's first thoughts were of Sophie d'Alençon—but the Marqués found that it was quite impossible to get any news of her. We then noticed clouds of smoke rising over Paris in the distance. My mother had no peace from that moment, and we drove hurriedly back to the city, my grandfather rejoicing that to gratify his wish she had delayed her departure. I believe that had she gone to the bazaar she would have taken us all with her.

When we reached Paris my father went at once to the house of the Duc d'Alençon in the Rue Beaujou. "*Madame la Duchesse n'est pas rentrée,*" they said ; no one knew exactly where she was. Just as he was leaving my father saw the Duchesse's sister the Contessa di Trani ; all five sisters, the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, Queen Marie of Naples, the Contessa and the Duchesse, were very much alike with the same slight figures, and my father—greatly relieved—thought it was Sophie until she came nearer. Alas ! the Contessa had no reassuring news.

In the meantime, terrible things had happened in the bazaar. There was a panic. Everyone rushed to the insufficient exits. The self-preservation instinct of man seems to have asserted itself in the most horrible way. One of the few who kept their self-control was the Duchesse. When friends besought her to leave she answered : "*Sauvez d'abord les jeunes filles !*" She gave a magnificent example of fearlessness and heroic self-control—similar to that of her sister the Queen of Naples at the siege of Gaeta—but she paid for her devotion to duty with her life.

The body of the Duchesse was so charred that it was scarcely possible to identify her. My poor father had to go to the Palais de Justice where the remains of all the victims had been carried in order to search for

her. The sight was too horrible—even more horrible, my father said, was the smell of burned flesh. His medical training helping him, after much searching he believed he had found the Duchesse, seeming to recognize her particularly slender figure. But no one could be certain until her dentist examined her and recognized her by her teeth. Moreover, a charred ring known to be hers was found near that particular body—all that was left of the gracious and lovely creature whom Ludwig II. so nearly made Queen of Bavaria.

In my grandmother's house there was the utmost grief and excitement. When my father returned he looked quite shaken and his clothes smelt of burning. The daughters of the Marqués de Grijalba were moaning over their injuries. They were amongst the "*jeunes filles*" of the Duchesse who had been saved. My little sister Pilar could not understand what was the matter with them all, and was rather frightened. The first of the dead Duchesse's children to arrive was the Duc de Vendôme from Brussels; he had married the year before Henriette, sister of King Albert of the Belgians; the next to come were my Uncle Alfons of Bavaria with his wife Louise, broken-hearted by her mother's terrible end.

The Duchesse had left orders in her will that after her death her particularly long and beautiful hair should be cut off and burned: Alas! death itself had fulfilled her behest.

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *May* 15, 1897.

. . . What with the fearful drama in Paris and many other sad things I could not get a moment to thank you for your dear visit. . . . I was very sorry to have to let you go so soon, but I must be grateful that I saw you at last after such a long time. . . . It was most fortunate that I only heard of the fire in Paris at the same time as the news came that you had not been there. How poor Sophie must have suffered! My children are always thinking of yours. We speak of you every day. . . .

In Spain public feeling was for the moment better. They felt certain of a successful end to the wars in Cuba and the Philippines, and lulled themselves with false hopes. However, towards the end of the year the whole Spanish people began to realize how serious the situation really was. The following letter from the Infanta Isabel to the Queen Regent's mother, the Archduchess Elisabeth, was written in December :

. . . Cuba is Spain's most absorbing anxiety. I can understand that on account of its great distance from us it is in a state of constant agitation. I do not, however, think a catastrophe will come just now. I beg of you not to worry, but to hope as I do that Crista's Regency may finish as successfully as it began. We must trust in God that this war may end satisfactorily, and that the Queen will be able to hand over to the little King a completely peaceful country. She does everything well. If she makes a mistake it is certainly not because of any lack of good will. . . . Nando and Marie Calabria have arrived. They look very well and happy. By Crista's wish they will stay a few days in the Palace. . . .

II

1898

Unhappily the Infanta Isabel's optimistic hopes were doomed to disappointment. At that time no one in Spain had as yet seriously anticipated the intervention of the United States of America. At the beginning of the new year the Spaniards were even convinced that the war in the Philippines was as good as ended ; a Thanksgiving Service held in the Chapel Royal proved to be premature :

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *January 24*, 1898.

. . . To-day there was a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the peace in the Philippines. So your Name-day has been made a notable festival.¹ May God help us on further, and also

¹ La Señora de la Paz (Our Lady of Peace), January 24.



PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
From a portrait by Lenbach

give us peace in Cuba. We want it so badly and we are longing for it. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March 11*, 1898.

. . . You announce the arrival of Richard Strauss and his wife. . . . I understand you; we are to make them pleased with their visit here. . . . I remember Strauss quite well when he conducted *Così fan tutte* and I have his autographed photograph amongst my pictures of famous artists. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *April 18*, 1898.

. . . I promised you a whole chapter about Strauss. Up to this I never heard anyone who pleased me so well as a Conductor. Only Levi can be compared with him. Strauss however is younger and consequently has more *feu sacré*. He gave me your letter, and I did everything I could for him and his wife. I believe they are much pleased with their visit to Madrid as, from the Queen to the lowest, everyone applauded. He had a tremendous ovation. His manner of conducting is astonishing, his compositions difficult to understand, but the public have taken him up both as conductor and composer with enthusiasm. His wife too has pleased very much, although her singing is of the German school. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *May 25*, 1898.

. . . I understand your anxiety about the war, but you can be proud of the way everyone is behaving, from the Queen down to the very humblest person. . . . I can see you in my own mind at the telephone speaking with the daughter of Mendez de Vigo¹ about the latest news. One must not lose one's head, but trust in God that we may come well out of it all. It is astonishing, and worthy of all respect what the country has been able to do, but superior force is against us. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *July 8*, 1898.

. . . I turn to you to try to find a little bit of peace, as in our unhappy Spain there is no place for it. Crista's fortitude

¹ The Spanish Ambassador in Berlin.

is admirable, as also her courage, intelligence and tact. I pray that her Regency may end well ; hers is a thorny path, particularly just now. . . . I should like to know your impression of this new catastrophe ? You are sure to share my opinion that our sailors have done their very utmost. They sacrificed themselves. It is very regrettable that the people here lay the blame on their shoulders. Now we have no longer any protection from the sea. I do not see any way out of the dilemma. . . . I can imagine what your feelings must be at the destruction of the Spanish Fleet.¹ . . .

I still vividly remember the evening ² when, sitting at dinner in Nymphenburg with the Genova family, the dreadful news was brought to us that the Empress Elisabeth of Austria had been murdered on the Quay at Geneva by an anarchist. The Italians were particularly horrified that the assassin was one of their countrymen, and being in Switzerland would escape a well-deserved punishment. My mother's first thoughts flew back to that awful day in Paris, the year before, when the Empress's sister Sophie also met a terrible death :

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

GRISSONAY, VALLE D'AOSTA, *September 11*, 1898.

. . . News takes so long to reach this remote valley that I have only now heard of the horrible murder of the Empress of Austria. Surely neither the Emperor nor their children have deserved all this accumulation of misfortune, and must be quite broken ; I thought at once of Gisela, and would like to give expression to my sympathy, but I do not know her enough to write to her about it. I beg of you, therefore, to be my messenger. . . . What a sorrowful impression it must also have made on your sister-in-law Louise who so recently lost her mother in such a tragic way. . . . These anarchists are infamous !

¹ The Spanish Navy was crippled to death at Manila by Admiral Dewey in May, 1898 ; what remained was destroyed off Santiago de Cuba, July 3, 1898.

² September 10, 1898.

III

1899

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 23, 1899.*

. . . I find your poem on the war with America comes out just at the right moment, when the bones of Columbus have been reinterred in the Cathedral of Seville.¹ To-morrow, your Name-day, it will be published in the *Ilustracion Española*. I am so pleased at the happy coincidence. . . .

This poem of my mother's is called *Plus Ultra*, the motto borne between the columns of Hercules in the arms of Spain ever since the discovery of America. The tenor of the poem is as follows: Spain, it is true, has lost her possessions in America, but history will continue to speak now as before of her great past, her discovery of America, and the reign of Isabella the Catholic. As the glory of a country cannot be destroyed, the motto *Plus Ultra* will ever be rightfully borne on the arms of Spain.

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 29, 1899.*

. . . Tell Levi of my enthusiasm for Wagner. . . . I have just come from Zumpe's concert² and must let you know quickly of my delight. . . . *Die Walküre* has pleased me immensely. As I have been studying Wagner's operas so much, and have such lively remembrances of Bayreuth, I feel myself on the top. As only Spanish and foreign elements are taking part in these concerts the playing is very good. These works are so lovely that one finds each time new beauties in them. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *June 6, 1899.*

. . . I want to go to San Sebastian as country and sea air are absolutely necessary for the children after their two years of unbroken residence in town. I, too, require a little fresh-

¹ When the Spaniards evacuated Havana they brought the remains of Columbus back to Spain with them.

² Zumpe, Hermann, 1856-1903, composer and conductor.

expresiones a todos en

con

de tu amante Paul

Francisco de Asis de



queridísima hija Paul.

Querido hijo tu carta. Recuerdo
por el amor el momento del
pagarte, que te tenía desahogado, y
que no te he olvidado hasta ahora
si te acuerdas. Lo muy bonito, y te
el momento de haber sido
la abuela en Barcelona.

Por lo demás tu primo me

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM KING FRANCISCO DE ASIS TO HIS DAUGHTER PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND.

Dated from Paris, 24th July 1899.

ening up. I hardly ever laugh now, and can think only of sad things. It will soon be a year since the disaster of Santiago ! . . .

MADRID, *June 16, 1899.*

. . . This last sacrifice was unavoidable. How could we have kept the Carolines without the Philippines and a Fleet ? Someone or other would have taken them from us ; or it might have come to another revolt, and we should have been obliged to send troops to quell it. All this is very sad and you will feel for me. To-day I have something very hard to go through : the reception of the United States Ambassador. It must be done, for the sake of the Fatherland and my child. . . .

IV

1900

In this first year of the new century there were three weddings at the Bavarian Court ; moreover, the three brides were the prettiest Princesses of the Wittelsbach family. The first, Mathilde, daughter of Prince Ludwig (afterwards Ludwig III.), was married to Prince Ludwig of Coburg, a nephew of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria ; her eldest brother Rupprecht (now Crown Prince) married Marie Gabrielle, daughter of Duke Karl Theodor, and Marie Gabrielle's sister Elisabeth married Albert, the present King of the Belgians. These were great events in Bavaria as they closely concerned ourselves. As Heir to the Throne, Rupprecht's marriage in particular was celebrated with great pomp ; there was an enormous gathering of Royalties, the Emperor William II. being represented by Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

BEAULIEU, A.M., *January 11, 1900.*

. . . If such a thing were possible—I would think of you *more* than ever here in this beautiful spot. How you would revel in this garden of flowers ! I have you in my heart, but I would also like you to be able to enjoy this loveliness. I am sure Ludwig too would be content here in the country. The English understand how to arrange things practically. The

Marquess of Salisbury picked out the most beautiful, healthiest and most sheltered place for his house. It stands on a hill in the middle of a blooming garden and lovely park. All the tropical trees and plants thrive in the open air, including a quantity of orange trees. The house is handsome and comfortable, has open and covered galleries with beautiful views over the blue Mediterranean and the country. The sun shines all day in all its splendour. I have already made some excursions to Nice, Monaco and Monte Carlo, and intend to do so again. Yesterday when returning from Mentone by the Corniche, I stopped at Cap Martin to look at the Empress Eugénie's house ; it is very handsome and very well situated. She will arrive there one of these days. The Duca di Calabria with his wife and two sisters came to see me a short time ago, he spoke very much of you. The Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Tuscany also visited me. I was very glad to see him again after so many years. . . .

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 21, 1900.*

. . . Mamma seems to be very happy in Beaulieu. . . . The Spanish Mission to Berlin which was to have conveyed the Golden Fleece to the German Crown Prince had to be postponed on account of the illness of the Empress's mother. I have charged them to visit you when they pass through Munich on their way home. . . .

On the tenth of March the Duque de Veragua duly came with this Mission to Nymphenburg, and my mother did everything possible to make her countrymen's stay in Munich agreeable :

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March 23, 1900.*

. . . Veragua is quite enthusiastic over your kindness. I thank you for having received the Mission so charmingly. . . .

After the wedding of the Princess Mathilde of Coburg the Duchessa di Modena invited my mother to Vienna.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO HER HUSBAND

PALAIS MODENA, VIENNA, *May 7, 1900.*

. . . Aunt Modena is so kind to me. When I drove through the town from the railway station it seemed to me I

was in Paris. Vienna is quite different from Berlin. This house is Empire style with large flower-pattern paper on the walls and symmetrically hung family portraits. . . .

We visited the Archduchess Marie in her beautiful Renaissance house. She and the Archduke¹ were so pleased to see me again. . . . To-morrow we dine with the Emperor Franz Josef in Schönbrunn. Gisela paid us a visit.

Mathilde has left already with her husband for Ebenthal. Elvira is taking me to-day to Holleschau²; we return home to-morrow afternoon. . . . I was in the Theresianum, and have refreshed my memories of my brother and my childhood. . . . On Saturday the Archduke Franz Ferdinand leaves for Spain as Head of the Mission that is conveying the Order of St. Stephen to the King. I will return by the same train to Munich. . . .

Suddenly came the news that King Umberto of Italy had been assassinated on the twenty-ninth of July in Monza during an athletic sports fête and my mother flew in thought to sorrowing Queen Margherita. She remembered how horrified the Queen had been on the occasion of the murder of the Empress Elisabeth, and how forebodingly she had spoken in a letter at that time about the crimes of the anarchists: now her husband had met a similar fate at their dastardly hands. The poor Queen was sitting beside her Consort in the carriage when the assassin fired a revolver and shot him in the abdomen. Queen Margherita always kept the perforated and blood-stained coat.

The Prince Regent Luitpold charged my father to represent him at the funeral in Rome. On the journey he met by chance his friend Ferdinand Prince of Bulgaria, so that they travelled the greater part of the journey together. Great precautions had, naturally, to be taken during the progress of the murdered King's body to the Pantheon. It would have been a favourable opportunity for an attempt on the new King Vittorio Emanuele III. or any of the many

¹ The Archduke Rainer.

² The Moravian residence of Count Wrba and his wife Princess Elvira of Bavaria.

Royal personages present. The police were particularly uneasy as the procession had to pass through a street under which there was a subterranean passage. There was a great assemblage of Princes, amongst whom was the Siamese Prince Chackrapatipongse ; he looked very small in spite—or rather because of—an enormous tropical sun-helmet ; but that did not prevent him from pushing his way through everywhere. France was represented by the well-known diplomat Jules Cambon. My father walked beside Nikita Prince of Montenegro,¹ father of the lovely young Queen Elena. The streets were closed by military cordons, and tribunes had been erected for the spectators. All of a sudden a loud crash : then a panic. The soldiers were given the “about turn” in order to face the people but, even so, could hardly keep the frightened crowds in order. An unfortunate soldier accidentally stabbed himself through an artery with his own bayonet and fell dead to the ground. The excitement was terrific, but Nikita of Montenegro, “son of the Black Mountain,” stood quite still, only drawing his sword in order to be ready for all emergencies. At first, like everyone else, he was convinced that it was another anarchist attempt. My father heard cries of “*Incidente*,” “*Incidente*,” but could not understand for the moment what had happened ; then he found out that one of the tribunes had given way and crashed to the ground. Many people were injured. After the funeral there was a big luncheon in the Quirinal in accordance with the queer fashion by which death and eating are associated in all countries and classes :

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

LA GRANJA, *August 5, 1900.*

. . . As you can imagine I am horrified and shocked at the murder of the King of Italy. I am so sorry for the Queen. I remember you often told me how charming she is. Out of

¹ He assumed the title of King in August, 1910. Montenegro was annexed by the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in 1918.

consideration for this and also because of the death of the Duke of Edinburgh¹ I do not go out anywhere. . . .

On the second of October the wedding of the future King of the Belgians with the Duchess Elisabeth in Bavaria was solemnized in the Hofkirche in Munich. King Leopold II., remarkable for his long beard, was of course the principal person among the guests. As the bridegroom's sister Henriette was the wife of the Duc de Vendôme (brother of Princess Alfons of Bavaria) the relationship between the Coburgs, the French Bourbons and the Wittelsbachs now became still closer, and naturally the Vendômes, the Duc d'Alençon and many other members of the French Royal family were present.

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *December 20, 1900.*

. . . Here nothing is spoken about but the marriage of Mercedes to Carlos, now definitely fixed. She is so happy and excited, which very seldom happens in Royal circles. You can understand how near my heart is the future of these two children. I hope in God that they will always remain happy, and so compensate Crista for all the unpleasantness she has had to go through over this engagement. . . .

QUEEN ISABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *December 21, 1900.*

. . . In the middle of February Mercedes' wedding is to take place. Both of them, it seems, are very much in love. . . . I cannot go to Madrid as the long journey and so many festivities would be too fatiguing for my seventy years—although otherwise I am very well. . . .

THE INFANTA MERCEDES TO HER AUNT PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *December 28, 1900.*

. . . I have just received your beautiful verses. I cannot find words to thank you. I can only tell you that I love you with all my heart and that we think of you very much. . . . I am so happy to be able to marry Nino so soon, and am only sorry that Mamma has had so many anxieties. . . .

¹ 1844-1900 (Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha); on July 30.

The poem referred to was called *Twenty Years Later* and was a sequel to the one written for her niece's first birthday. At that time Mercedes was still Princess of Asturias and Heiress to the Throne ; her fiancé was the Infante Carlos de Bourbon-Sicilies, brother of the Duca di Calabria and nephew of the Infanta Isabel. The marriage was at first unpopular because of the close association of the bridegroom's father the Conte di Caserta with Don Carlos VII. ; however, the Infante Carlos by his tact and charming character and manners soon won the hearts of the Spaniards and in due course rose to the highest military rank and honours.

At the end of the year the German training ship *Gneisenau* was accidentally sunk in Malaga harbour. Wishing the forlorn and homeless crew to have an agreeable Christmas my mother telegraphed to the German Consul desiring him to provide the men with a feast at her expense. She pictures them enjoying bounteous quantities of good Spanish fare, supplemented by fruit and washed down by the generous wine of Malaga when, to her horror, she learned that the poor shipwrecked sailors had been fobbed off by the conscientious German official with tooth-brushes, tooth-paste, socks, soap and so on. No doubt they needed such things ; but my mother thought the German Government should have provided them, and nearly wept with disappointment. Had she entrusted her commission to a Spanish official this could not have happened !

V

1901-1902

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March* 6, 1901.

. . . The wedding festivities have passed over happily. It now depends on the young couple themselves to gain the sympathy of the Spaniards : it is necessary that the public should learn what I already know, namely that the bride and

bridegroom are as good as they are charming. One must win the people, as Royal birth is no longer enough in this twentieth century. They must personally achieve a place for themselves through the good will and respect of the Spaniards which is what I sincerely hope for. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 6, 1901.*

. . . You may be quite sure that I shall take Erdmannsdörfer¹ in hand. He has called here already and is very nice. As I cannot go to the concert on account of my mourning I have promised him to come to the rehearsals. We spoke very much of you. He will see everything as you wish. I am glad my friends in Munich do not forget me.

In March the eightieth birthday of the Prince Regent Luitpold was celebrated in Munich with many fêtes. The Emperor Franz Josef of Austria came himself, and the German Emperor sent the Crown Prince Wilhelm to represent him. Many other Princes journeyed to Bavaria to show their respect for the venerable Regent. There was a great Military Review and all the usual Court functions.

On his seventeenth birthday my brother Ferdinand was named Lieutenant *à la suite* in the 2nd Schweren Reiter (Cavalry) Regiment. My mother was very proud to see him wear the uniform of the same Regiment as his father; but she began to realize that it was now the turn of a new generation, and gave expression to her feelings in a poem entitled *My son Ferdinand*.

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *March 6, 1901.*

. . . I am glad Erdmannsdörfer was pleased with me and Madrid. . . . Weingartner is of course above him as you say. I have never seen anyone conduct concerts so well, although I always keep faithful to Levi. As Weingartner was here during the wedding festivities I had to miss two of his concerts. . . .

That autumn my father met with an accident and broke his left shoulder. He generally travelled between

¹ Erdmannsdörfer, Max, born 1848, appointed Hofkapellemeister in Munich in 1896.

Nymphenburg and Munich in a very smart English hansom, with the coachman of course driving from behind over the roof. This cab, and a similar one owned by his brother Alfons, were well known in Munich, as they were the only ones of their kind. As he was coming home from the theatre one night the coachman, it seems, fell asleep; anyway he tumbled down from the box, the horse ran away, overturning the hansom and pitching my father out into the street. It might have been very much worse, but my mother had a dreadful fright.

The Queen Regent Cristina's first grandchild the Infante Alfonso was born in Madrid at the end of November. Upon his birth his mother Mercedes surrendered to him her position as Heiress to the Throne, and he was Prince of Asturias until the birth in 1907 of the eldest son of King Alfonso XIII. and Queen Victoria Eugenia :

THE QUEEN REGENT CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *December 6, 1901.*

. . . Now I can introduce myself in all my new dignity as Grandmother. We are all so happy. The baby came in a few hours, and is a very fine little boy. Mercedes was very brave. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *December 13, 1901.*

. . . I wanted to write long ago, but it was impossible as so many foreign personages passed through here from Spain. As I am old, receptions and too many attentions tire me. I hope you will come to me when my grandson Ferdinand finishes his studies. Are you going to Madrid for the King's coming of age? . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *March 13, 1902.*

I have had detailed news about you from Isabel. . . . If my health permits I would like to go to Madrid for the King's coming of age on his sixteenth birthday. Crista has begged me to do so, and I would myself like to be with her and her children on that day. Isabel spent one day with her father in

Epinau, and the others with me and Eulalia. You know yourself that one can accomplish nothing if one must be always receiving, giving dinners, and going from one place to another. Isabel was very pleased with her visit: one day I invited the Spanish Ambassador and a number of personages belonging to the French nobility to meet her. We had music at the end. . . .

This was the last time the Infanta Isabel saw her father. She returned to Madrid and moved into a new house in the Calle de Quintana, as she did not want to be a burden on the young King in the Palace, and desired to make way for the next generation; by her nephew's command her rooms in the west wing of the Palace were available for her throughout her life, but she never afterwards occupied them.

Towards the middle of April my mother had news that her father King Francisco was ill with inflammation of the lungs. His wife was constantly with him during his brief illness, but as he had rallied somewhat, she had returned to Paris, when, unexpectedly, he had a relapse. Feeling his end near he said: "You must at once send for the Queen"—using for the last time the respectful formality he always used when speaking of Ysabel. My parents left hurriedly for Paris but arrived too late; the King had died suddenly at Epinau on the seventeenth of April at one o'clock in the morning. One of the few Bourbons that lived to reach the age of eighty, as the father of a King, he was of course buried in the Pantheon de los Reyes in the Escorial. In his will he left to Queen Ysabel everything he possessed.

My parents returned to Munich as there was no longer any question of either my mother or grandmother taking part in the coming-of-age celebrations of King Alfonso XIII.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *May 22, 1902.*

. . . I send you a medal which I had struck for the members of the family and for the foreign Royalties who took part in the festivities, which, thank God, all passed over very well. I

missed you very much ; I thought of you particularly during the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of San Francisco. Alfonso does everything well. Everyone praises him. He is so good, particularly to me. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, 29 *May* 1902.

. . . I am still living on the days that you and Ludwig passed with me, and wish with all my heart that you would soon come back and bring my three grandchildren with you. . . . I often look at the photograph you gave me before you left. The day after to-morrow Eulalia returns from Madrid. She writes that everything was beautifully done and that my grandson the King is very strong. May God lighten his heavy task for him. . . .

THE INFANTA MERCEDES TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, 30 *May* 1902.

. . . How sorry I was you were not with us at the fêtes. Your poem on Alfonso is wonderful. He read the formula of taking over the Government so well and distinctly that everyone in the place heard every word. This morning he assumed the Grandmastership of the four ancient Military Orders.¹ The ceremony was held in San Francisco with High Mass and a *Te Deum*.

THE INFANTA MERCEDES TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, 21 *June* 1902.

. . . My husband left yesterday to be present at the coronation ceremonies in England.² . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, 23 *June* 1902.

. . . Carlos was here yesterday with the two Spanish Missions. One travels to England with him ; the other has come here, led by the Duque de Sesto, to convey the Golden Fleece to President Loubet and to the Shah of Persia. The last three recipients of the Order make an extraordinary mixture : The Archbishop of Toledo, President Loubet and the Shah ! . . . Carlos will come again to see me on his return journey. . . .

¹ Alcantara, Santiago, Calatrava and Montesa : the first three were founded in the twelfth, the last in the fourteenth century.

² King Edward VII. fell ill and was not crowned till August 9, 1902.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

CHÂTEAU DES AVENUES, Compiègne, 26 July 1902.

. . . I have run away from the dreadful heat of Paris to a beautiful house in the middle of a lovely park. I am the whole day in the open air. The property belongs to the Comtesse à l'Aigle, a cousin of the Duchesse de Luynes. . . . A few days ago I was in the Château de Pierrefonds which the Empress Eugénie has restored. It is now as it formerly was—a splendid Gothic Castle with drawbridge and towers, a very beautiful chapel and handsome rooms. . . . Your news of Mercedes and Carlos's visit to Munich interested me greatly. . . . I think Crista will also soon make her appearance there—with her younger daughter Maria Teresa. She will take advantage of the King's journey with Mercedes and Carlos through the northern Provinces of Spain to visit her family in Austria.

In October a great wish of my mother's was fulfilled. She went with my sister Pilar, Aunt Clara and myself to Rome to visit Pope Leo XIII. My brother was at that time in the Military Academy and could not leave his duties. Miss Delaney, Fräulein von Steinbauer and the Court Chaplain accompanied us. My mother afterwards wrote an account of it entitled *My Pilgrimage to Rome*. We naturally tried to see as much as possible during our short time, and hurried from one sight to another, my mother showing us everything she had herself seen when as a child her mother had taken her to visit Pope Pius IX. It pleased her that a Spanish pilgrimage happened to be there at the same time ; and that she met again in the Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla an old acquaintance from Madrid. Rampolla was for a long time Nuncio in Spain, and had been present at her wedding and at my brother's christening. Unluckily, the idea came into my head to run a race with my sister up the Colosseum after the sun had gone down. The consequence was she was in bed with fever the next day. My mother was in despair as the following day had been arranged for our audience with the Pope ; but Pilar came with us in spite of the fever. I shall never forget the impression of Leo XIII.'s distinguished figure. He sat in his

white robes on a kind of throne ; we made the three customary ceremonial genuflexions, at the third kissing the cross on his slipper. None of us (any more than Queen Ysabel on an earlier occasion) found this mediæval salutation very easy to perform gracefully. It was a little too inconvenient, and the practice has been discontinued by the present Pope, Pius XI., who gives his hand to all whom he receives in private audience so that they may kiss the Fisherman's ring.

Something ethereal and inspiring seemed to radiate from the pale, delicate features of Leo XIII. My mother was so agitated that she cannot now remember what they spoke about :

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *December 7, 1902.*

. . . The description of your journey to Rome delighted me. I can understand your emotion as you knelt before the Pope ; it was just as I felt when I knelt with you before Pius IX. ; it was to you he was so particularly friendly just as Leo XIII. was now to your daughter Pilar. Do you remember how Pius leaned on you ? . . . I will send you photographs of the *Volto Santo* that Pius IX. held in great veneration and left me in his will.¹ . . .

VI

1903

At the beginning of this year the Queen-Mother Cristina of Spain passed through Munich with Maria Teresa on her way to see her dying mother. She arrived in Austria too late ; the charming Archduchess Elisabeth was dead before her daughter reached her bedside :

THE QUEEN-MOTHER CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *28 February 1903.*

. . . Since we parted in Augsburg I have been thinking constantly of you. . . . I cannot accustom myself to the

¹ The Christ of Lucca : in her will Queen Ysabel left this picture to my mother.—A. OF B.

idea that I shall never see my dearly beloved mother again in this life. . . .

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, 1 *March* 1903.

. . . Crista and Maria Teresa have returned very sad. One can see in Crista's face how she is suffering. . . . You are right about Maria Teresa : she is worth gold. I hope she will be happy, and I am convinced that she will ever and everywhere be an honour to us all. It would be a real loss to Spain if she were to leave her country ; it would also be hard for her to find the right person, as there are so few suitable Princes to choose from. . . . We are waiting for Mercedes' second child. I am glad that Crista has got back in time for the event. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, 8 *March* 1903.

. . . It seems that all has gone well with Mercedes. The boy is to be called Fernando Maria. . . . Crista passed her short stay in Paris with me and was very sweet to me. Eulalia is in Rome. . . .

THE INFANTA MERCEDES TO HER AUNT PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, 20 *July* 1903.

. . . We intend to visit you in Munich on our journey to Austria. . . . The events in Serbia make me shudder. The details in the newspapers about the murder of the King and Queen are revolting.¹ . . . The day after to-morrow my husband goes with Alfonso to visit the Fleet in Cartagena ; French, English and Portuguese ships are going there to greet my brother. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *November 29*, 1903.

. . . How happy I am to know that you, Ludwig and my three grandchildren will be with me in a few days ! It will seem to me as a dream. . . . Tell me exactly the time of your arrival, and whom you bring, so that all their rooms may be ready. . . .

¹ King Alexander and Queen Draga were brutally assassinated June 11.

PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND TO QUEEN YSABEL II.

NYMPHENBURG, *December* 1, 1903.

. . . Do not be frightened if I come with a caravan. Whoever has no room in your house can go to an hotel. As you have always wished me to have fifteen children, I dare to bring with me four instead of three. My mother-in-law desires so much that Clara should accompany us. We have two Gentlemen, two Ladies, two maids and four men-servants. It will be a "Bavarian Invasion." My children's joy makes my own still greater. . . .

●

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The New Generation, 1904-1909

1904

WHEN my mother speaks of the new generation she means in the first place her own children, then the children of her dead brother Alfonso XII., and of her sister Eulalia. Of our very numerous cousins in Bavaria we had seen but little during our childhood as we led rather a secluded life at Nymphenburg. We came more closely in contact with the children of my father's two married sisters, Isabella Genova and Elvira Wrba, and still more so with those of Aunt Eulalia, because they often came to Nymphenburg for long visits. Although my mother thought of, and spoke of, us as "children" most of us had left childhood behind by 1904. My brother had already finished his military studies and I was due to do so in a year's time. Meanwhile we drove into town to the University every day and thought ourselves very important. During those early years our studies were the great reason forbidding long continental journeys, as my mother would not leave us for extended periods, although naturally she was longing to visit Spain again. At last, however, it seemed the right moment had come in which to carry out her wishes and pay her first visit to Alfonso XIII. as reigning King.

Shortly before Christmas 1903 we were in Paris on a visit to Queen Ysabel. She received us as always with open arms and did her utmost to make our stay charming. As Uncle Alfons of Bavaria and his wife were there at that time for the stag-hunting in Chantilly, we were a large family party. We tried to

improve our minds and extend our knowledge by visiting museums and art galleries ; we went to theatres, naturally adored Sarah Bernhardt, and enjoyed a glorious time. Our grandmother gave us a splendid Christmas. She arranged a Christmas tree for us, and a Crib for my mother, and loaded us all with presents which was no joke as, in my mother's words, we were numerically a caravan.

I remember quite clearly a visit of the Empress Eugénie to the Palais de Castile. She arrived, following Spanish custom, on the Feast of the Holy Three Kings (Epiphany) formally to congratulate Queen Ysabel and wish her, as the English say, " many happy returns." The Queen received her at the foot of the staircase with all the honours due to a reigning Sovereign. It was a really touching sight when the old Empress went up to Ysabel and was embraced by her. Eugénie, Ysabel's youthful companion and friend, always insisted that she came to the Palais de Castile as a Spaniard to pay her respects to her Queen ; Ysabel, on the other hand, always insisted on receiving her visitor as an Empress.

Shortly after this we went on to Madrid. We lived in the Royal Palace, and Aunt Clara stayed with Aunt Isabel in her new handsome and spacious house in the Calle de Quintana. The days in Madrid flew by. We spent all our time with the King and his sisters. We hunted and shot with him in El Pardo and Rio Frio. Aunt Isabel showed us everything in the capital, and took us to the Escorial and to Toledo. The Infante Carlos took me hunting with him in the Venta de la Rubia ; and we saw frequently his brother the Duca di Calabria who, with his family, was also on a visit to Madrid. It is impossible to recount all our doings.

The young King was in the best of spirits. One morning he appeared in my bedroom on horseback. We lived at that time on the ground floor, but even so he had to mount the great stone staircase leading from the Campo del Moro to the Palace and ride through a number of rooms and corridors. I was still in bed

when I heard a sudden trampling: he called out "Good morning" and disappeared as swiftly as he had come: we understood one another very well. Every day something or other amusing happened.

My brother Ferdinand, it appeared, had serious affairs of his own to think of. Maria Teresa used to come every morning to my mother's room to read with her; although of a very unsuspecting nature she wondered a little when, all of a sudden, Ferdinand began to take great interest in Spanish poetry and used to come too, but for the moment did not think much about it. My father was very happy, went constantly to the hospitals, theatres and concerts; we were none of us in a hurry to return home.

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *January 22, 1904.*

. . . The day after to-morrow is your Name-day. May you enjoy many happy returns of it with your good Ludwig and your three children! . . . And may I also have the happiness of living some years longer to share your love, and ever prove increasingly mine for you. . . . I long to see you all, but I am glad Crista likes to keep you with her. I am glad above all of what you tell me of our King Alfonso's great qualities and worth, of which I am myself convinced. . . . Tell Crista that I am very grateful to her for her affection and that I return it with all my heart. . . . My health, thank God, is good. . . .

QUEEN YSABEL II. TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *February 17, 1904.*

. . . I received your dear letter yesterday. I am sorry you can only stay a night here. Do try to stay even a few days. I saw with the greatest pleasure in the newspapers that my dear grandsons Ferdinand and Adalbert have been made Knights of Santiago. I am sure you thought of your mother who always prized the Military Orders as they belong to a glorious page in our country's history. . . .

A few days before we left Madrid my parents were sitting at early breakfast when my brother came in with a very serious face and said he wanted to tell them that he was in love with Maria Teresa and wished to marry

her. My father let the spoon fall from his cup with astonishment and my mother, more practical, asked him if he had already said anything to Maria Teresa. Yes ; he had spoken to her yesterday after the dinner in honour of the King's Name-day : she had been rather frightened, but had given him hope. My mother was a little uneasy at the prospect but delighted at my brother's choice. She did not wish to over-hurry matters, but leave time for both of them to think it over, remembering her own engagement. Queen Cristina, as it turned out, thought likewise. There was not much time for discussion. In the first days of February we left Madrid and my brother, although he was not yet twenty years old, was quite determined to return and marry Maria Teresa. He would wait quietly until his wish could be fulfilled, and meanwhile go through his course at the Military Riding School in Munich in the autumn.

My mother was particularly glad that the German Emperor was the first reigning Monarch to visit the young King Alfonso. The official visit to Vigo in March was not only a family event but, on account of the confused state of Morocco, of great political significance, as England and France had a short time before acknowledged Spain's particular interests in this much-disputed territory.

In Paris we found that Queen Ysabel had a cold, but none of us thought it serious, and we remained only a short time as I was due to return to military duties and my mother did not wish to send me home alone. The Queen was as affectionate and generous to us all as ever.

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

PARIS, *April 6, 1904.*

. . . Without wishing to alarm you I must tell you the truth. Mamma is very ill. The Spanish Ambassador has let Isabel know ; she will be here in a few hours, and Crista is prepared to start for Paris if necessary. Six days ago Mamma got *la grippe*, which seems to be infectious. They have to give her digitalis, her heart is so weak ; she is a little better, but the fever

continues. Yesterday she had thirty-nine to thirty-eight degrees.¹ Her Doctors—Dieulafoix, Buquoi, Sergent and Dehu—are more hopeful because of a slight improvement yesterday, but there is grave reason for anxiety. I still hope she will pull through. . . . The Spanish Ambassador is in the house the whole day sending off official telegrams. . . . I do not feel that the danger is so imminent, but the situation is serious in the highest degree. . . .

On receiving a telegram next day to say there had been a turn for the worse my parents left that afternoon for Paris : when they arrived at the Palais de Castile and were told that the Queen was quite composed and had made her confession to the Nuncio, they understood at once that the end was near ; she was fully conscious but very weak, and my mother and Aunts Isabel and Eulalia never left her bedside. On the eighth of April the Queen had her whole Household called in as if she would take leave of them all. The next day she died in my father's arms at a quarter to nine in the morning.

This was one of the most bitter griefs ever experienced by my mother. We know from all that has gone before how much she loved and understood the Queen, so further words are unnecessary : it was a long time before she could to some extent overcome her sorrow.

Shrouded in the sombre habit of a nun of the Order of St. Francis the Queen lay in state in the grand *salon* of the Palais de Castile. The Infante Carlos arrived in Paris charged by his brother-in-law Alfonso XIII. to escort the remains to the Panteón de los Reyes in the Escorial where as the wife and mother of a King she was entitled to rest. The French Government paid the dead Sovereign all the honours due to her rank. Troops lined the streets the whole way from the Palais de Castile to the Quai d'Orsay Station, and a specially delegated representative of the Government took part in the procession. My father in full-dress uniform walked immediately behind the coffin. At the entrance to the railway station on the banks of the Seine an

¹ Celsius : equivalent to 102·2 to 100·4 Fahrenheit.

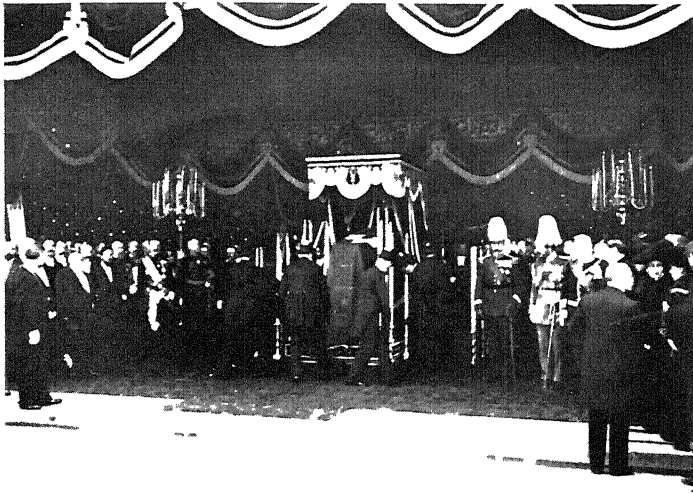
imposing catafalque was erected ; as the coffin was being transferred to it the huge Tricolore was dipped in honour of the dead Queen's arrival, and, as it fell, my father saluted it with due solemnity. On the right of the catafalque stood the representative of the President of the Republic, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, Monsieur Delcassé the Foreign Minister, and other high officials ; on the left were my father, the Infante Carlos, the Spanish Ambassador and the Corps Diplomatique. The glorious red and gold flag of old Spain covered the coffin. The troops marched past the dead Queen. I believe this was the only occasion subsequent to 1870 on which a German officer in uniform took part in a public ceremonial with the French Army ; it was certainly the first occasion on which a General Officer of a German Reigning House in full uniform publicly saluted the Drapeau.

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *April* 17, 1904.

. . . The people of Madrid have shown that they could not do enough to honour the memory of our mother. It is admirable how the Spaniards expressed their affectionate gratitude to their dead Queen. . . .

My mother's thoughts, in the quiet of Nymphenburg, turned on her own heavy loss, and anxiety about the future of her elder son. The Queen-Mother Cristina had decided that he should visit Spain in the autumn to become better acquainted with her daughter. It was easy to find a pretext for this journey. Maria Teresa was as decided as Ferdinand about an early engagement, when the sudden death of her elder sister put everything else aside. Mercedes was expecting her third child and was very happy at the prospect ; the King and the Infanta Isabel were to be the god-parents ; everything seemed to be going in the customary way, and Mercedes felt very well : in her last letter to my mother written eight days before her death she said : " This time I would rather it was a girl."



THE CATAFALQUE THE FIGURES IN UNIFORM ARE (right) THE INFANTE CARLOS OF SPAIN AND PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND



PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND IN PARIS AFTER THE FUNERAL

FUNERAL OF QUEEN ISABEL II IN PARIS APRIL 1904
(This was the first occasion after 1870 on which any member of a German Royal House had appeared officially in Paris)

She had her wish. Her third child was a girl—but she died at the age of twenty-four in giving it birth :

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA¹ TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *October 19, 1904.*

. . . Even you cannot imagine the impression this misfortune has made on me. It is terrible ! On my arrival the King and others told me that Mercedes was ill. I do not know why I felt at once that it would end badly, but of course I did not say anything. On Monday² morning it was announced that her condition had improved so much that the King would go on his projected journey. As we sat in the smoking-room after luncheon the doctor reported that they had been compelled to perform a minor operation, and that as a consequence she felt better. A short time after the Marqués de Casairujo, wearing full dress, came in and announced that the Blessed Sacrament was being carried to Mercedes. We rushed out of the room and joined the others in her bedroom. After she had received the last Sacraments she said she was choking and her agony began. We could hear her gasping for breath. In about five minutes it was all over. The Queen and Nino³ knelt by her bed as if turned to stone. Maria Teresa's pale face was streaming with tears ; I felt horribly sorry for her. I had to make an intense effort to pull myself together. The worst of all was when they brought in her elder son so that he might kiss his dead mother's hand. . . . We went out, while the Queen, Maria Teresa, and Nino remained to dress Mercedes.⁴ . . . She died at two o'clock, and at eight the Queen and Nino still knelt beside her. The sight was unforgettable. . . . In the afternoon the coffin was closed. . . .

We watched the funeral procession through the slats of the blinds : her led riding-horse followed her. The band of the Halberdiers played the Dead March from the *Götterdämmerung* which made an indescribable impression on me. . . . This evening Aunt Eulalia arrived. . . . So is life ! I came here to seek my happiness and I found this tragedy. . . .

¹ The Prince had left Munich for Madrid at the end of September.

² October 17.

³ The pet name of her husband the Infante Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies.

⁴ In Spain this last service is always carried out by the nearest relatives present at the time ; they do not, however, attend the funeral.

Naturally at such a moment my brother could not speak of his hopes and plans ; besides, Maria Teresa was so broken that she could think only of her poor dead sister. And another problem had arisen : As Maria Teresa was now the young King's only sister it was natural that he should not wish her to marry out of the country. The only solution would be for her future husband to reside for at least some time in Madrid ; better still if he should decide to live altogether in Spain.

At the end of November my brother returned to Munich and his military service, there to await further developments with what patience he could muster.

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *December 21, 1904.*

. . . I know what a sad Christmas this will be for you. What a contrast to last year ! You were then together with your mother and all your family, eagerly looking forward to seeing your dear Spain again. You must know how much I am thinking of you and yours. . . . I am one with you in thoughts and feelings, so you can understand what this Christmas will be to me also after all I have lost. . . .

To-morrow the Comtesse de Paris arrives with her daughter Louise. . . . They will only stay a day and then go on to Seville to the Villa Manrique. I am glad to be able to speak to Louise ; she was always a good friend of mine. . . .

II

1905

In February the widower the Infante Carlos passed through Munich on his return journey from Berlin. He went there at the head of the Deputation from the Numancia Dragoon Regiment, sent by King Alfonso to convey to the Emperor William II. the uniform of the Regiment, of which he had been appointed Colonel-in-Chief. My mother congratulated the Emperor on the compliment and received the following reply :

BERLIN, *February 4, 1905.*

DEAR COUSIN !

Your most kind letter with congratulations on my nomination as Chief of the Spanish Dragoon Regiment Numancia has touched me deeply, and I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks. Unfortunately I must excuse myself for the delay in answering and am ashamed of not having done so sooner ! But the last weeks have been so full of anxiety about our son Fritz that you will not blame my father's heart for forgetting everything else while my child was struggling between life and death. God be thanked he is now on the road to recovery. I am extremely proud that His Majesty the King has bestowed on me that tried and illustrious Regiment, and I look forward to the pleasure of receiving before long the Infante with the Gentlemen of the Mission. I shall be proud when I can wear for the first time the fine uniform of my comrades in the Spanish Army.

With many greetings to your dear husband,

Your faithful devoted cousin,

WILHELM.

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *February 24, 1905.*

. . . I am enchanted that our Spaniards have been so well received in Germany and that the Emperor was so kind to my brother-in-law and all the members of the Mission. They are very pleased at the success of their journey and particularly grateful to " the Infanta Paz " because she invited them every day to dinner at Nymphenburg and did so much for them. . . .

THE INFANTA EULALIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *May 30, 1905.*

. . . Maria Teresa does not want to speak about her marriage until a year after her sister's death, but she will soon make her decision. . . . She is so reserved that no one can find out what she intends. She is very intelligent and I like her better every day. . . . The King is in Paris. In the autumn he is to visit Germany and Austria, and afterwards receive President Loubet here. After that he will surely look out for a Princess. . . .

As is well known, King Alfonso's first visit to Paris nearly cost him his life. An anarchist threw a bomb at his carriage as he and President Loubet were driving

home together from the Opera. Several persons were killed :

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *June 7, 1905.*

. . . I need not describe the fright we have gone through. We must give God thanks for having saved Alfonso from that dastardly attempt in Paris. . . . Alfonso's coolness in such danger fills my heart with pride. . . . I hope he will soon return. His visit to London is of the greatest importance for the future. . . .

THE QUEEN-MOTHER CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MIRAMAR, SAN SEBASTIAN, *August 15, 1905.*

. . . Nando has arrived safely. . . . He spent the night at Biarritz and Alfonso brought him here in his motor from Irún. . . .

[MIRAMAR, SAN SEBASTIAN, *August 28, 1905.*

. . . Very excited, I announce to you that this very moment Maria Teresa has become engaged to Nando. . . .

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARIA DE BAVIERA ¹ TO PRINCESS
LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *October 22, 1905.*

. . . At last the festivities connected with the formal announcement of the engagement are over. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock there was the *petición* ² after which I was created an Infante of Spain and gazetted Captain in the Pavian Hussars. After luncheon the King invested me with the Golden Fleece in presence of the assembled Chapter. Then to the station to meet Aunt Eulalia. After that a drive with Maria Teresa and Rainer.³ Then another drive with the King. Visit to the German Embassy. Evening, dinner party with toasts—and two o'clock to bed. Yesterday official visits to all the other Embassies. We had a big Review in Carabanchel. That, in

¹ In the family circle the Prince, who was born and baptized in Madrid, was generally called Fernando or Nando; after being naturalized in Spain in October, 1905, and created an Infante his correct official title was as above.

² i.e. formal asking of the hand in marriage.

³ Prince Rainer of Bourbon-Sicilies, younger brother of the Infante Carlos; born in 1883, he married in 1923 Countess Karolina Zamoiski (into which family his niece Isabelita also married in 1929).

short, is the description of the last few days. You can imagine how happy Maria Teresa and I are that formalities are over and we can now let ourselves be seen in public together. . . .

A short time after this the King of Spain went to Berlin to return the Emperor's visit to Vigo. On the seventeenth of November he arrived in Munich and was of course officially received at the station and invited by the Prince Regent to a family dinner. Next day he lunched with us in Nymphenburg, looked at the Park and Pavilions, and after a state dinner at the Residenz, left for Vienna :

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *November 16, 1905.*

. . . I have just heard of the splendid reception Alfonso has had in Berlin. As a future Bavarian Princess I am as proud of it as you. . . . But I am of course most interested in my brother's stay in Munich. . . .

III

1906

This year my mother was three times in Spain : it was a record in her life.

My brother's wedding brought together a great gathering of the family in Madrid : amongst them Uncle Alfons and Aunt Louise, our Bavarian cousins Georg and Konrad, the sons of Uncle Leopold and Aunt Gisela, and Heinrich the only son of Prince Arnulf ; and of course deputations from the 2nd Schweren Reiter Regiment and the Military Riding School. Madrid was one long festival ; dinners, hunts, excursions, Reviews and theatres. The German Ambassador, Baron von Radowitz, gave a large dinner party on the eleventh of January, the evening of the day on which, according to Spanish etiquette, the marriage contract was formally read in presence of the representatives of both families. Next day the wedding took place with great state in the Chapel Royal of the

Palace. As the young couple, after the ceremony, passed a balcony that looked on the street, Maria Teresa without consulting anyone opened the door and stepped outside with her husband. The waiting crowd broke into "*Vivas.*" "What is that?" asked my mother. "I promised the people that we would let them see us on the balcony," answered Maria Teresa, and my mother thought to herself that it was not only his "eyes" that she had inherited from her father Alfonso XII.—as she had declared in a poem dedicated to Maria Teresa when she was still a child—but his flair for pleasing the people.

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

COPENHAGEN, *February 17, 1906.*

. . . Already only one month after my wedding they have sent me here.¹ I have seen the new King and Queen. He is in very low spirits. The German Emperor sent me word that he would see me at dinner. The only other Prince I have spoken to so far is an Austrian Archduke. It is snowing and raining but not cold. I must now dress for dinner. I am curious about the various Princes. I met the Prince of Siam on board the ship. . . .

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *February 24, 1906.*

. . . Nando returned the day before yesterday from Denmark. He was quite delighted, particularly with the German Emperor's kindness. He made the acquaintance in Versailles of Princess Ena of Battenberg and found her charming.²

Not long afterwards my brother made his second official journey; he and his wife accompanied King Alfonso to the Canary Islands; Maria Teresa thus described the occasion for my mother:

¹ To represent King Alfonso at the funeral of Christian IX. (1818-1906), father of Queen Alexandra of England and of the Empress Marie Féodorovna (Dagmar) of Russia; his son Frederick VIII. (1843-1912) succeeded him.

² The announcement of the engagement of King Alfonso XIII. to Princess Victoria Eugenia, niece of King Edward VII., was made at Biarritz in January, 1906.

On board the ship *Alfonso XII.* opposite Las Palmas.

March 30, 1906.

. . . We have just arrived here. . . . We were four days in Santa Cruz de Tenerife and made various excursions from there. . . . The King is enthusiastically received everywhere ; while he and Nando are visiting the barracks I go to the hospitals. Our cabins are beautiful. You can imagine how Comillas has thought of every little detail. . . . We shall be in Seville for the Semana Santa and on Easter Sunday in Madrid.

In May my parents went to Madrid with Pilar to be present at the wedding of King Alfonso XIII. to Princess Ena, Uncle Alfons accompanying them. Amongst the great crowd of royalties were the Prince and Princess of Wales (King George V. and Queen Mary), Prince Henry of Prussia, the Austrian Heir Apparent the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Duca and Duchessa di Genova, the Crown Prince of Portugal, and innumerable representatives of European and non-European Potentates and Powers. It was a huge wedding. The programme was much the same as for the wedding of Alfonso XII.

The thirty-first of May was the great day and, as is well known, it very nearly cost the lives of the King and Queen and many Princes and others. As Alfonso and Ena were returning from the ceremony in the Church of San Jerónimo, a bouquet of flowers in which a bomb was concealed was thrown from a balcony of a house on the route not far from the Palace, at the gala carriage in which the Royal couple were seated. Providentially the assassin threw it a moment too soon so that it exploded a little ahead of, instead of actually on, the carriage ; the result was that one of the eight horses of the King's carriage was killed and four wounded. A splinter tore the King's Chain of the Golden Fleece in two ; the carriage was filled with smoke and splinters and a bit of the bomb was embedded in the coachwork, but the King and Queen were uninjured.

In reality my sister Pilar had unwittingly prevented

a still greater catastrophe. She was too young to take a formal part in the ceremony but, so that she might see it, a place was arranged for her at the last minute in a tribune in the Church, and it was just this place that the assassin, in the guise of a reporter for an influential newspaper, had made sure of for himself. His first idea had been to hurl the bomb into the midst of the wedding guests during the ceremony; prevented doing so by Providence, he decided to throw it from the window of his lodging in the Calle Mayor.

The King and, what is more admirable, the young Queen kept cool and composed. They got into the empty reserve carriage, the "carriage of respect" which always precedes the Sovereign's state carriage on formal occasions, and continued their journey to the Palace as if nothing had happened. In changing carriages the Queen's white wedding dress was stained with blood. As on ceremonial occasions the King's carriage is always the last in the procession all the other Royal personages and guests were already in the Palace waiting on the staircase for their Majesties: neither of them mentioned the occurrence, but the blood-stained dress and broken Collar of the Golden Fleece were eloquent.

The official programme was adhered to except that the King immediately changed into mufti and went to visit the wounded. The state luncheon was held as arranged, the customary gala banquet taking place in the evening. The victims of the outrage were interred next day, the King and Princes following in the funeral procession. Otherwise the festivities continued uninterrupted. Bull-fight, gala theatre, great Review—over twenty thousand men in Carabanchel—and as a finish the usual military tattoo before the Palace with lampión.

By the middle of June my parents were again at home. Nor could my mother complain of loneliness. In August my brother and his wife arrived and stayed some weeks, and we had visits from the Infanta Isabel and the Genovas. In November the German Em-

peror and the Prince Regent opened the newly built Deutsches Museum on the banks of the Iser. And then on the twelfth of December my mother became a grandmother ; Luis Alfonso, the elder son of my brother and Maria Teresa, being born on that day. Already a *newer* generation was knocking at the door ! Of course my mother set off at once with my father and Pilar—for the third time that year—to Spain and on this occasion I was able to accompany them.

IV

1908

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARIA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINANDMADRID, *April* 13, 1907.

. . . I want to describe for you the King and Queen of England's visit to Cartagena, but must first tell you that King Edward gave me the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. There was great enthusiasm in Cartagena, although the festivities on land had to be left out on account of the typhus epidemic. So everything had to be on board the ship. The English Fleet made an imposing effect. King Alfonso went out to meet it. First we saw the ships in a perfect line, then in two lines, one behind the other. I think there were twelve. From the front one could only see two, the alignment was so perfect. After the regulation salutes were given we went alongside the *Victoria and Albert* and accompanied her to the place of anchorage. We then made our official visit on board, and immediately afterwards the English Sovereigns returned the visit on board the *Giralda*. I knew Queen Alexandra already from Denmark. She is very like her brother. The Princess Victoria was so hoarse that she could not come to dinner. . . . This time I was not sea-sick, neither on the torpedo-boat nor on the *Giralda*. . . .

In November the Infante Carlos (widower of the Infanta Mercedes) was married in England to Princess Louise of France, youngest daughter of the Comtesse de Paris.¹ Now all the daughters of the Comtesse were married : Queen Amélie of Portugal, the Duchesse

¹ November 16, 1907 ; see page 264.

de Guise, the Duchessa di Aosta, and the Princess Louise di Bourbon-Sicily. Maria Teresa was not at this wedding, which took place at Wood Norton in Worcestershire, the English home of the bride's eldest brother the Duc d'Orléans—the Head of the Royal House of France. Although Louise was one of Maria Teresa's best friends she could not look on while she was being made the successor of her sister Mercedes ; except for her, all the other members of the Spanish Royal family were present.

V

1908

The murders of King Carlos I. of Portugal and his son Luis on the first of February in Lisbon terribly grieved my mother and shocked the whole world. From childhood we had been very fond of Queen Amélie, and had met the Crown Prince at the time of Alfonso XIII.'s wedding. My brother, who represented the King of Spain at the funeral ceremonies in Lisbon, wrote as follows to our mother :

MADRID, *February* 15, 1908.

. . . Although nothing remarkable happened I want to tell you about my journey to Portugal. I feel so much for Amélie and her second son Manoel. I have the impression that the working people and middle classes are more moved by the tragedy than are the politicians and Ministers. Eitel Friedrich of Prussia represented the Emperor ; I like him very much. . . . The Portuguese authorities were very uneasy fearing something might happen at the funeral or during the church service ; they thought anarchists might be concealed behind the High Altar, but could find no one—yet quite distinctly I saw a man's head between the decorations and waited quietly to see what was going to happen—but nothing occurred. I personally believe that assassins were waiting for the King or the Duque de Porto,¹ neither of whom were present. In

¹ 1865–1920 ; youngest brother of Carlos I. (1863–1908) ; married in 1917 Nevada Hayes, widow successively of William Huston Chapman, and of Jonkheer van Volkenburg ; the Duchess was born in Ohio in 1885.

order to get through the crowd the Portuguese officer attached to me had to explain repeatedly who I was. All this interested me very much. I am sorry for the state of the country. It does not look good. . . .

Here a letter from the widowed Queen Amélie may not be out of place, although it is dated a year after these tragic and brutal events :

POCO DE PENA, *July 26, 1909.*

. . . I was more touched than I can say by your little book *De Mi Vida*. It is so full of heart and soul and so simply written. With what poignant emotion I read your account of my terrible misfortune ! “ Why did they not kill the mother also ? ” : in those words your mother’s heart speaks. Yes : God has let me live so that I may work for my other son. You may be sure that I will do all I can to keep true your words : “ She has always done her duty.” . . .

On April the second my parents celebrated their silver wedding. On this occasion it was clearly proved how many known and unknown friends they had in Bavaria. My brother of course came with wife and child to be with them on that memorable day. My mother’s feelings are best expressed in her own words :

I was so glad that it is the custom in Germany to celebrate one’s silver wedding ; even if it were only because it brought us our children and grandchild from Spain. Surrounded by them Ludwig and I could calmly look back on the past years together, and delight in the many expressions of love and attachment evoked by the occasion. One had only to read the various letters and verses—which surely came straight from the heart. I did not want presents ; and to prevent outlay on flowers, sweets, or anything of that sort I let it be known that a Fund had been opened in the Rathaus by the Burgomaster in trust for my husband’s sick poor : anyone who had thought of sending us a gift could put a trifle in the box there instead. I thought that perhaps a time might come when Ludwig would no longer be able to pay altogether out of his own pocket the medicines and hospital expenses of his poor patients ; if that ever happened we could fall back on the Fund. The people understood us. The lists filled rapidly with names, those of the very humblest side by side with Princes and *Hochgeborenen* ;

and the thousands of pennies found when the box was opened were as eloquent as the bank-notes. . . .

My husband's sisters, Isabella Genova and Elvira Wrbna, came from Italy and Austria with their husbands, and Eulalia's youngest son, Luis Fernando, came from Spain. The Prince Regent gave us a family dinner party and toasted us in a few charming words: "We drink to the health of the noble pair who have known throughout twenty-five years how to win and keep the hearts of their family and the people." . . . The old gentleman—a real old Bavarian gentleman of the old school—aged eighty-seven years, with his white beard, looked to me like a patriarch blessing us.

Even during the gala performance given for us at the theatre one could feel the warm atmosphere of affectionate sympathy; indeed it swept over us the moment we entered. We had begged that all classes should be allowed in and not, as is the custom on such occasions, only the Court society. *Der Waffenschmied* by Lortzing was the opera given. I wanted to have something simple and when the Intendant proposed this opera I said "yes" so eagerly that he was quite surprised. I had suddenly remembered that twenty-five years ago I heard this very opera in company with my brother when he came to visit me before the Manœuvres in Homburg. There is a pretty aria in it when the Armourer sings of his youth; when it came to that I felt sad thinking of my youth with Alfonso, and I looked at his daughter—who is now mine as well. . . . The singer (Sigletz) changed some words into the following: "To-day a Royal couple celebrate their Silver Wedding; may God send them many more happy years." A wave of enthusiasm went through the audience and the singer continued: "They have dedicated their lives to Art, Science and neighbourly love: united in sorrow and joy, may they always be happy." . . .

We looked at one another, all with the same thought, my husband, children—and the public. Life is indeed beautiful when love is there.

A month later my brother was sent by the King of Spain to the Court of the Tsar Nicholas II. to bring him the uniform of a Spanish Regiment. To-day his letter about that visit seems like a dream picture from times far away, when horror and the Tscheka were not yet known, while the shower of Grand Crosses which

descended upon him explains why he has something like fifty or sixty first-class Orders, mostly collected at weddings or funerals, or when conveying a uniform to foreign Sovereigns. As Alfonso XIII. had no brothers this duty invariably fell on his brother-in-law ; consequently Fernando is probably one of the most be-decorated men in the world :

MADRID, *May* 28, 1908.

. . . My stay in Russia was delightful. I cannot tell you with what friendliness they all received me. There is no stiff etiquette there, everyone from the Tsar downwards is simple and unpretentious. . . .

First day : the seventeenth of May : arrival in an Imperial saloon carriage at St. Petersburg. At Warsaw I was received by the authorities and A.D.C.s were attached to my service ; they accompanied me until I passed the Russian frontier on my return journey. At St. Petersburg station the Grand Dukes, Civic authorities and a Guard of Honour of Don Cossacks were waiting. The *Marcha Real* was played. Vladimir accompanied me as I inspected the troops and took the salute. Then I drove with Boris to the Winter Palace where we were all put up. . . . After lunch with Boris, the Spanish Ambassador the Marqués de Viñaza, and other members of the Embassy, we travelled by train to Tsarskoe Selo station, and from there Boris and I drove *à la Daumont* to the Castle. The Tsar received me in the most friendly way. He gave me the Grand Crosses of Saint Andrew, Saint Alexander, the White Eagle, Saint Anne, and Saint Stanislas. I presented the members of the Mission to him, General Milans del Bosch, and my own two A.D.C.s, and handed him the Spanish uniform. The Tsarina then received me with her children. A carriage took me to another Castle where rooms were ready for us. A short time after the Tsar appeared in his new Spanish uniform and took me to the banquet. There were about two hundred persons present. I replied to his French toast in the same language. Afterwards I returned to St. Petersburg, Boris remaining in Tsarskoe Selo.

Second day : Boris drove me about St. Petersburg, showed me the palaces, museums, Churches and fortresses. In the evening dinner at the Spanish Embassy and a concert.

Third day : By special train to Tsarskoe Selo to congratulate the Tsar on his birthday. Great Church ceremony. After

lunch back to St. Petersburg. Tea with Count Karl Moy at the Bavarian Legation, and dinner at the Grand Duke Vladimir's; after which a concert.

Fourth day: Morning, grand Review in my honour at Tsarskoe Selo. I rode with the Tsar. I admired the Cossacks particularly. After lunch I took leave of their Majesties. The Tsarina gave me the Order of Saint Katharine for Ena. Those of my Gentlemen who had already been given Orders received cigarette-cases as souvenirs, the officers of the Mission were presented with swords, and the servants with watches. All the Grand Dukes were again at the station in St. Petersburg to say farewell. An Imperial saloon carriage brought me to the frontier. Vladimir travelled with me as far as Paris with his wife, daughter and son-in-law—the one from Greece.¹

During the summer of this year the King and Queen of Spain came to pay their first official visit to the Bavarian Court. They were ceremoniously received at the station and immediately afterwards at the Residenz. My mother has described this visit much better and more poetically than I could:

It was a wonderful autumn day. The yellow leaves of the lindens in Nymphenburg Park glistened like gold in the sun. Suddenly my little grandson Luis aged four pointed to the Schloss and raised his hand in military salute; he had caught sight of the Spanish flag waving over it. . . . It was the day of the King of Spain's arrival. According to etiquette Maria Teresa and I had to renounce the pleasure of meeting him at the station. We waited with what patience we could with the other Princesses in a salon of the Residenz, over which floated the purple Pendon de Castilla. Suddenly the doors were flung open and a flood of court personages came in, chamberlains, generals, and lastly, on the arm of the venerable Regent, Queen Ena, young, fair and beautiful, beside her the King. Even those who have not an inherited respect for monarchy must acknowledge that there lies more poetry in the title "King" than in that of "President." A King symbolizes centuries of a country's history. Even in his cradle the people

¹ Grand Duke Vladimir (1847-1909), son of Alexander II., married in 1874 Marie Pavlova, Duchess of Mecklenburg (1854-1920); their daughter Helene married in 1902 Prince Nicholas, third son of King George I. of Greece (1845-1913).



THE INFANTE FERNANDO OF SPAIN (BORN PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA) IN THE ROBES OF A KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER, AND WEARING THE COLLARS OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE AND CARLOS III. OF SPAIN, AND THE ST. HUBERTUS OF BAVARIA

respect him as heir to so many others who helped to make their country's glory. Alfonso is to me not *alone* the successor of Pelayo, Ysabel the Catholic, and Charles V., but also the long and eagerly desired son my beloved only brother did not live to see. I have followed every step of his life with deepest interest, and rejoice over all the good things I hear of him. During his childhood I was seldom in Spain, but those few visits remain an unforgettable remembrance. Once while he was still very little I went into his room as the Palace Guard was changing: "*Tia Paz la parada!*" he shouted and stretched out his arms to me so that I might hold him up to the window. Such trifles, meaningless to some, hold a world of tenderness for others; I would not exchange for anything the memory of that moment when I held him in my arms. Now as he passed through the doors of the Throne room in the Residenz and I made my curtsy to him I was thinking: "*Tia Paz la parada!*"

Towards the end of the year by the lamented death of Sarasate the world lost one of its greatest artists. To my mother it was not only the master-violinist who had gone, but the dear, familiar friend to whom she dedicated some very beautiful lines in her *Impresiones*:

NYMPHENBURG, *November* 1908.

November! Every year when I looked at this month on the almanac I used to think: Soon Sarasate will be here! Once a year the people of Munich could hear and admire him. His most enthusiastic worshippers were for the most part young students of both sexes from the Konservatorium of Music who, packed together in the cheapest places, listened to him enraptured. They would not leave off applauding until Sarasate played additional piece after piece for them, while he tried to hide his emotion under a fierce facial expression. After the most of the audience had long left the hall we would stay on close up to the podium while the students and I listened to the *habaneras*, *jotas*, and *peteneras* he played specially for us. At the end he would make his way to me—with a face as if he were going to scold me—and squeeze my hand. Once he looked particularly angry. I had found out that it was his fiftieth birthday and had sent him a laurel wreath to which I had attached some words I have forgotten. But I can still remember how he thanked me and said: "Never can I forget

what you have said and done for me." . . . When I thanked *him* that first time he came to Nymphenburg to play for me, he answered : " You must never thank me for anything ; for all I am and all I have, I owe to your mother." From that time there had been a silent agreement between us that he would always come to me whenever he could. . . .

Now Sarasate will never come again. He left a large sum for the benefit of poor students, and his bow, with which he interpreted all the emotions of his soul to the world, he bequeathed to Nuestra Señora del Pilar—Our Lady of the Pillar—in the Cathedral of Zaragoza.

VI

1909

When Maria Teresa and Fernando left Nymphenburg after the visit of King Alfonso and Queen Ena they took with them my mother's promise that she would go to Madrid for the birth of her second grandchild. They had counted on April, but on the twenty-sixth of March the Infante José Eugenio Alfonso was born. We at once left for Madrid for the christening and Queen Ena was his godmother : it was our first visit to Spain without my father. Let us again leave the description to my mother :

On receiving a telegram that I had a second grandson I started on our journey with Pilar, Adalbert, and Miss Delaney. We reached Madrid towards midnight. Fernando met us at the station and told me that Maria Teresa was still awake and would at once see me ; of course I must also see and admire the baby. It was the first time I had been in Fernando's new house opposite the Almudena. They had arranged the entire second floor for us with much love and thought. On awaking in the morning I could not for the moment remember where I was. The neighing of a donkey awoke me. When I had looked out of the window the first thing I saw was the statue of Our Lady of the Almudena. Twenty-six years ago, at the time of my wedding, my brother had laid the first stone of the Church. Beautiful and sorrowful memories crowded to my mind ; his early death had brought me much grief ; but as my children grew up I transferred all my love

for him to them. I have never studied systems of education, nor have I ever tried to enforce my wishes and feelings on these matters on my three children; yet they have become just what I wished. When I got downstairs my elder grandson aged two and a quarter told me with an important face that the christening had been fixed for four o'clock in the Chapel Royal. I had time beforehand to see the house and Fernando showed me my father's tapestries and many old remembrances of his childhood and that of his wife—now joined together.

We drove to and from the Palace accompanied by the Escolta, and brought home our newly baptized christian in triumph. My elder grandson's greatest pleasure at present is to hear the trumpets of his father's Regiment the Lusitania Lancers.¹ To the little boy the sound of the trumpets meant "papa": on Easter Day we heard those sounds very early. From the window I could at first only see a cloud of dust coming down the street from Carabanchel. Little by little I made out light blue horsemen, and lastly the fair head that formerly had so often lain in my arms; below me on the lower balcony a similar fair curly head was being held up in the arms of *his* mother. . . . It was the day for the swearing-in of the recruits. Later I saw a beautiful horse saddled and bridled according to Bavarian Artillery full-dress regulations being led in through the gate: the King had sent it for my son Adalbert so that he could accompany him to the ceremony. My daughter and I drove to the tribune opposite the Altar where the open-air military Mass was to be celebrated. Before my sister Isabel could catch a glimpse of the King, I knew he was near because from far off I had caught sight of the red tuft on my younger son's Bavarian helmet.

After many years I again took part in the Holy Week ceremonies from my girlhood's place in the Chapel Royal, and precious memories were again awakened.

My son Adalbert's Easter leave came to an end and he had to return to his duties at the Military Riding School. The day before our journey the King invested him with the Order of the Golden Fleece. As ladies are never present I watched the ceremony privately from a doorway and it moved me greatly to see Fernando (as godfather) lead into the Throne room his younger brother, and my brother's only son placing

¹ The Infante had been promoted Major and posted to the Lusitania Lancers from the Pavia Hussars.

the Collar of this five-hundred-year-old Order of Chivalry around his neck. . . .

Upon her return from Spain my mother no longer found Nymphenburg lonely. Besides the Calabrias who for many years past had been our neighbours in a wing of the Palace, Prince Rupprecht with his wife and their charming family¹ came to live there ; later their son Rudolf was born in the Schloss. " When the lilacs bloom," Gabrielle had told her two elder sons, " you will have a little sister or brother." My mother was happy to have children again about the place, besides being very glad to be able to see Rupprecht and Gabrielle often.

About this time my brother again passed through Nymphenburg on his way home from Dresden and Vienna. He had brought the King of Saxony a Spanish uniform, and besides had been charged with a Mission to the Emperor of Austria ; while Fernando was on his journey a rising of the Riff tribes took place in Morocco, and this in conjunction with revolutionary plots in Barcelona brought about a critical situation in Spain. My mother describes what happened :

We had everything ready for a visit from my grandchildren ; I thought they were already on their way to Paris when Maria Teresa telegraphed from San Sebastian that their journey was postponed and Fernando had returned to Madrid. I understood at once from her letter that Spain wanted troops in Melilla. Fernando had received a telegram in San Sebastian from the King telling him a squadron of the Lusitania Regiment had been ordered to Africa ; of course he at once returned to Madrid and placed himself at the King's disposal, although his Colonel told him that for the moment it was only a question of the one squadron going on active service.

¹ Prince Albrecht, Heir to the Throne, b. 1905, m. in 1930 Countess Marita Draskovich von Trakostjan ; twin daughters were b. in 1931.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Prelude to War, 1911-1914

1911

OF historic interest is a letter from my brother describing his doings at the time of the coronation of King George V. of England, at which he represented King Alfonso. He was attended by the Marqués de la Mina, the Marqués de San Felices de Aragon, and Captain Don Francisco Pulido and stayed with Lord Lonsdale in Carlton House Terrace; the late Lord Kintore, Major Sir Philip Hunloke and Major the Honble Edward St. Aubyn were specially attached to him throughout his stay in England. He found each one of them charming and helpful and returned highly delighted to Spain:

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARÍA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

PARIS, *June 29, 1911.*

. . . I find London wonderful and the people very pleasant and gay. The festivities were beautiful, and splendidly organized. I never in my life before saw such order. When I come to Nymphenburg I will tell you everything more fully. If I were to describe it all I should have to write a whole book. . . . I have got to know the German Crown Prince much better. He was very witty; during the Naval Review I conversed with him for a long time on board ship. As all the Germans say *du* to one another I did so to him, and also to the Austrian Heir Presumptive the Archduke Karl,¹ who is very sympathetic and natural. The German Crown Prince called the Archduke and myself his "colleagues" as we were all doing the same thing—"representing." I was glad to meet him again somewhat informally as that time in Potsdam everything

¹ Afterwards the Emperor Karl (1887-1922).

was so ceremonious. I take it for granted that you will meanwhile have seen from the newspapers who were there. I find the country in England particularly beautiful. I was forced to speak English as they did not all speak French ; at first I had great difficulty ; I must learn the language better. . . .

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *July 1, 1911.*

. . . Fernando returned yesterday from London. He is delighted with all he saw there and with all the kindness he received. Besides this, I can give you the agreeable news that on account of the momentary quiet in Morocco, he has asked leave to go to Munich.

My mother had them nearly two months with her. Maria Teresa was expecting her third child and hoped this time that it would be a girl. It was. She duly arrived in Madrid in the beginning of October. Now whatever Royalties may lack in life they are as a rule sufficiently endowed with Christian names. The poor infant was baptized Maria-de-las-Mercedes Teresa Maria de la Paz Fernanda Adalberto Cristina Antoinette Isidra Ramona Josefa Jesusa Fausta *omnes sancti* Francisca de Borja !

In the autumn the military and political situation in Morocco again became critical :

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *September 26, 1911.*

. . . To-morrow Alfonso ¹ passes through here. He has volunteered for Morocco and leaves for Melilla with the San Fernando Infantry Regiment, commanded by Miguelito Primo de Rivera.² . . .

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND
MADRID, *December 31, 1911.*

. . . Yesterday morning the Lusitania Regiment received orders to leave for Malaga and embark there for Melilla.

¹ Infante Alfonso María de Orleans y Bourbon, eldest son of the Infanta Eulalia ; a brilliant Pilot, he later on organized and commanded the Spanish Air Force. His two elder sons the Princes Alvaro and Alonso are also Pilots ; see page 171, footnote.

² (1870-1930) : Dictator 1923-1929.

Fernando left at half-past eleven at night for El Pardo to ride from there with his Regiment to Jetafa. At six o'clock the next morning the train left. . . .

My brother was now a Field Officer on the Staff, but he had long settled it with the King that he would, in case of war, command his half regiment on active service.

II

1912

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARÍA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MELILLA, *January 6, 1912.*

. . . I feel confident that nothing will happen to me. My guardian angel will surely protect me as all are protected who do their duty ; as soldier and a Christian I will fulfill that duty now as I have always striven to do. The day when I can embrace you again and say that I have been of use to your fatherland will be one of the proudest in my life. I understand how hard it is for those who are left behind to see son, husband or father go. . . . We have not yet got our campaigning orders but are expecting them daily. Everyone is in the best of spirits from the General in command to the simplest soldier. . . .

NADOR CAMP, MOROCCO, *January 15, 1912.*

. . . Our troops are comparatively well-off here, they have sufficient to eat and are satisfied. . . . The Spanish soldier is patriotic enough, but one must understand how to take him. . . . Your letters touch me deeply and I am very grateful to you for them. . . . When you receive this we shall probably have got back from a little expedition in the Zaco de el Yema—seven kilometers from Seluan. It will not be so difficult. But to ease your mind I will telegraph to you at once on our return. . . .

My brother wanted to reassure my mother. In this enterprise he took part with his Regiment in the storming of Monte Aruit and distinguished himself very much. The Spanish newspapers had columns full of praise for his coolness and intrepidity. In the

following letter to our mother he displays a soldier's modesty :

NADOR CAMP, *January 20, 1912.*

. . . Yesterday we returned here. We took part in an action which in my opinion will have good results. . . . We wheeled towards Monte Aruit and occupied it. This was the object of our enterprise. In all we lost only about fifteen men. An infantry officer, the son of General Morales, is amongst the killed. I remained quite calm during the affair, waited to see what would happen and observed everything through my field-glasses. . . . The whole undertaking is not of great importance but it was well carried through and an important position taken with few casualties, which is the proof that it was well and cheaply done. I send you cuttings from a Melilla newspaper so that you can follow the expedition with the aid of Adalbert's map. . . . You can have no idea how dirty we are after three days without washing. Thank God we are all well. After our return Nador—a wretched hole compared with which every little village in Castile is a Paris—seemed to us a perfect paradise. . . .

My mother's letters to Madrid about this time were full of happiness in at last owning a place of her own in Spain : she had acquired from the other co-heirs of her grandmother La Reina Gobernador Cristina the half of an estate in La Mancha ; the other half her sister Eulalia's younger son Luis Fernando had inherited from his grandmother Montpensier. Luis's half is called Castillejo, my mother's Lujan ; they are separated by a little river and lie near the small town of Tarancon, the home of my great-grandmother's second husband, the Duque de Rianzares. My mother was the only one of Queen Ysabel's heirs who cared much for Lujan ; all the others found this rather wild, out-of-the-way estate troublesome and were very pleased when my mother bought their portions ; they only wondered at the interest she took in it ! The whole property had been neglected. In Castillejo, besides an unfinished and half-ruined castle, there was at least a farm-house ; but in Lujan there were only stony fields. It took six or seven years to have a

house built, a garden laid out and the estate got into something like decent agricultural order. Of course it brought in no revenue; nevertheless my mother never failed to be delighted with the idea of owning a property in Spain.

My parents had decided to go by motor-car to Madrid that autumn. They wished to be there for the birth of their next grandchild, and looked forward with pleasure to a delightful journey. After crossing the Pyrenees they passed through the little town of Jaca which in the year 1931, just before the Revolution in Spain, became known in an inglorious way through the mutiny of its garrison. Then the inhabitants crowded round the Infanta Paz and her family, and the Infanta Paz was quite moved by their enthusiasm and by being on Spanish soil again.

On the fifteenth of September my sister wrote:

I have a little niece and she is to be called Pilar. The child is healthy and Maria Teresa very well, thank God. We are all so happy.¹

The next entry in my sister's Diary was written the end of December in Nymphenburg after their happiness had vanished:

I shall never forget that day,² or how Maria Teresa smiled at me when I came into her room. She was sitting in bed with her hair dressed, ready to get up, and answered my astonished: "What, already so far advanced?" with a gay "Yes, I am going to get up." The rest of us drove to the station to meet the King who was returning from his summer stay in San Sebastian. On getting back to the house about half-past ten I again went into Maria Teresa's room. The children were with her laughing and she laughing with them. She seemed that day so particularly well, content and happy. Mamma, Papa and I went out for a walk; Fernando would not come with us. From the moment my sister-in-law had taken to her bed he had never left her side except when called away by his military duties. . . .

¹ *Meine Zweite Autoreise*, Tagebuchblätter von Pilar Princessin von Bayern: München, 1914.

² September 23, 1912.

We returned from our walk about half-past eleven. My father and mother stayed on the ground floor as they had to receive some army surgeons in audience ; I went up to my room on the second floor and sat down to write. At five minutes to twelve—I had just looked at the clock—one of the maids came rushing in and with distracted looks and trembling voice brought out the words : “ Come—quick—the Infanta is ill—very ill.” I dashed down the stairs to the first floor. Inside the wide-open door I saw a priest and some army doctors in uniform half kneeling half bending over my sister-in-law’s bed—ladies’ maids, the doctors, the nurse, aides-de-camp, ladies-in-waiting, my Mother, Papa, all were in the room. Alone—white as death—standing straight up by his wife’s bed was my brother Fernando. When he saw me he said : “ She is dying.” The next moment I too was at her bedside. An ashen-grey face, a pair of wide-open dying eyes stared at me : the priest gave her Extreme Unction : the doctors looked helplessly at one another : her former *Ava*, now her lady-in-waiting, the Condesa de Mirasol, closed her eyes. My brother stood as if petrified. . . . The Queen-Mother came in. They had telephoned her to come across from the Palace, trying to break the news to her as gently as they could. . . .

My sister with the others, as is the Spanish custom, helped to dress Maria Teresa ; my brother himself folded her hands and laid the crucifix between them. Then he completely broke down : “ The poor children ” were the only words he could utter.

On top of all this came a telegram bringing the news of the death of Duke Franz Josef in Bavaria.¹ One of the hardest moments of all for my mother was when she had to make the happy children playing in the garden understand that their mother was gone from them. She said :

“ Mamma cannot come as God has called her away.”

“ When will she come again ? ”

“ She will not come again. When God calls we must leave all and do only what He wills.”

¹ 1888-1912, son of Duke Karl Theodor the Oculist and brother of the Duchess of Urach, the Queen of the Belgians, and of the first wife of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

The night was terrible ! Next day, before the coffin was closed preparatory to taking it to the Escorial, my brother ordered his gates to be left open so that everyone who wished could come in ; many did so, and not out of curiosity : one saw how truly they grieved, the humblest perhaps most of all.

On the thirteenth of November the funeral of the Prime Minister Canalejas, who had been assassinated in Madrid a few days before, took place. My brother as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Escolta had to ride beside the King. There was great excitement as Alfonso had forbidden the streets to be closed and the occasion would have been ideal for another attempt on his life. His disregard of the danger won him once again another great ovation. My mother's anxiety was relieved when the funeral was over and the King and my brother safely at home ; she was glad, too, that public affairs had to some extent diverted their thoughts from their private grief.

A few days later when my parents and Pilar arrived at Nymphenburg they were told that the Prince Regent was ailing. His usual freshness and activity had lately been impaired ; now he seemed tired ; that for his age—ninety-two—was not to be wondered at, but gave all the more cause for anxiety. In less than a month he was dead.¹

My mother grieved sincerely as she had, in course of time, come to love and respect him more and more. Upon the death of Ludwig II., and during the early period of the Regency, their relations were a little strained ; but after a while they came to understand one another perfectly. For that they had largely to thank the Regent's sister Adelgonde (Duchessa di Modena) who by her kind and conciliatory efforts had brought about perfect harmony and appreciation between her brother and all the members of the Adalbert family. Moreover, my brother Fernando owed much to the Prince Regent for his constant kindness and attention to him and to his family ; otherwise he

¹ December 12, 1912.

might not have come—so soon after Maria Teresa's death—to Munich for the funeral, at which were present the Emperor William II., the King of Saxony and most of the German Ruling Princes; Tommaso Genova represented the King of Italy and the Infante Carlos the King of Spain. It was an enormous procession from the Hofkirche in the Residenz, through the principal streets of the capital, to the Theatiner Church. Luitpold had been Regent for twenty-six years, exercising his functions on behalf of his nephew the incurable King Otto. His eldest son Ludwig, who succeeded him as Regent, assumed this office with great ceremonial in the Throne room of the Residenz in the presence of the members of the two Houses of Parliament.

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARÍA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *December 24, 1912.*

. . . How sad is this Christmas! How beautiful life is when one is happy, and how hard and tragic when misfortune comes to break up a family as united and contented as mine was. I have passed through many bitter hours: how could it be otherwise? Just the very dearest remembrances always bring back to me the great void my poor Maria Teresa has left in this house. I do not know why I should call her "poor," for surely she is happy in Heaven. The "poor" are my children and myself who are without her; after having prayed, as we do every evening, for their mother, they are probably already dreaming of the Crib and their presents and toys, as it is some time since I carried them off to bed. I hesitated as to what I should do about Christmas Eve; in the end I decided to have their Christmas Tree arranged for them as usual. . . . I begged my mother-in-law to come this afternoon and be with her grandchildren for a while when the Tree was lit. It was very bitter for her also, and I now reproach myself for having asked it. I begged all the rest of the family not to bring their presents until to-morrow as I knew I could not bear it on Christmas Eve; therefore only Alfonso came for a moment after dark; he was very nice to me and I am most grateful. . . . I shall not be the only one to-night who prays for Maria Teresa. There are many who will remember the little clause

in her will : " I beg all those who care for me to pray much for me. They can be sure that I also will not forget them." She will not forget us and will watch over this house and will beg God to protect her children. As I write these lines I hear the noise of *xambombas* and *raveles*¹ in the street. Thousands of families to-night are enjoying unalloyed happiness. May God grant it to them many years. . . .

III

1913

My mother, as can be imagined, wished to go again soon to visit Fernando, particularly as he had, through a fall from his horse, broken his arm and could not undertake military duty. We found the house without Maria Teresa was very sad and naturally we all felt depressed. Once, without my brother, we drove out to Lujan. It was the first time I had seen it. It lies in the monotonous La Mancha, south-east of Madrid, where Cervantes led his Don Quixote in order that he might find such immortal adventures. Red-brown chalky earth covering the little hills and wide plains, very few trees and those mostly holm-oak centuries old. There was little to be seen. We slept in a small very primitively built house that was still quite damp. The natives got up a little feast in honour of my mother after their own fashion. They assembled round an enormous bonfire in the courtyard and sang improvised strophes, their home-brewed wine soon bringing the proper abandon. The peasants there always sing during their work in the fields, generally sad, monotonous songs, that have come down to them from father to son ; illiterate, but cultured, they could neither read nor write, but they could improvise verses on the instant and sing them to their guitars ; every evening they invented with gusto and facility new words with flattering allusions in honour of my mother and her

¹ Peculiar unmusical, often discordant, instruments played everywhere in the streets in Spain on Christmas Eve, and sometimes even in the Churches, to amuse the Christ Child.

family. How many of the expensively educated could do this? It was much more satisfying and moving than many a concert where all the rules of style and composition are faithfully observed; simple and unsophisticated, sung by men rooted in nature and the good earth, sombre and monotonous as the landscape of New Castile, but, like the landscape, lit by the magical sunshine of Spain. My sister was particularly delighted with such picturesque scenes.

We were not long back in Nymphenburg when we received a letter from my brother Fernando giving a vivid account of another attempt on the life of the King of Spain. A man shot at him with a revolver as he was returning to the Palace after the open-air ceremonial of the swearing-in of recruits:

MADRID, *April* 16, 1913.

. . . I should have written to you at once after the attempt on the King's life to tell you the few particulars about it that I know personally, but I could not get time to do so until to-day. I was not actually a witness of the affair as that day I was riding beside the Queen's carriage. I was surprised in the Calle de Alcalá as we were about to cross the Plaza de la Cibeles at a halt that was not included in the programme. We were close on the heels of the King's squadron of Escolta, but, as at the moment the Moroccan native troops were defiling in the direction of Carabanchel, I thought that this was the cause of the delay.

Almost immediately I was told privately that three shots had been fired at the King without effect, that no one was wounded, and that the assassin was a prisoner. They said I was to tell the Queen about it, but I decided to keep it to myself, and she knew nothing until she got back to the Palace; I had hard work to keep back the people who were crowding round her carriage, enthusiastically shouting "Long live the brave Queen!" and cheering with all their might. She asked me what it all meant, and I said it was only patriotic fervour—which satisfied her. Indeed I have never seen such display of enthusiasm as on that day. I had to master my nerves and conceal the impatience I felt to get her safely home. She bowed smilingly in every direction without an idea of what had happened. We reached the Plaza de Armas before the Palace at almost the same time as the King; at almost the

same moment my mother-in-law with my two little boys arrived from Nino's house in the Castellana from which they had watched the troops march past. I told Queen Cristina of the attempt in such a way that she was not frightened, and Ena went smilingly up the grand staircase still without knowing that anything had happened.¹ I need not tell you any more details of the occurrence as you will already have read them in the papers. I telegraphed at once to you so that you would be prepared when the news arrived. . . .

THE QUEEN-MOTHER CRISTINA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *April 22, 1913.*

. . . I thank God that He has brought Alfonso safe through the attempt. . . .

Even though my mother was not herself present I should like for historic reasons to mention an interesting ceremony which took place at the end of August in the Befreiungshalle near Regensburg. My great-grandfather Ludwig I. had built, in remembrance of the freeing of Germany from the power of Napoleon I., a remarkable monument on a height above the banks of the Danube, opposite the town of Kelheim, and dedicated it to all the Germans who had fought for freedom. Ludwig I., long before he ascended the Throne, was one of Napoleon's bitterest opponents. He had never made any secret of it, and Napoleon it seems had once declared that nothing would hinder him from one day shooting this rebellious young Crown Prince. In 1913 the centenary of the German War of Independence was celebrated throughout Germany. The little town of Kelheim was hung with the white and blue of Bavaria, and the black, white and red of the Empire; the streets were full of people in holiday attire. It was an imposing sight when the Emperor William II., all the German reigning Princes—twenty-two in number—and the Representatives of the three Imperial Free Towns were assembled in the hall. I personally shall never forget it because it was the

¹ The Infante Don Juan was born on June 20, seven days later.

first and last time I saw the German Emperor with all the personifications of the might and splendour of the Empire around him.

I must also mention the unveiling of the equestrian statue of the Prince Regent Luitpold in front of the National Museum in Munich that year because of an incident my mother likes to remember ; as we were admiring Hildebrand's beautiful monument she caught sight of a Russian officer amongst the Royal guests. My mother did not know him, but my cousin Heinrich of Bavaria whispered to her : " That is your enemy." She could not understand what he meant as she has never knowingly possessed such a thing as an enemy. The Russian officer, now quite near, looked at her and, bowing low, said in Spanish : "*Enemigo?*" Giving him her hand Mamma answered very decidedly : " No." It was Don Jaime, the only son and heir of the Pretender Don Carlos VII., who was at that time serving in the Russian Army : by chance it fell to Don Jaime to give his arm to my mother when they went round the Museum, and they were both glad of it and spoke to one another in Spanish to their hearts' content. Next day he paid a visit to Nymphenburg and laughingly told my mother that his servant was indignant that he had come to see her. As with my mother, the good of Spain was what lay nearest his heart—not outworn political quarrels. Like her mother Ysabel II. and her nephew Alfonso XIII., my mother detested the Carlist feud. Don Jaime was extremely sympathetic, and King Alfonso XIII. had often regretted that they could not know one another.

The quarrel was formally and finally settled in September, 1931, when King Alfonso XIII., with statesmanlike magnanimity, met Don Jaime in Paris ; the Pretender immediately returned the visit at Fontainebleau, bestowing on the King the Order of Saint Esprit. Within a week Don Jaime died suddenly and his aged uncle Alfonso, only surviving member of the Carlist branch, formally recognized King Alfonso's children as his heirs.

In the autumn of 1913 there was a great event in Munich. Less than a year after he succeeded his father as Regent, the Bavarian Government, with the two Houses of Parliament, petitioned Prince Ludwig to allow himself to be proclaimed King, as they considered it in the best interests of the country that he should do so. King Otto was incurable ; the Regency had lasted more than twenty-seven years, and to prolong it indefinitely was injurious to Bavaria. As a constitutional Ruler the Regent felt bound to bow to the will of his Ministry ; accordingly on the eighth of November he took the oath to the Constitution with great ceremonial in the Residenz, and was proclaimed as Ludwig III. There were many fêtes and functions ; the King drove in a state carriage drawn by eight horses through the city ; a great torchlight procession was arranged by the students.

The customary official visits of the reigning Sovereigns then began, the King of Saxony being the first to arrive. In November the King of Spain passed through Munich incognito on his way to Austria to hunt with his uncle the Archduke Frederick, and we of course met him at the station coming and going. King Manoel ¹ and Queen Augusta Victoria of Portugal also made a short stay in Munich and the German Emperor visited the King of Bavaria towards the middle of December. On giving me the Order of the Black Eagle he said to my mother : " One honours the mother when one honours the son." Indeed, William II. never let pass an opportunity of saying something courteous and agreeable to her—and he was quite correct in saying that he was gratifying my mother as much as me.

My mother and I have always understood one another particularly well, although formerly we often had terrible disputes ; she explained and excused

¹ King Manoel, born 1889, deposed 1910, had married on September 4, 1913, Augusta Victoria, a daughter of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen: The King died suddenly at Fulwell Park, Middlesex, on July 2, 1932.

these by saying such contests are inevitable unless one is servile or completely indifferent. I could always tell her quite openly what troubled me, and she always understood me and was never shocked. She can enter wonderfully into other people's feelings and can forgive much. This engendered between us a perfect confidence which has never wavered in spite of many trials.

As her family grew up and became less dependent on my mother she turned more and more to charitable works and extended her countless spheres of activity. She wishes, and always wished, to help the poor and suffering whenever and however possible. Simpler people of the humbler classes are in general nearer to her than those belonging to Society. This arises from her right conception of religion. She knows no prejudices, takes no account of preconceived ideas, hates gossip, and cannot endure any kind of hypocrisy. She wishes people to trust her as she trusts them: disappointments (and she has had many) she has never taken tragically. Her doors, like those of my father, are open to everybody, especially to all the sick and needy. My father has all his life treated and operated without payment, and so long as he was able to do so he even paid the costs of medicines and hospital treatment for his patients. Thus my parents aided one another in their efforts to help the poor. Many others came also, finely dressed people with every appearance of respectability, but whose intentions were not honest. It would require a whole book to tell of all the impostors and swindlers who in course of time found—indeed still find—their way to my parents' door!

My mother was of course patroness and member of countless beneficent societies for helping poor girls, students, religious missions, and so on. The Capuchin, Father Cyprian, many a time pointed out to her the wisest direction for her energies. With his help she founded the Kinder Legion, placing, as an example to others, my ten-year-old sister at its head. Children of every age and class were to unite to help personally

Pilar



PRINCESS PILAR OF BAVARIA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF PRINCE
AND PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

poorer children by working for them, bringing them gifts and in every other possible way. It would be quite impossible here to mention all my mother's manifold charitable undertakings.

In the course of time she came to recognize that Germany was far ahead of Spain in social organization, particularly in the matter of schools. If it were only possible to educate Spanish schoolmasters in the German system, much, she thought, could be achieved. She considered the problem long and earnestly how this could be brought to pass. A young Spanish priest, Dr. Sanz, had similar ideas and helped her to realize her project. Dr. Sanz was from the University of Salamanca and was studying in Paris when my mother met him in Epinay at the time of her father's death. He came shortly afterwards to Munich for University lectures and she worked out her plan with his help. The first step was to bring over three poor but intelligent Spanish boys and have them educated in her Institution at Neuhausen. She succeeded in interesting the Spanish Government to the extent that they made her an annual grant. Now she could bring over more boys ; and a house of their own, the *Pedagogium Español*, was established in Munich. She devoted herself to the *Pedagogium* until the Revolution in 1918 brought this work, with so many other things, to a sudden end. She wrote in her *Impresiones* :

The twenty-seventh of August 1913 was one of the most beautiful days of my life, when the new *Pedagogium* was opened with twenty-eight Spanish boys. . . . Of this house I will make a nursery, a school for Spanish schoolmasters, based on the German system. . . . I will bind my two countries together through heart and head with the bonds of peace and goodwill ; these alone can engender real friendship and are stronger than all the treaties on earth.

This dream of Peace was, alas ! soon rudely interrupted, but my mother's vision grew ever stronger and stronger in spite of the hostility of the nations.

It was because of the *Pedagogium* that my mother was for the first and last time in her life glad and proud

of receiving a Decoration. King Alfonso XIII. wished to give her an outward expression of his appreciation of all she had done. He had founded in honour of his father an Order for art and science, the Order of Alfonso XII., rather like the British Order of Merit. It was for men only, but as the King knew how high my mother held the memory of her brother, he sent her the Grand Cross. "She will be still more pleased to know," wrote my brother Fernando from Spain, "that the idea was the King's very own."

IV

1914

THE INFANTA ISABEL TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

MADRID, *January 12, 1914.*

. . . I do not want to go to bed until I tell you of my joy at the King's gift to you of the Grand Cross of Alfonso XII. It is the reward of merit given to an Infanta who, though living in another country, works unceasingly for the good of Spain. Everyone, without exception, is delighted about it, particularly the literary and scientific people who are convinced of the importance of the "Pedagogium" for the future. You will receive many congratulations, but few will come from the innermost heart so tenderly as do mine, and few will understand what it means to you that this Order bears the name of a King whom later generations will hold in ever-increasing esteem and honour. . . . Besides this, I find it beautiful that for the first time a men's Order has been bestowed upon a woman—and that the woman thus signalized is you. . . .

At the end of March the King and Queen of Württemberg appeared in Munich and there were two days of the customary festivities. Perhaps more interesting, in view of later events, was the visit of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir Presumptive to the Throne, to return, on behalf of the Austrian Emperor, Ludwig III.'s first visit to Vienna. My mother had of course met him at the King of Spain's wedding. My mother was not in Munich for the visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden in the middle of April

as she had gone to Spain to my brother's accompanied by my sister and Miss Delaney. It was well she did so ; seven long, terrible years were to pass before she saw Spain again.

During her stay in Madrid my mother was told by my brother that he had found a lady who he believed would make him happy and be a second mother to his children. She was Luisa de Silva,¹ a member of one of the oldest noble families in Spain ; my mother knew her well and was very pleased at Fernando's choice. He told us he would wait until the two years of his widowerhood were over, and be married quietly in the autumn. Naturally my mother and all of us promised to be present—but fate decided otherwise.

My mother and Pilar stayed for a while in Lujan and Fernando visited them there. Friends invited her to Valencia, and as Lujan is well on the high road from Madrid to that Province, she and my sister were delighted and set off. When the local authorities heard that the Infanta Paz was coming to their town all kinds of festivities were organized, and the trip became very fatiguing. The triumphal entry into the town had to be made in a carriage which was surrounded by cheering crowds : fireworks, a necessity in all Spanish fêtes, flew dangerously about and many fell into the carriage. This was only the beginning. They did so much that my mother was completely done up. Besides looking at everything to be seen, there were balls and dances in the open air. The result was that when my mother at last got into the train on her way back to Madrid she fell asleep at once ; Pilar, nearly dead for want of rest, fell into such a deep sleep that she rolled on to the floor without even noticing it ! Upon awakening they had to laugh when they realized what had happened.

¹ Doña Luisa de Silva y Fernandez de Henestrosa, Duquesa de Talavera de la Reina ; the wedding took place at Fuenterrabia, near San Sebastian, October 1, 1914. In 1927 King Alfonso created Doña Luisa *de Gracia* an Infanta of Spain "because of her great devotion to my sister's children."

My mother returned to Munich in June in time for the visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse and the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, all four of whom were closely related to the august Queen Victoria of England. Ernst August of Brunswick was no stranger at the Bavarian Court, having served in the 1st Schweren Reiter Regiment in Munich before he married the only daughter of the Emperor William II. ; his father, the Duke of Cumberland, would have been King of Hanover if that country had remained independent.

V

Into the care-free atmosphere in Munich on the twenty-eighth of June, came the news of the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife by a Serbian fanatic in Sarajevo.

We understood at once that this meant an explosion in the Balkans, and that it would have great political consequences between Austria and Russia, but we never dreamed that it would or could bring about a world war.

At that time I had just finished my service in the Bavarian Military Academy and was to be attached to the General Staff after the annual autumn Manœuvres. I was quite proud of myself because it was the first time a Bavarian Prince had made his own career, winning his promotion like any other officer solely by hard work and study. My last duty at the Military Academy was to give a lecture on the battle of Mars-la-Tour near Metz, and the achievements of Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia in 1870. How fantastic at that moment would have seemed the thought that within a few weeks I should myself be fighting in Lorraine.

In the best of good humour I went on leave to Rimini on the Adriatic, enjoyed sun and water and never looked at a newspaper.

On the fifth of July my mother witnessed at Nymphenburg a big military parade on the occasion of the

centenary of the Bavarian Infantry Life Guards, the event arousing such intense interest that it could not be celebrated within the barracks and had to be held in the Park in front of the Schloss. It was a magnificent sight as the Regiment was composed of the tallest men of Bavaria. Many of these soldiers and officers in silver-braided light blue uniform fell a little over a month later in Lorraine ; only a very few of them saw the end of the war.

At that time there were a great many Austrians and Hungarians at Rimini. It struck me as curious that they stood about in groups whispering mysteriously and then, very suddenly, they all disappeared. Upon asking for an explanation I was told of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and of rumours of coming war. An old woman selling almonds and fruit on the beach kept shouting : "*Guerra . . . bum . . . bum.*" My peace was gone.

I did not believe that Germany would be involved, but, in any case, I wanted to be within reach of our War Office. If there was a mobilization of the German Army I should have to command a battery of my Field Artillery. I started for home. Before I arrived the Minister of War had asked by telephone where I was : without hesitating (and without knowing) my mother answered : "He is on the way." She was quite sure I would be there in time.

The tension before the mobilization began was anything but pleasant. Everyone was asking : "Is it war or not ?"

We hung about in the barracks. One afternoon—it was the first of August—my mother was in my room when the telephone bell rang : it was the news that mobilization had been ordered for both Navy and Army : overhearing my remarks my mother at once realized what was happening ; but as always she showed a serene face and kept her feelings to herself.

I had a week at home before leaving with my Battery which was stationed in a suburb near Nymphenburg. Every day fresh men and horses arrived. I had hardly

anything to do ; everything went automatically. But the waiting was terrible. I would much rather have gone off at once and spared my relations and myself the prolonged parting. My father at once presented himself for service as a military surgeon and my sister as Red Cross nurse.

Suddenly Munich seemed filled with field-grey uniforms. The soldiers marching off were covered with flowers by their weeping friends and sweethearts. Duty was stamped on every face. There was no theatrical boasting, only earnestness and discipline.

Involuntarily my mother thought of Paris in 1870 and the French soldiers cheering on the Esplanade des Invalides ; she could almost hear their enthusiastic cries of "*A Berlin.*" At that time she was on their side ; now she was the mother of a German soldier.

In times of tragedy or stress my mother is always mistress of the situation. She knew quite well that this was the moment to hide all sad personal feeling and make everything as easy as possible. There were therefore no formal farewells. The morning I was to leave Pilar went quietly to her hospital training, and I said good-bye to my parents as if going on an ordinary journey. Instinctively we acted as if it were only a question of a short separation, although we all had the same hidden thought : " Shall we ever see one another again ? "

My mother, having herself helped me to put on my uniform and sword, came with me to the stables to watch me mount, and looked long after me as I rode away to the station at the head of my Battery. . . .

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Third Revolution, 1918-1919

1918

ON a dull autumn day—it was Tuesday the fifth of November, 1918—two officers were riding from the German Western Front towards Sedan. One of them was a military doctor, Dr. Heckwolf; the other was myself. We had obtained home leave and were searching for a train going towards Munich, or rather, first of all, any sort of military transport from Sedan into Germany. We did not talk much, each being fully occupied with his own thoughts. A short time before we had heard that negotiations for an armistice were taking place; disquieting talk of revolutionary movements in the Austrian Monarchy had also reached us.¹ Both rumours seemed extraordinary. In the fighting line one as a rule only heard of what immediately concerned oneself as a soldier. The German Western Front had been withdrawn to the Maas, the rearward movement having been carried out in order and quietness. A withdrawal never seems agreeable, but we consoled ourselves with the assumption that it was a mere tactical move made for the purposes of shortening our line and enabling us to offer renewed resistance to the enemy on a better and more easily defended front. There was surely no reason to be anxious; otherwise we shouldn't have got home leave. During the long years of war we had lost the habit of questioning; we

¹ Mutiny broke out in the German Fleet at Kiel, November 3; hostilities between Austria-Hungary and the Entente had ceased, November 4.

had confidence in our leaders and contented ourselves with doing our duty as soldiers.

As we rode into Sedan I recalled the event of the year 1870.

Had not my mother often told me about Sedan when describing the days of her youth? How the town drummer had announced on the strand at Houlgat that Napoleon III. had been taken prisoner; how none of the good citizens of Houlgat had wanted to believe it. All those old stories of a mere four months' war seemed to me like simple fairy tales compared with the terrible events of the last four endless years. Luckily I hadn't much time to brood. At Sedan Station we found some heavy artillery transport ready to start; we were kindly received and departed with it—where to nobody exactly knew—probably in the direction of Mainz. Somewhere we should find a junction to an express, or so we hoped, and made ourselves comfortable as one does in war. We were tired and glad to be sitting on benches, bereft of all zest save the eager desire to meet our families again. I was in a special hurry to get home because from my mother's recent letters I had gathered that my sister had been seriously ill with pneumonia; but, generally speaking, the Fieldpost's arrival had brought me the most agreeable moments in the war. My parents and Pilar had written regularly and told me all about events in Munich. The letters my mother had directed to me to France, Russia, Rumania or wherever I was, were an unending comfort and joy. They were simple and true and revealed her innermost feelings. The thought that day after day and night after night countless men were killed or mutilated was dreadful to her; with her whole soul and mind she prayed for peace, trying all the time to alleviate the miseries of the people around her as best she could. Of course she went through much anxiety on my account, but characteristically never mentioned it in her letters: "Now God, King and Fatherland came first" as she had expressed it in a poem inscribed to me when I became a soldier, there-

fore she would "remain in the background." She accepted ; but was none the less afraid.

From the moment war began Pilar, as I knew, rode every day on her bicycle in all weathers to the Munich Red Cross Hospital to wait on and nurse the wounded soldiers. I had now the feeling that she was in great danger, and after I got home found that my premonition was justified, as she had been on the point of death.

Our journey was full of small difficulties. We did catch an express at Saarbrücken, but it only went as far as Bruchsaal. However, we somehow arrived in Munich on the afternoon of Thursday, the seventh of November. On the way we had heard further disquieting rumours of revolutionary events in Kiel, of Soldiers' Councils being established on the Russian model, and similar things—all completely incomprehensible to us. This was the more curious as on the Western Front, when we left, everything appeared to be as usual and the discipline of the troops was fully maintained. However, we soon realized that things at home were very different from things in the trenches. As we entered Munich by train we saw masses of people rushing over the Hackerbrücke. The big station was packed with an excited crowd. On inquiry a railway employé told me that a man released from prison called Kurt Eisner was holding a revolutionary meeting at the Theresienwiese—a big open space not far from the Hauptbahnhof or principal railway station.

Who was Kurt Eisner ? And why did they allow him such licence ? I simply couldn't understand then—I do not now—why a Polish Jew should have suddenly become the leader of Bavaria !

As the cab-driver declared to me he couldn't go as far as Nymphenburg with his crooked old mare I told him to drive me to our town house in the Wittelsbacherplatz. There I found my father's A.D.C., Baron Redwitz, who told me that all I had heard was unfortunately true. I telephoned home. My mother and sister both spoke to me, and were so glad to know

I was safely back that all the turmoil in Munich of which I spoke seemed to them comparatively unimportant. Now I had no further serious anxiety about Pilar's health and, in order to look more civilized, I went at once to my hairdresser in the Odeonsplatz, having asked them to send the car in to fetch me home. The shop was closed, but the owner peering through the blinds recognized me, let me in and cut my hair. Whilst I was there a terrible crowd of wild-looking people crossed the square yelling, and marching along the noble Ludwigstrasse in the direction of the Siegestor. They were the crowd from the Theresienwiese, young fellows, fanatical women, and, to my disgust, people in uniform looking most unmilitary. One couldn't call such creatures soldiers! Soldiers were at the front, in hospital—or dead. These were mere rowdy boys of seventeen or eighteen years old from the recruiting depots, won over by the revolutionaries imported from Poland and Russia, and of course feeling most important. It was a disgusting sight.

The mob had now begun assaulting officers and trying to tear off their distinctions and badges of rank, a proceeding which they naturally resented. My friendly hairdresser strongly advised me not to go out into the street and, when I insisted that I wanted to go home, he let me out by a side-door into the Hofgarten. Although, in spite of my filthy uniform, I was obviously a Field Officer I made my way unmolested across the great open space of the Odeonsplatz, past the Leuchtenburg Palace, the town house of the Crown Prince Rupprecht, and into the courtyard of our own house just opposite, where I found the waiting car. Very soon I was at Nymphenburg.

A little later in the evening one of the first "acts of freedom" of the mob was to open the prisons. Then followed wild fights and much shooting in the streets; people continued to scream and yell like maniacs. Most of the foreign "heroes of Bavarian freedom" were by this time completely drunk.

That was the beginning of the revolution.

At Nymphenburg we didn't think much about it all. I found my sister better but still very weak. All our immediate family, including Aunt Clara, were at last together—and after long partings this somehow gave us a feeling of security and peace. My mother declared that she at all events would sleep with her hair dressed, for she wished to look tidy if the revolutionaries came to kill her. She did the same, I remembered, in Turin in 1898 when we were staying with the Genovas at the time of some socialist demonstrations. On that occasion she had been very tired and lay down to sleep, but without undressing her hair, so that she would not be *décoiffée*, as she put it, if there was an alarm in the night. It has been a standing family joke ever since that my mother, perhaps the least vain woman in the world and the most indifferent to her personal appearance, should wish to be well *coiffée* before the reds! On such occasions she never gets excited, retains her usual serenity and only wishes that everything should soon be in order again and remain so—like her hair!

My uncle Alfons with his wife, his son Josef Clemens and his daughter Elizabeth were also at Nymphenburg, but intended to go back to Munich next day. Prince Franz, the King's younger son, who was on leave, also happened to be there. His Division, I learned, was then stationed near Rosenheim as a precaution against the spread of revolution from Austria. Nothing happened during the evening. We went to sleep without having heard anything new.

II

The next morning, Saturday, November the eighth, after a quiet and undisturbed night, we were all exceedingly astonished: my servant entered my room and explained to me that a republic had been proclaimed the evening before. When I was in my bath my mother came to the door and confirmed the news. Kurt Eisner had "deposed the Wittelsbach dynasty." The aged King Ludwig III. with his daughters had

left Munich during the night ; where they had gone to nobody knew. Awful scenes had taken place in front of the Residenz ; houses in the city had been plundered. My mother explained all this as if it were a story out of a book. In spite of its obvious seriousness it seemed somehow rather funny. Naturally we would stay in our own house and see what happened ; but she thought I'd better get out of my bath, even though we had no intention whatever of running away.

It wasn't a very agreeable situation, but what could we do ? We were convinced that immediate precautions against the revolution would be taken by the Government. It seemed to sensible people completely out of the question that Eisner, his comparatively few fanatical followers, and a pack of boys should be left free to act as they liked. Although in Munich there were scarcely any troops it ought to be fairly easy with the support of the many well-disposed citizens to re-establish order. About the rest of the Royal family we could find out nothing. We at Nymphenburg were left to ourselves. One of our subordinate Palace officials fearing, as he said, disorderly visits to Nymphenburg by the mob, advised us to leave, but, feeling that his advice was not disinterested, after talking it over we decided, whatever happened, to remain together in the Schloss. One had of course to count on the probability of unwelcome visitors and we therefore hid our jewels and my fire-arms. As my sister slept all alone on the other side of the corridor I moved her bed into the room next to mine so that she shouldn't be without protection at night. I let the reserve Battery of my Regiment know that I was available for duty if required ; it was difficult to hear on the telephone as the " Soldiers' Council " was at that moment holding a noisy meeting in the barracks ; but the officer who spoke told me I should have news later on ; I never received any.

My father wanted to go to his Lazaret in uniform as usual. He was chief of the surgical section of the military hospital of Munich, and had also another hos-



PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND, M.D.

pital under him. If, as was reported, a revolutionary Government was in power his work of course came automatically to an end ; but he wanted to find out for himself how things were, say good-bye to his people if he found such a course inevitable, and prove to the reds that he did not fear them. The wounded soldiers, as we soon found, loved and regretted him. As my sister had not yet recovered sufficiently there was, anyhow, no immediate question of her returning to duty.

Either the revolutionaries had forgotten us or they had decided to leave us in peace. Whatever the reason nothing happened at Nymphenburg.

The news from all directions was contradictory. One heard of ugly proceedings both on the Eastern and Western fronts, and throughout the Empire. It seemed clear that Germany was going republican—if not indeed communist—but not to be believed that nowhere were any energetic measures being taken against internal collapse.¹

Very soon the soldiers started bombarding my sister with messages begging her to return to the Hospital ; some of them even came to assure her personally that nothing hurtful would happen to " Our Sister Pilar " ; they were there to protect her : Day after day she got letters to this effect.

III

This is not the place to describe the growth of the revolution—only the personal side concerns us. My mother was astonished that the plunderers, so long threatened, never arrived. We now came to the conclusion that it would be wiser to move into our town house as Schloss Nymphenburg belonged to the State and we ought to leave before the new Govern-

¹ On Saturday, November the ninth, revolution broke out in Berlin ; Prince Max of Baden, after announcing the abdication of the Emperor, was succeeded by Herr Ebert as Imperial Chancellor ; on the tenth the Emperor crossed the frontier into Holland ; on Monday, the eleventh, the Armistice was signed ; on the twelfth the German and Austrian Republics were proclaimed.

ment ordered us to do so. Moreover, at Nymphenburg we were isolated and in ignorance of what was actually happening. My father agreed, but it cost him much to decide to leave a place where he had spent nearly all his life. Uncle Alfons and Aunt Louise and their two children and Aunt Clara were the first to go. It was a simpler matter for them as they only resided in Nymphenburg in the summer; but we practically lived there, and had to find a place in which to put all our goods and chattels; in the circumstances, this took some time.

Although the rebels declared that they had de-throned in one night the seven-hundred-years-old dynasty of Wittelsbach yet they left most of us where we were. All that was extraordinary—a new kind of revolution. In fact the so-called revolution only came because the people were tired and weak after the long war, and the Army was not at home. Foreign, low-class munition workers in Munich reinforced by traitor sailors from Kiel, and led by alien Jews, were in control. The King was seventy-three years old, had only around him one or two Councillors almost as old as himself, had no senior officers, no tried troops. He knew and relied on the love and loyalty of the true Bavarian people—but the natural supporters of the Sovereign were on active service, and a barrage of low communistic aliens stood between him and his beloved Bavarians. The King's only surviving brother, Prince Leopold, but one year younger than himself, was commanding the Army of the East at Brest Litovsk; Leopold's elder son Georg, who later became a Priest, was serving under him, and his younger son Konrad, in command of the 2nd Schweren Reiter Regiment, was fighting on the Russian front against the Bolsheviks. The Crown Prince was commanding his own Army¹ on the Western Front, where Duke Luitpold was also serving. The Crown Prince's brother-in-law Calabria was with the 11th Bavarian Infantry Division near Antwerp. The Government, necessarily

¹ 2nd and 17th.

bureaucratic throughout the war, had lost touch with the war-weary, half-starved population. Thus the alien agitators had a clear field.

Needless to say there were some comical scenes. One night soon after my return I heard my sister's fox-terrier barking, and steps outside my room. Pilar awoke also. We were sure someone had broken in. I took my small revolver and went out with my sister into the corridor. We both began to laugh. It was one of our old servants who had also heard the dog barking and had come to see what it was about. Pilar found the revolver dangerous. I unloaded it, or thought that I had done so, and to prove it fired ; there was a great noise and the shot made a hole in the counterpane of my bed. Pilar declared that the bullet must have gone through the floor to the bedroom of my parents below, and only tranquillized herself when I found it in my mattress.

For some days we had a " republican guard " at Nymphenburg before our door. Mere boys with many red patches on their uniform, they were very frightened and, had anything serious occurred, would have required (and asked for) first aid from us.

My military career was of course at an end. I could not serve a republican government, but at the same time I could not desert ; I had to have the permission of some sort of a Minister of War before I could retire from the Army. The new " Minister of War " was a sergeant. I felt obliged to write and ask him for my demission, which he at once granted in very correct form.

Now I was a civilian, and we did not even know how we were called. I wanted to have an occupation, if only to prevent me thinking of a situation that I could not change.

Pilar's mind is essentially practical and she cannot be idle, so she proposed that we should at once begin to study history and art at the University, where the lectures, it seemed, went on, although there was great agitation, especially amongst the students. Early in December we went there and told them what we

wished. For me it was easy, but my sister should have made her "governess examination" or something like it, before she could be enrolled; we did not then know that her studies under the *Englischer Fräulein* at Nymphenburg were an equally good qualification. There was nothing to be done because of the statutes, although everyone very kindly tried to think of a way. While we were still discussing the difficulties with the Rector one of the University porters in livery came in and declared that everything was in order: "Eisner allowed it." We were all astonished. The man said he had telephoned on his own initiative and that "his friend Eisner" had answered immediately that Princess Pilar was to be given her card. Then, as now, practically everyone of the "Republicans" loved us. The case was finished and we duly started work. At the same time we prepared to leave Nymphenburg, the Duchessa di Calabria and her five daughters having already done so. Officials of the new regime arrived, and we had to satisfy them that each piece of furniture we wished to remove was our own and not belonging to the State—no easy thing to do as none of us had ever bothered about where the furniture or ornaments had come from. These persons were mostly very civil; some were quite apologetic, and all addressed us as Royal Highness. The *Englische Fräulein*, the celebrated Teaching Order, originally from England, and given accommodation in the Schloss by Maximilian I., were not disturbed but, except for the big State rooms, the rest of the Palace was divided into apartments which were speedily occupied by the new officials and their friends.

That was the end of the year 1918.

IV

1919

The next year was to bring worse times. At first the new people rejoiced over their power, yet lived

in continual anxiety lest the inevitable reaction should come. That was why everything that did not conform to their ideas was absolutely forbidden. Eisner declared in one of his numerous speeches that the Wittelsbachs would only be allowed to stay in the country so long as they kept quiet. We couldn't do anything else. Moreover, we had to think of Bavaria—not of ourselves. The King was in Schloss Wildenwart near the Chiemsee (which had belonged to his dead aunt the Duchessa di Modena who had left it to the Queen Consort). Most of the other Wittelsbachs had returned to Munich. It was not at all pleasant to read in the papers all the dreadful things that the new Government intended to do to us.

In the beginning of the New Year my sister, my cousin Luitpold and I went for a couple of days to Garmisch for ski-ing. On returning we learned that the Queen of Bavaria had died the day before.¹ She was already ill when she was obliged with the King to leave Munich hurriedly very late on the Thursday night of the seventh of November: the excitement and pain of the tragic events of the past three months had caused her infinite sorrow and hastened her end.

Perhaps I should mention here that, in spite of the uncertain future, I had resolved to marry my cousin Countess Augusta Seefried, a granddaughter of Prince Leopold of Bavaria and of the Archduchess Gisela, whom I had met when home on leave in 1917 when she and her sister were staying in Munich with their grandmother. We knew that all sorts of discomforts and trials awaited us, but found it easier to face the evil prospect together. My mother was very glad and wholeheartedly agreed to a young daughter-in-law coming into the house. The chief immediate difficulty was that my future wife lived in Vienna, and we were always afraid of the communications between it and Munich being cut.

A fortnight or so after the Queen's death we were commanded to Wildenwart to visit the King. My

¹ February 3, 1919.

father wished to seize the occasion to speak to the Head of our House about my wishes, and obtain his approval of the marriage. Wildenwart and its inhabitants made a very sad impression on us all. On top of the revolution the Queen's death—it was too tragic. On an easel stood a half-finished painting of hers ; her room was absolutely untouched as if she still lived in it. She at least had found peace, but for her husband and children it was very hard. The King sadly showed us all his remembrances and souvenirs of her, and was most kind. He told us all about his disagreeable experiences on the seventh of November. He hadn't expected such disillusionings, but bore them with great dignity. He had always had the best intentions but, at the end, his counsellors failed him. They insisted on his leaving Munich although both he and the Queen wanted to remain in the Residenz and await events.

About my personal plans he was very sympathetic, only advising me, while we took a long walk, to think it all well over. The beautiful woods near the castle had been nearly destroyed by a recent storm and old splendid trees lay on the ground : it seemed symbolic of the state of our country.

As we took leave we didn't suspect that political developments would soon force the King to leave his beloved Bavaria and settle for a time as an exile in Switzerland.

When we reached Munich Baron Redwitz met our train at the West station and told us it was impossible to go on to the Hauptbahnhof. The Spartacists occupied it. One could not telephone, and there was widespread agitation. Nobody knew exactly what was happening. Probably they feared a movement from the Right. Kurt Eisner knew well that he had only a very small minority behind him.

However, nothing happened till the twenty-first of February when the situation came to a crisis. A band of patriotic Bavarians determined to get rid of the creature who in their opinion was ruining their coun-

try. They drew lots for the task and it fell on Count Anton Arco, who shot Eisner in the Promenade-strasse. Convinced that this foreign Communist was the main cause of the revolution and all its evil consequences Arco committed this terrible act to save his country. He anticipated that it would cost him his own life, but that he did not mind. Although he was so covered with wounds inflicted by the infuriated mob and the red guards that he was left for dead, he recovered as if by a miracle.

Eisner was dead.

Pilar and I were told what had happened while we were visiting a picture exhibition; we immediately went towards the Promenade-strasse to see for ourselves, but could not make our way there through the excited crowd. My mother was horrified when she heard the news at home, and only overcame her anxiety concerning us when she saw us coming in.

Immediately there were hostile counter-demonstrations. Crowds assembled before our house and that of the Crown Prince opposite screaming: "Down with the Wittelsbachs!" Things were now worse than ever. There were awful scenes in the Parliament. Minister Auer was wounded by a revolver, and an officer whom I knew was killed. Aviators threw down leaflets announcing a state of war in the city. After seven o'clock in the evening nobody was allowed to be in the streets. The trams did not run. Friends came to see us and advise us what to do. They said we should be killed if we did not go away. It is true that some of the "red guard" called up to our windows that they would hang us from the street lamps which were nice and near—but far too high.

We were sitting at luncheon one day soon after Eisner's death when an unknown gentleman entered in great agitation. He wanted to save us. We must escape immediately as a motor-car was before our door full of red guards who had come to search for us. They had said: "Now it is the turn of the Ludwig Ferdinands!"

"Do you hear the bells? That is the St. Bartholomew," he declared agitatedly, and again implored us to fly.

The face of my mother did not change. It was not agreeable to hear such things, but there was nothing to be done. The poor man was indignant because we still sat at table. Pilar, thanking him for his interest, said: "If we are to be hanged it does not matter if we have eaten or not; but if we are not, it is better to have eaten."

At any rate we could not have escaped if, as he declared, the red guard really were at the door and intended to keep their word. When some time passed without anything happening we went out to see friends, passed the afternoon with them, and inquired by telephone from time to time whether anything new had taken place at home. Nothing; all was again quiet. We spent that night in our own beds and managed to sleep, but the house of Prince Leopold (who was not in Munich) was entered by people pretending to look for arms. In some parts of the town there were shootings and riots throughout the night.

A few extracts from my Diary will give an idea of our impressions at the time:

PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND PALACE, MUNICH.

February 22, 1919.

Power is said to be in the hands of the Councils. They can do as they like. . . . They have ordered three days of national mourning for Eisner with much ringing of bells. In the Promenadestrasse the spot where he died is covered with flowers; I went there to-day with Pilar and looked at it from a distance only, because if one approaches the spot one must remove one's hat; if not the red guards on duty will knock it off. There were dense crowds.

February 25, 1919.

Things seem quiet, but tranquillity can be the calm before the storm. These last days have been very trying because one had to try to be prepared for anything that might come. Some men and women of the nobility and some officers have been taken prisoner and are held by the reds as hostages against

a counter-revolution. Perhaps we also? One must of course always expect plundering. Dreadful people enter houses in the night to rob, making the excuse that they are looking for officers and arms. One must not be a dupe. One does not know what happens in the rest of the world because there are no newspapers. . . . We shall remain here—even at the risk of being taken prisoners. . . . A red flag floats over the University. It had to be put there by force because most of the students belong to the Right. . . . We have been warned again about danger for to-morrow as demonstrations are expected at the burial of Eisner. . . .

February 27, 1919.

The cremation of Eisner seems to have passed without incidents. One heard endless, maddening bell-ringing, and of course yelling; there was intermittent shooting—not enough for riots, too disorderly for salutes, but we are becoming accustomed to such things. The University has reopened again. The Rector made a speech and besought the students to be quiet and reasonable. The so-called “Independents” want government by the Councils; the “majority Socialists” demand a government of order. For the moment nobody governs. Most of the members of the new “Republican Parliament” have fled in terror. My friend the Sergeant-Major Minister of War escaped hurriedly through a window and, it is said, hurt himself in doing so. At least he will have one “war wound” to boast about afterwards!

V

So things went on. My mother, during all these storms, was discussing with me schemes for my future. We put politics aside, and thought how good it would be when our plans became reality, and we could look back on passing events as one does on an evil dream. We were greatly relieved when, after having tried several times in vain, we could at last communicate with Vienna by telephone; the Post was useless, having been closed for some days. Now I could at least speak to my future wife. We agreed that we should meet at Easter in Berchtesgaden as it lies half-way between Munich and Vienna.

Now some more amusing scenes. It's no good being tragic about tragedy. As my mother was at home alone one day some red guards armed to the teeth suddenly appeared in her room and demanded the keys of her larder. They had first been to the house of Baron Redwitz and insisted that he should accompany them to the Ludwig Ferdinand Palace where, they declared, everyone knew we had enormous quantities of provisions in store ; they had brought a big cart to take them away, and one of them stood before his telephone so that Redwitz could not warn us. However, as he knew well that we had no provisions he consented to accompany them. When they arrived at the house he first of all took them up to the attic, our empty trunks being the only—or almost the only—things there. They ordered each one to be opened. Redwitz, now thoroughly bored, declined to obey them : if it interested them to do so they could open them themselves. They did—and were furious at finding nothing. In their excited zeal searching the trunks they quite failed to notice a brace of wretched skinny war hams hanging over their heads from the ceiling.

It was after this useless search that they came down to my mother. She explained to them quietly she had not the key of the larder, it was kept by her chef who was out. That, they declared, was impossible ; every German housewife kept day and night securely tied to her person the key of her own *Speisekammer*. "Perhaps I ought to have it," replied my mother, "but I haven't." Her tranquillity astonished them. As she politely invited them to wait till the cook came back, they did not feel quite at ease, lost some of their assurance and soon slouched off dejectedly with their big empty cart. Laughable as such things seem afterwards they are not at all pleasant at the time. One never quite knows what such fanatics are capable of, and is completely at their mercy.

Meanwhile we took what precautions we could. As to get rid of the nobility seemed the aim of the fanatics

we applied for passports. This greatly embarrassed the police. A very kind official of the old regime came to us and said that it was difficult to do what we wanted as the police did not know how we were called. He advised us to adopt an incognito until they were able to come to a decision. As the police knew us this would be the best solution. Now incognitos are the privilege of princes. Yet the police themselves advised us to use one. But what was our name? Bavaria? Wittelsbach? Titles were forbidden, but one ought to be allowed some sort of a name. If the police had not been so kind we could never have obtained passports, and without one I could not have crossed the frontier for my approaching marriage. Oddly enough, the authorities—goodness knows why—decided our family name was Bavaria and not Wittelsbach, the name we had borne for some six hundred years. The net result of all this pother was that, apart from the prefix Princess or Prince, we remained what we had always been—Ludwig Ferdinand von Bayern, Pilar von Bayern, Adalbert von Bayern and so on. I may add that when in August, 1919, Bavaria was declared a Free State and the present Government established, we were all granted Diplomatic passports on which we are described by our full Royal style and titles.

Soon after the death of Eisner power was seized by Levin, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg—all Jews—and a red Soviet Republic was declared. Rosa, drunk with blood-lust and hideous, was the ringleader and her ferocity gave her an uncanny power over the lowest elements in the mob. We were again warned. Rosa Luxembourg and company were looking for new hostages, officers of the old army, people with names, Princes: my mother wanted me to leave Munich. She had been told there was no danger for the rest of the family, only for me because I was young and a soldier. My father they would never touch; my sister was a nurse; my mother an Infanta of Spain.

As I had already arranged to meet my bride at Berchtesgaden and feared that the trains might stop

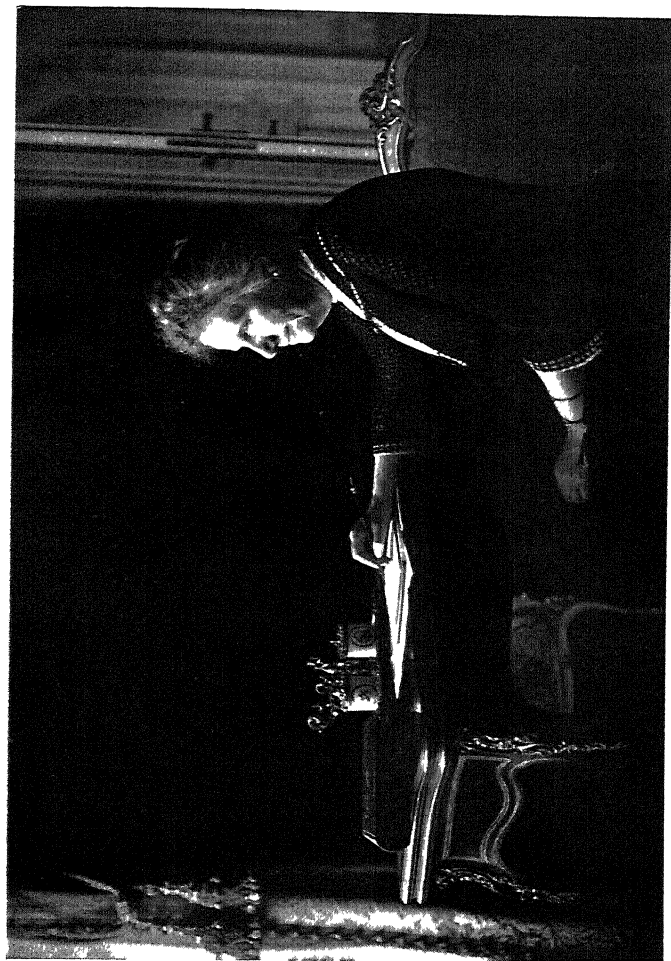
altogether at any moment, I decided to go there at once with Pilar. My father was still quite determined not to quit Munich and mother would not leave him, but promised to join us later. My Aunt Clara and Fräulein von Steinbauer her lady-in-waiting remained with them, and throughout all this trying time stoutly refused to budge an inch.

On the eighth of April at five o'clock in the morning Pilar and I went to the Hauptbahnhof. Red patrols peered in at us suspiciously when our motor was held up by traffic. At the station we were obliged to pass through all sorts of barriers, and felt greatly relieved when at last we sat in the train. In the afternoon we arrived at the Panorama Hotel in the Schönaau near Berchtesgaden where we had arranged to meet my future bride and her mother. She telephoned from Vienna that she did not think they would let her cross the frontier but, two days later, they arrived quite safely. However, we had no peace thinking of the family in Munich and feared moreover that my mother would not leave in time. We were therefore delighted when she arrived on Palm Sunday ¹ at Berchtesgaden, having travelled by the last train out of Munich. For some days after this all railway traffic ceased. We would have been quite happy but for our anxiety about my father, Aunt Clara, Uncle Alfons and his wife and children, and the Duchessa di Calabria and her five children.

My mother and her future daughter-in-law quickly understood one another very well: "If you are both happy," she said, "you can let things come as they like," and time has proved her right.

By the end of April the situation in Munich had again become extremely critical. White troops from the country districts were preparing to march on the capital; officers and soldiers of the old Army banded together to lead them. We heard of a battle near Dachau. In their rage the reds behaved like wild beasts, often revenging themselves on the innocent.

¹ April 13.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND IN HER STUDY

After the twelfth of April no newspapers appeared in Munich. It was quite impossible to tell true from false amongst all the contradictory rumours one heard. The news from Salzburg was equally unreliable. We felt sure that dreadful things were happening in Munich, especially in the first days of May. Perhaps by now members of our own family were amongst the hostages. The uncertainty, the hideous fears, the remorselessly unending rumours, were terrible.

At last we heard that after a ten-days' reign of terror the white troops had delivered Munich from the communists. There had been great fights in the streets and many people killed on both sides. Just before the whites had entered the capital the reds had tortured and killed ten of their hostages, mutilating the bodies so much that it was almost impossible to identify them. Amongst them were a Prince of the house of Thurn and Taxis, Countess Westarp and others. We dared not look at the telegrams on the walls ; we were prepared for the worst. Rosa and her friends were made prisoners and, later on, paid personally for this horrible outrage.

At last my father got through to us on the telephone. He told us what had taken place. It was too late for him to get away, even had he wanted to do so, as they were fighting in the Wittelsbacherplatz before our doors, and in the adjoining Odeonsplatz before the doors of the Crown Prince. Through the window he had watched the machine-guns come and clear the streets. It was a mad fight. An order had been found saying that all the Princes, members of the nobility and officers were to be instantly killed. That this did not happen was because the troops of the Government of Johann Hoffmann, and the corps of white volunteers, had arrived just in time ; the sober citizens of Munich joined them and helped. They made short work of restoring order in the capital. Many of the reds in hiding shot from concealed positions. The principal red chiefs, Levien, Mühsam and Toller, escaped ; others were shot. Many of the

whites also fell, amongst them some of my war comrades.

During Holy Week and the Easter holidays there had been a general strike. The loyalist workmen were armed and the communist troops dissolved. All motor-cars and motor-cycles were confiscated. They came for ours but left it as, thanks to our chauffeur's cleverness, they could not get it to start. Soldiers of the red cavalry took my uncle Alfons' beautiful horses but brought them back to our stables in the Wittelsbacherplatz every night. My horse was in the same stable: "We want to ride that one also," they said to Baron Redwitz. He laughed and said: "If you know how to ride, very well; just mount, and see what you can do." "Why?" they said. "Try it," answered Redwitz. They were so frightened that they left the horse alone. It was one of the quietest of the lot.

Order was eventually restored under the command of General von Möhl and Colonel von Epp assisted by many officers of the old Army; the General had been my commander when I had been at the Military Academy, and during the war he was Chief of the General Staff, on which I served for a short time.

One day when they were being conveyed from prison to stand their trial at the Law Courts the police van was seized by an infuriated crowd, Rosa and Liebknecht were dragged out, torn to pieces and their remains flung into the Iser. It was the terrible answer of the Bavarian people to the savage tyranny of the reds.

VI

On the morning of the ninth of May Augusta returned to Vienna, and my mother, Pilar and I to Munich; for part of the way we travelled together and were not unhappy because we had settled to be married in June in Salzburg. The trip to Munich was horrible. There was only one train. We were twelve

in the compartment. On arriving we at once noted that the city was much changed for the better since we last saw it. There were real soldiers in the streets—soldiers in place of armed mobs. The Prussian Guards Division, the Württembergers, and other Germans joined heartily with the Bavarians to keep order and discipline. Unfortunately we found that many of our acquaintances had been killed in the street fighting. Everybody who was able to do so had taken part in the work of deliverance. Baron Redwitz served a machine-gun; my servant assisted in the defence of the Royal Residenz; most of the officers and soldiers from outside Munich had joined the Citizen Volunteer Corps.

After all that had taken place the Government of Johann Hoffmann the ex-schoolmaster, who had been a Minister of State under Eisner, seemed to us something wonderful. We had passed through many phases since the ninth of November, 1918, each, as was inevitable, more cruel and lawless than its predecessor. Now it seemed that life in Munich might again become normal. In my Diary I find this entry under the eleventh of May:

It is incomprehensible that such fights between Germans are going on, whilst in Versailles peace conditions entailing the ruin of Germany are being dictated to us.

Such were the evil results of insidious revolutionary agitation that I envied my cousin Heinrich,¹ only son of Ludwig III.'s youngest brother Arnulf, who had fallen fighting at the head of his Bavarian Guards Regiment in Rumania in November, 1916, while the Fatherland was still united and strong.

¹ (1884-1916): The Prince's name is now amongst those of the thirty-three thousand fallen men of Munich inscribed on the noble Kriegerdenkmal or Warriors' Memorial erected in the centre of the City in which they lived.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Fate-filled Years, 1919-1929

1919

THERE had been very little time to think during the events of the last months ; the point of repose was my mother : she trusted in God and was prepared for all. For the moment it seemed as if the worst had passed. I say for the moment because she realized better than any of us that the ultimate consequences of revolution would, for everyone, be intensely disagreeable. Life had changed fundamentally. Disorder having everywhere dethroned order, one could no longer think in terms of years—but merely live from day to day. We were placed in a more difficult position than others on account of our birth. Some treated us exactly as before, and in doing so often unwittingly exposed us to unpleasantness ; others saw us as reactionaries and dangerous persons, and it was not always easy to move tactfully between these two extremes. The fall of the Mark brought beggary to everybody. For us this circumstance was particularly hard because our savings had gone, our appanages had ceased, and we could not easily find work—whereas all the old obligations for servants, dependents, pensions for former servants, or their survivors, had increased rather than diminished. It is not possible to turn old servants into the street in order to make things easier for oneself. There was the additional trouble that most people think that, whatever may have happened, Princes somehow contrive to remain rich, and must be ready and willing to help everybody. If you assert the con-

trary they laugh at you and don't believe it. Even now there are people who think we must be able to help others without end.

However, what most interested my mother for the moment were the preparations for my wedding. On the nineteenth of June Dr. Rieder, the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg, married us in his private chapel. Owing to circumstances the ceremony was of course quiet and simple. My wife's grandmother Princess Leopold of Bavaria (the Archduchess Gisela), her son Konrad, my parents, Pilar, Aunt Clara, Uncle Alfons with his wife Louise and his son Joseph Clemens, Baron Redwitz and our old friend Baron Hertling being the only persons present. We had been anxious to get to Salzburg in case something at the last moment might interfere, as people kept saying that the frontiers would be closed. My sister had all the family's presents for my wife concealed on her person, although it was strictly forbidden to bring jewels into Austria! But Pilar waited her turn for examination with such coolness that the customs officer let her pass without being searched. Instead of a wedding journey we spent some weeks on Herreninsel almost in the shadow of the unfinished Schloss Chiemsee which Ludwig II. had, as a great favour, allowed my mother to see when she was a bride. Later on my mother and Pilar paid us a visit there, and my mother became very fond of her daughter-in-law. She had even succeeded in arranging for us a nice apartment of our own in the already overcrowded Munich house.

In the end of August my mother again began to write *Impresiones de Mi Vida* and they were published from time to time in the Spanish newspaper *A.B.C.*, where the last ones had appeared just before the outbreak of the war in 1914. From these articles—giving her views and impressions at the actual time—we shall continue to quote occasionally. She was glad that war and official killing were over, but knew very well that peace, as it had been made, could not be lasting. Her conception of peace is perhaps somewhat ideal and

visionary, never likely to be realized by raw and uneducated democracies under the leadership of mere politicians. She desires that people should understand one another perfectly, building together a brotherly world utterly without envy, jealousy or distrust. Her first article after war was therefore quite naturally entitled *Paz* :

Peace ! How many years have we waited for this blessed word ! Let us not profane it by quarrelling as to who was most guilty of shattering it. The tears shed on both sides and the torrents of blood wash away many sins. God alone can be the judge. When He came into the world the angels promised peace on earth to men of goodwill. Let us have at last goodwill and clasp one another by the hand. There is so much sorrow to soften. . . . For us mothers who have our sons safely back again after great perils it is comparatively easy ; but for those who have lost their loved ones it is difficult : we will respect their still bleeding wounds. . . .

When the Fatherland is in danger all social classes are united. One forgets " I " and there remains only " We." Sorrow and death carry us to unlimited regions where we all feel only as children of God. As, in this spirit, even our enemies lose that ugly name, I would like to recall one terrible incident illustrating this truth. A mixed convoy of French and German wounded was brought into my husband's hospital in Munich. After Ludwig had dressed a sleeping-car conductor it was the turn of a peasant of the mountains. Suddenly I heard from a stretcher beside me in French the desperate cry screamed out on all battle-fields in every language : "*Maman.*" My heart began beating violently and I felt that those eyes glaring at me so rigidly thought they saw in me the mother they longed for so ardently. I spoke to him in his own tongue such consoling words as I would have wished that another mother would have used to my son in a similar situation. I don't know if he understood me. How could I find out who he was ? A little further on my daughter was just handing to a Gascon a fresh lemon, so I asked him who his *Kamarad* was. He did not know ; the man had been delirious from the beginning, and, as he had constantly prayed aloud in Latin, he supposed he was a priest. In the first moment I thought the speaker was joking because the crying man wore the uniform of a simple soldier. When later I heard that our Emperor had

ordered that French Priests with the rank of a simple soldier were to be treated as officers, I understood that perhaps the Gascon was right. But I could not learn more. . . .

How often must I think about all those French mothers who will never see their sons again. They were buried in Germany honourably and with the ministrations of the Church. If one of their mothers should come to any of our churchyards on All Souls' Day they would find their sons' graves, like the graves of our own, covered with flowers. In East Prussia, which suffered so much from the invasion of the Russians, children who are too young to understand hate are given the task of decorating the tombs of those enemies who died as prisoners. But I must stop—I had charged myself not to speak of the past.

Though only a casual visitor like everyone else I am sitting as in former peaceful times on a bench in the Park of Nymphenburg listening to the singing of the birds. As in former time? Not completely. In this Schloss in which we lived for thirty-six years, where our children were born, strangers are living now. . . .

I like looking at the children playing in the streets. The other day I heard some of them speaking of their postage-stamp collections. They were just disputing about some Spanish stamps in their albums bearing the head of a woman—of a Queen. I was tempted to tell them that the woman was my mother, but I did not want to frighten them. They would have taken me for a lunatic or a ghost from another world.

My life has entered a new and, for a mother's heart, a wonderful phase. My son Adalbert has married his cousin who fits very well to us. The fundamental ground of his choice was good—the heart. I will speak often of my son's wife. To-day I only wanted to break the long silence.

II

1920

Let us begin the year with the great joy of my mother—she who has experienced so many sorrows without bitterness or disillusion: she expected a new grand-child in August. Of course she was already three

times a grandmother, but her grandchildren in Spain were far away. Now she would have a baby in her house growing up under her eyes. This prospect made her supremely happy. She prepared the nursery, knitting very small clothing. She whispered with my wife and when I came into the room I was told, quite correctly, that I did not understand such things. But we have still time before August to let my mother tell of our visit to King Ludwig III. :

The King had asked us to spend a day with him in the Castle of Wildenwart. He wished to see us again after his return from Switzerland, and to give a present to the granddaughter of his brother, now the wife of my son Adalbert. We started on a splendid day in May ; as I now live in town I appreciate the country more than ever. Moreover, I understand a lot of things strange to me formerly : life has become for me much more interesting ; everything, however small, more precious. . . .

The King with his snow-white beard and his sad expression is in my eyes more majestic than he was formerly in full uniform covered with crosses and seated on a throne. He himself showed us through the house. The rooms of the Queen are untouched. On the walls are portraits of her numerous ancestors of the House of Austria-Este. Just as the largest sums of money cannot buy the traditions of centuries, revolutions cannot destroy them. To me those portraits were all old friends. Some of them I had seen in my youth in the room of the Queen-Mother Cristina, the stepsister of the Bavarian Queen. How often had I admired the portrait of their mother the delightful Archduchess Elisabeth !

The old Castle of Wildenwart with its moat converted into a flower garden is in itself a symbol of ancient traditions. The old lady-in-waiting, Countess Dürkheim-Montmartin, makes in spite of her ninety-four years a court reverence exactly as she did formerly in the Throne room. She began life as a lady-in-waiting to the King's mother, a Princess of Tuscany, and will stay at Wildenwart until her end : " Why did not God call me instead of my Queen ? " said the poor thing ; " I am only a burden and useless, blind and deaf as I am." This frail old lady-in-waiting is a page from the book of history. Just such another page, is a medal on the Queen's table, the head of Charles I. of England. The King told us that the Scottish

Jacobites had sent it to his wife because for them she was the legitimate head of the Royal House of Stuart.¹ . . .

As we returned from a walk the bells of the Chapel in the castle rang for the May-devotion and the children of the village came barefooted across the bridge to be present. Formerly it was a drawbridge to shut off the master of the castle from those outside, but long ago it became an open gateway—open to all. The children gave their hands to the master of the castle and he smiled on them with friendship.

This was my last picture of Wildenwart and of our venerable King as the carriage drove away. . . .

The day of the Assumption, the fifteenth of August, our first son came into the world. My mother will herself tell of her happiness :

From time to time one must write something personal—my conscience tells me—because the Spaniards desire to know what is happening around me. It is difficult to put my feelings into words. If you could see me going on tiptoe, or whispering very low, whilst I open the curtains of a cradle you would understand what I cannot explain. And it is our historic family cradle given by my mother Queen Ysabel to my mother-in-law when my husband was born in the Palace of Madrid. In it slept one after the other my own children, and later those of my son Fernando when they came to Nymphenburg to see us. Now there is a charming new baby, the first son of my son Adalbert. The little one is sleeping very quietly on the soft pillows. The embroideries remind me of Spanish convents, where nuns entwined each stitch with prayers and good wishes. The child was christened Konstantine Leopold in remembrance of the cross which the great Konstantine saw in the sky : he must learn from the beginning that only under that sign can one be victorious. Leopold he is called because my daughter-in-law wished her grandfather to be the godfather ; her uncle Prince Georg baptized him : it was his first christening. It was a solemn moment as the young Priest begged his father, the old General-Field-Marshal, during the baptism to say the Credo, which he did in the martial tone of a

¹ Henriette d. of Charles I. of England m. Philippe I. Duc d'Orléans ; their d. Anne Marie m. Amadeus I. of Sardinia ; his g.-g.-g.d. Marie Beatrice (1780-1840) m. Francis IV. of Austria-Este, Duke of Modena ; their g.d. Marie Theresa (1849-1919) m. Ludwig III. King of Bavaria : 1845-1921.

veteran. I saw in spirit Konstantine's cross gleaming in the sky.

Sometimes I think that the recent past was only a nightmare. Unfortunately a very long time must elapse before all traces of the terrible tragedy of the war can be wiped away. When I enjoy family life I must think of those who have not yet returned home. . . .

God grant that soon there will be in all families smiling faces and occupied cradles as in my own.

In spite of her joy in her new grandchild my mother was longing to see her elder son. She was of course in correspondence with him during the war, but on account of the many difficulties in communication only comparatively few letters went to and fro. She had proposed going to Madrid during the autumn of 1920, but had to abandon the idea as King Alfonso sent Fernando on a long official journey to South America :

THE INFANTE FERNANDO MARÍA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *July 7, 1920.*

. . . I have not written for a long time because I had not arranged my summer plans and did not wish to give you hopes that I might be unable to fulfil. I am facing a big job. The King is sending me to Chile as his representative and that of Spain on the occasion of the centenary of Magellan. . . . In many ways I enjoy the prospect of this trip ; on the other hand I dislike the idea of being separated for so long from Luisa and the children. . . .

Before Fernando's journey took place my mother wrote an article for a Chilean paper entitled *A Greeting from Mother Spain* :

In Chile people speak of Mother Spain, do they not ? Language and faith are links that political events cannot sever. Spain lost her supremacy in South America, but mother she remains. Even when children become emancipated their mother continues watching their steps with the same loving interest as before ; with them she suffers ; with them has joy. The anniversary of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the Straits of Magellan gives Spain an opportunity of sending an Ambassador Extraordinary to Chile. And whom has the

King selected for the honour of conveying to Spanish South America the greetings of Spain? My son Fernando. Do you understand how proud I am? In spite of my suffering in unhappy Germany, and of living far from the land of my birth, I have Spain ever in my heart: I feel its warmth in my blood, and its high traditions inspire me and give me endurance to accept all reverses, to fulfil all my duties. You also, you feel the force of the tradition: it makes your hearts beat when you see the flag which was formerly yours. I am happy that *Madre España* will greet you through the lips of my eldest son. . . .

On Christmas Eve in her *Impresiones* the grandmother speaks again to the child:

What do you want, my baby, to tell your grandmother with your happy smile? That you don't know what is happening in the world? I won't tell you anything of it because it is ugly and—now nobody can hear us—because truly it is *silly*: with a little *intelligent* goodwill there would be on the world enough room, food and work and warmth for all. Perhaps people will have fully exercised this goodwill by the time you are grown up; here and there one can see signs that such a day will come. In a few hours from now they will repeat in Church the words the angels announced in Bethlehem one thousand nine hundred and twenty years ago: Praise be to God in heaven and on earth Peace and goodwill to men. . . .

With my murmuring the child has fallen asleep and I go on musing. 1920: this date is written even by the unbelievers on their letters, documents and treaties, without their thinking how extraordinary it is that the birth of the child of a simple carpenter changed the world in such a way that the centuries are counted from that moment. . . .

I am imagining the instinctive way my grandchild will lift his arms to-morrow to the Christmas Tree with its lights and its filigree silver garlands. As he breathes in the smell of pine that fills all German houses these days he will absorb the love to his country. The more unhappy she is the more one must love her. . . .

III

1921

And now we must record two weddings in the family. On the eighth of December Konrad married in Castel

Aglie near Turin Princess Bona di Savoia, a daughter of my father's eldest sister Isabella di Genova. As a child Bona had often been at Nymphenburg with her parents and brothers and sister. Konrad is the second son of Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the Archduchess Gisela, Georg the Priest being the elder. My sister Pilar was the only one of the Adalbert family who went to the wedding. It was an interesting moment when the venerable General-Field-Marshal Prince Leopold, Commander of the German Eastern Front in the European war, met the King of Italy.

The other wedding was that of the Crown Prince Rupprecht who married as his second wife Princess Antoinette, sister of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. It took place at Schloss Hohenburg near Lengries in Bavaria and has brought him great happiness.¹

Political events at that time were not at all pleasant. One began to feel already the consequences of the unsatisfactory Peace Treaty and, one of its direct results, the undermining of the stability of the State by ultra-radical elements. We foresaw worse times ahead. I studied as hard as I could and kept resolutely apart from politics. History had always interested me, and my mother had stimulated and encouraged my natural inclination. In March I passed at Munich University my Doctor's examination in Philosophy. I wanted to prove that I was no hide-bound soldier and could take to another career when my military one had come to an untimely end. Now I could write in all peace and quietness the book on Queen Maria Anna of Neuburg which my mother had once proposed undertaking.²

In the autumn we went to Spain for the first time after the war (my brother having long since returned from South America): we found it a convenient

¹ April 7, 1921: five children have been born of this union: Prince Heinrich, Princesses Irmgard, Editha, Hilda and Gabrielle.

² Bayern, Adalbert Prinz von: *Das Ende der Habsburger in Spanien*, München, Bruckmann, 1928.

opportunity as my father and I had been invited to be witnesses at the marriage of the daughter of the Duquesa de Parcent to Prince Max Egon von Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The Duquesa was an old friend of the family, and the marriage was a happy occasion for going to Madrid after seven years of absence. So we set out : my parents, Pilar, my wife and the child and myself. It gave me a curious sensation on our way to Paris to pass through a country where I had fought during the war. We stayed a day with the Queen-Mother Cristina at San Sebastian ; and when we arrived in Madrid the King with the whole Royal family were waiting for us at the station. At the house of my brother we had all so much to tell each other that we talked half the night through.

Then followed quiet days, first in Madrid and later at Lujan. Lujan had been improved very much. Round the house there was now a very pretty garden. An old oak tree standing in it became for my mother the symbol of the place :

LUJAN, *November 1921.*

I am sitting under an oak in the garden. It is no more a dream. The soil under my feet is my very own, the blue sky and the heat of the sun prove to me that I am really in Spain. Seven years of absence is a long time. During the war, even if I could have done so, I would not have cared to go far from Munich where I could receive quickly news of my son Adalbert. But as soon as the war was over the wish to embrace after so many years my Spanish family awoke in me. A journey to Spain is not for me the caprice of a tourist ; it is something much more serious. The roots that bind me to this soil go very deep. . . . When my daughter-in-law Augusta asked to be warned the moment we approached the Spanish frontier Adalbert answered : " You need only look at Mamma, her face will tell you—and she always stands up when she crosses the river Bidasoa." . . .

During the time that I participated far from here in the sufferings of an heroic people whom the whole world was not able to destroy, many new enterprises have taken shape in Spain. The working people round about us here are very fine ; they complain that I stay too short a time with them, and their

open faces and hearty hand-clasps prove to me that they mean what they say. Our stay is of course really too short—but each minute represents years to me. I would come here all the way from Bavaria to enjoy only for one day this air and this unique light. I walked out yesterday morning with my husband, but let them send a donkey to take me home as the way is very rugged, and I must confess that I am lazy. It was a beautiful morning. My husband began to dig with some workmen to look for antiquities as there was a colony near here in the time of the Romans. Some distance off my daughter Pilar was painting, and my son Adalbert was sitting on the ground reading. My daughter-in-law Augusta was anxiously watching the tottering steps of her child. The atmosphere was full of happiness and peace. One heard the bells of the mules that were ploughing and the song of the workmen as they ploughed.

Coming home I sat on the back of a big white donkey in a kind of saddle chair artistically made in Salamanca. A young man of La Mancha with great black eyes led her, and took care of the security of her mistress as chivalrously as Don Quixote took care of his lady. I felt like a Queen on her throne and rehearsed to myself all the joys I had experienced since I came again to Spain. . . .

Yesterday, riding on my donkey I ruminated joyfully over all these things, and to-day under my oak tree I feel how happy and thankful I am.

To our peaceful country life in Spain came the news of the death of King Ludwig III. of Bavaria on the eighteenth of October at Sarvar his country seat in Hungary. We heard when it was too late to be present that the bodies of both Queen and King would be transferred to Munich and solemnly buried together in the Dom. Though Bavaria is nominally a Free State it was one of the most solemn and splendid ceremonies; the people came in great, reverent crowds and the Government publicly shared in all the demonstrations of sorrow for the dead Sovereigns, both of whom were sincerely beloved.

While my parents remained in Madrid my wife, Pilar and I made a trip to Andalusia. The Duquesa de Parcent had invited us to stay at her charming Arab house called the Casa del Rey Moro in Ronda, so we

took the opportunity of showing my wife Seville, Granada and Córdoba. As we left Granada an amusing incident happened. In a little village our engine was derailed. A distinguished-looking American gentleman was much upset because like all good Americans he was very anxious to catch the express to Córdoba and continue his tour round the world with his wife. He did not catch his pet train, but the delay gave us the opportunity of beginning a friendship with that charming couple, Mr. Carter H. Harrison and his wife Edith Ogden Harrison the celebrated authoress. When they learned who we were, he told us that he had been to school in Germany, was five times Mayor of Chicago, and had occupied that high position when the Infanta Eulalia went there to represent Spain at the World Exhibition. Our meeting was so entertaining that he almost forgot his annoyance about the railway switch being out of order since the time of Ysabel the Second (or was it since the time of Ysabel the Catholic?).

Towards the end of the year we were back in Munich and the Genovas came to pay us their first post-war visit; our town house in the Wittelsbacherplatz was much too small for so many, but we were all pleased to be together and squeezed in somehow. Many things had changed since they used to come to Nymphenburg, but the relations between our families were as good as if there had not been war between Italy and Germany. Indeed the marriage of Konrad and Bona had drawn us even more closely together. Each of us had done our duty, my cousins on the side of Italy and I on the side of Germany. There was no more to be said. My mother, describing the visit, understood that her sister-in-law Isabella was as happy to be again in Bavaria as she herself had been to return to Spain:

My sister-in-law the Duchessa di Genova is with us with her husband and children. She remarks how much good my visit to Spain has done me. When she wants to thank me for having them here I stop her by saying: "I had a beautiful

time in my country; now it is your turn in yours." She also was kept seven years far from her homeland by the cruel war. . . .

My Spanish grandchildren are well taken care of. Luisa is a second mother to them. It was a great sacrifice for me not to be able to remain in Madrid for the seventieth birthday of my sister Isabel. Seventy years are a long way in life, and in hers they were full and fruitful. You have only to mention her name in Spain and you will instantly realize the love and enthusiasm it arouses. Isabel and Madrid belong to each other: she has become a part of it and of its traditions. Isabel and Madrid are one.

IV

1922

Before the Genovas left they made my mother promise to visit them soon at Castel Aglie near Turin. She gladly did so as she wanted to be present at the Eucharistic Congress in Rome in the month of May, rightly looking upon it as an important contribution to the cause of international goodwill. She published an account of her journey from which the following is an extract: ¹

So many people attacked Germany during the war that in the end she could resist no longer. Then came hunger and the people led by foolish counsellors hoped to find salvation in revolution. Kings were dethroned. Personally nothing tragic happened to us. We were allowed to stay in our country and share the fate of our countrymen. . . . When, after five dreadful years, during which other mothers lost their sons, I saw my own come back in good health, although he had been wounded three times, I did not consider the changes in our personal and material situation so very important. The saddest thing to me was that peace although signed had not really come. . . .

When I heard that there was going to be an Eucharistic Congress in Rome I asked my husband to allow me to be

¹ *Roma Aeterna*, von Prinzessin Maria de la Paz, Infantin von Spanien. Theatinerverlag, München, 1922.

present.* So I started off with my daughter Pilar, my son Adalbert and his wife. . . . The uncomfortable journey was of no importance. One does not think of discomfort when one goes to Rome.

Pope Pius XI. gave us a private audience. Again after many years I passed through those halls that I had crossed first as a child, and then as a young mother. Much has been changed in the world, but the principles for which the Vatican stands remain eternal. In the same room where I had met Pius IX. I now met Pius XI. We knelt and kissed his hand. He invited us to sit down and said we might speak Spanish or any other language we preferred. For the first time in my life I spoke German to a Pope. That gave me a special pleasure; it also pleased the Pope who likes the language and speaks it well. He inquired with great interest about different things in our country. . . .

After the audience with the Holy Father, as is the custom, a Chamberlain dressed in red conducted us to the Cardinal Secretary of State Gasparri. He speaks Spanish fluently so I used that language. . . . Like a diagnostician he laid before us the evil situation of the whole world. At that moment the worst feature was the famine in Russia. The Pope has sent them four trains laden with provisions, and also money to different parts of that vast country; for Rome there are no partialities as one is sometimes told; she helps where the necessities are greatest. . . .

Three days later Rome was full of excitement, not alone because the Pope was receiving on that day the members of the Eucharistic Congress in the Belvedere Court of the Vatican, but also because it was the anniversary of the declaration of war¹ by Italy, and there were all kinds of scenes in the streets. There were strikes. We heard for the first time the word "fascists." It was said they would change Italy—we could not imagine how. Some shots were exchanged between fascists and communists. In consequence of the turmoil we arrived late at the Belvedere, but were in good time for the ceremony of bestowing the Papal blessing. This is how my mother saw it:

¹ Italy declared war against Austria on May 23, 1915; the next day Germany severed Diplomatic relations with Italy.

Surrounded by cardinals, bishops, and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world, the white figure of the Pope stood on a podium. He pronounced the words that I longed more than anything to hear from his lips: "Peace, desired of all men, which the world cannot give, the peace that can only come from God." . . .

The next day from the tribune of the Princes we participated in the High Mass said by the Pope himself in St. Peter's:

The long rows of Bishops of all countries in their white copes and mitres inspired respect. Silver trumpets announced the approach of the Holy Father. He was borne on the Sedia Gestatoria through the multitude whom he blessed as he passed along. As the tribune of the Princes was near the High Altar we could see and hear everything very well. . . .

The Congress ended on the twenty-eighth of May with an enormous procession which we watched from the windows of the Palazzo Brancacci. As we did so we got the feeling that a great, swelling political movement was under way in Italy. The fascists, they said, would renew the ancient Roman glories.

My mother visited the Queen-Mother at the Palazzo Margherita after the Congress was over. They had, as we know, kept up a lively correspondence for years, but naturally it had been interrupted during the war. The last time they had seen each other was in Turin while King Umberto still lived. We were received most graciously and the pleasure of the Queen and my mother at the meeting was most sincere. Queen Margherita was greatly interested in events in Germany, especially asking for details of the revolution; but the conversation was more or less on family affairs. My mother thought it was still too soon after the war to pay a visit to the King, especially as I was with her. The Queen began to laugh and reminded her that since the war Konrad had married Bona; she immediately sent word to her son announcing a visit from us. When we told the hired chauffeur to drive us to the Villa Savoia he was at first much astonished and

when he got there did not dare to enter the park ; only when the porter made him signs to do so did he venture to approach the house. We found that life in the villa was very simple and did not see a chamberlain nor a lady-in-waiting. The Italian Sovereigns were most amiable and we talked of many things, including the fascists ; the King was very prudent, but one could see they were not quite antipathetic to him. As the King conducted my mother to the waiting motor and handed her into it the frightened chauffeur looked as if he could hardly believe his ears and eyes !

V

1923

The situation in Germany became every day worse. The "inflation" mounted wildly. In the beginning of the year one Dollar was equivalent to eleven thousand Marks. Besides that there was great political tension on account of the Ruhr Occupation and the Reparations. No wonder people looked excitedly and anxiously towards the future. My mother specially admired the German people because in spite of all preoccupations and poverty interest in art and science went on much as usual :

On the twenty-third of April, 1616, two immortal poets left this world, the one in Spain and the other in England—Cervantes and Shakespeare. As the Gregorian calendar was not yet introduced into England the dates do not accord. But the almanacs in Madrid and Stratford-on-Avon now mark the twenty-third of April as the day when the eyes of both were closed. I don't know whether people in their own countries have arranged to honour this day ; I only know that in this poor, humiliated and persecuted Germany there stood on the play-bill in Munich *The Comedy of Errors* by Shakespeare, and *El Teatro de Maravillas* of Cervantes. *This people is really to be admired*, I exclaimed. It bows even in these circumstances before the shrines of genius, not knowing whether there is enough money to buy bread for to-morrow. The theatre

was full. Naturally I was there. How could I be absent when the great Spanish poet was being celebrated !

Soon after this my mother was in a position to write an account of the birth of my second son Alexander who was so tactful as to appear on the anniversary of our wedding. Dr. Faulhaber, Cardinal Archbishop of Munich and Freising, baptized him in the Chapel of the Clinic where he was born in the presence of the whole family.

In the autumn my mother again went to Spain, my father, Pilar, my wife, Konstantine and I accompanying her, and the new-born baby of course remaining in Munich. It would have been too tiring for him, especially because this time we went by sea. It was a change, and enabled us to avoid passing through France during the Occupation of the Ruhr :

I am on board the beautiful steamer *Cap Polonio* on a trip to Spain with my husband, my children and grandchild. . . . We don't regret having chosen to travel by sea. . . . We have passed through the Channel and have seen from afar the white cliffs of the English coast : I could also recognize those of France. How far away seems that age of eternal childlike pleasure when we passed our holidays in summer with my mother on the strand of Normandy. And to think that we were there at the beginning of the Franco-German War of 1870 ! How fate has changed. Such is life. Peoples and nations go up and down as the waves are doing before my eyes. . . .

From time to time the Captain said to me : " Bad news from Madrid," and showed us some radiograms. It was to the effect that a revolution was threatened in Spain. However, as it turned out, the King by accepting the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, averted the catastrophe. At La Coruña the Authorities received us. Of course we paid a visit to Santiago de Compostella, where lies the great patron saint of Spain. His name alone fills glorious pages of this land's history. . . . How delightful for me to wake in Comillas ! Here I have spent unforgettable days in my youth. . . . Nearly half a century has passed since then. I have lived through historic catastrophes, but here in an interior and spiritual sense nothing has changed. . . . The pure and healthy air

of Comillas gives me courage to help and console on my return to the German Fatherland the many unhappy people who are awaiting me there. I go to Mass to the same church where I have been with my mother and brother. . . . A great pleasure awaited me on my arrival in Madrid. The King had invited us all to luncheon, and my eldest grandson Luis, now aged seventeen, proudly appeared for the first time in the uniform of the Pioneers, the Regiment that was so splendidly true and loyal to my mother in 1868, and for which she always had a warm admiration and affection.

My son Fernando and his wife visited us at Lujan. Then I went to him in Madrid with my husband and the little Konstantine, while Pilar, Adalbert and Augusta made a motor trip to Valencia, and from there to Barcelona and Mallorca.

I don't believe that many people have such a pleasant life in their old age as I have. . . .

VI

1924

There had been many changes in Germany while we were in Spain. We won't mention political events. An end had been put to the difficulty of counting by milliards. The Mark had been stabilized—one gold Mark to one billion paper Marks! Now even the most optimistic of foreign arithmeticians could hardly fail to recognize that Germany was ruined and everybody reduced to poverty. With one stroke of the pen all one had saved in pre-war years was lost. My mother was much less concerned about the matter than the rest of us. She said philosophically that the material part of life was not the most important, and that one must at all costs hold on to courage.

What did affect her very deeply about this time was a telegram from Rome announcing the death of the Duchessa di Genova,¹ whom, happily, we had visited in Turin on our way home from Spain: she was good, beautiful and charming, deeply beloved and happy in her home life, precious to the hearts of the Italian people.

¹ February 26, 1924.

When I reflected a short time ago how happy we all were while with my sister-in-law at Aglié, the idea that her days were numbered never came into my head. No doubt we followed an inspiration of our hearts by making a detour by Turin on our return from Spain solely in order to see her. In spite of the great cold in the end of December in Piedmont she walked every day with us in the huge park, and was glad that it reminded us, as it always did her, of the park of Nymphenburg where she was born. We spoke about her unforgettable youthful remembrances of the Bavarian Fatherland. We made an excursion in an open motor-car, wrapped in furs and rugs, through this picturesque country admiring the snow-clad Alps. I see her before me as on the last evening of the year we sat by a crackling fire in her immense *salon*. According to German custom we had the traditional punch and, while sipping it, made all kinds of plans to meet oftener in the future. She asked us to come back in the spring when the gardens would be full of flowers ; then she would spend summer with us in Bavaria.

Soon after we left her Isabella's sister-in-law Queen Margherita invited her to stay in her house in Rome, so that her daughters might dance and amuse themselves, and she herself have a little change. One evening to avoid spoiling her youngest daughter's pleasure, she did not say that she did not feel very well and went to a ball while suffering from fever. The next day she had pneumonia. She knew at once how serious it was, called for the priest, and asked for the Extreme Unction. Till the end she was completely conscious. It gave her great happiness and consolation that the Pope sent her his blessing. I remember her telling me during a walk how she had once gone to St. Peter's incognito on a Feast day to see Pope Pius X. ; as a Princess of Savoja she was not allowed to enter the Vatican officially. The Pope, however, knew she was in the Cathedral and, as he passed near by, he with true Christian charity, stopped and blessed her. . . . Queen Margherita herself accompanied Isabella's body to La Superga, the crypt of the Princes of the House of Savoja near Turin.

That summer we went back to Nymphenburg for the first time since the Revolution. It was part of the arrangement between the House of Wittelsbach and the Bavarian Government that the family retained the

right to live in the Schloss : my father was always longing for his beloved country home and my mother was glad that this wish of his could now be fulfilled. Since then we have lived there regularly in summer ; as it has no central heating to live there in winter without great fires and a large number of servants (as we did before the war) would now be quite impossible. Naturally it is not the same as before. Because of the housing shortage the smaller rooms in the outlying wings of the Schloss are still occupied by strangers ; our former stables and coach-houses are garages and workshops. One cannot any longer move about freely and undisturbed ; but the park and the air remain the same and, although the park is open to everyone, with some imagination one can forget many things. Indeed, we are happy to think that our old Palace plays a part in relieving the post-war housing shortage.

And now, for the first time in this book, we make a trip to London. My mother, accompanied by Pilar and Miss Delaney, wished to participate in a Peace Congress, and, at the last moment, I joined the party because I wanted to see the Wembley Exhibition. The crossing from Calais to Dover was a little rough, but as a recompense our sojourn in the hospitable house of our American friends Professor and Mrs. Paul Larwill was delightful. Mrs. Larwill is my mother's godchild. My mother has described in her *Impresiones* our visit to the cemetery in Dartford, Kent, where Karl Krembs my aide-de-camp lies buried :

September 1924.

Here I am in London with Adalbert and Pilar admiring this wonderful capital. I am equally interested in its historic associations and modern developments. Our host takes me everywhere in his car. The other day my son said he would like to visit the grave of his aide-de-camp, or rather one should say, his friend and comrade Captain Karl Krembs who fell seriously wounded into the hands of the British Army and died in an English Hospital after terrible suffering.

When war broke out all aides-de-camp left their Princes. There was no more etiquette ; each soldier returned to his

regiment to participate in defending the Fatherland. . . . After war broke out we hardly saw poor Krembs.

One day in the spring of 1917 his young wife came to me quite broken down and showed me a letter stating that her husband was wounded and taken prisoner by the English. From time to time he sent her some encouraging lines saying that he was well treated ; finally, a letter from the Hospital told her that he had died : " He was a perfect gentleman "—the kind Doctor wrote—and that is quite true ; Krembs *was* a perfect gentleman.

Before we left Munich my daughter had asked his mother—his wife is not alive now—for the name of the cemetery. On one of those sad, English autumn days we drove there. At the entrance my son had to write his name : " Prince Adalbert of Bavaria," said the man aloud, and disappeared into the porter's lodge. Soon another man came, a former " Tommy," and asked for the name and number of the grave we wished to see. We don't know the number, we answered ; but we begged him to let us search. " There are very many German graves," he said with a sad expression. Then he conducted us inside. There were indeed many. We distributed ourselves amongst the different rows and began to search one tomb after the other with the assistance of our guide. My daughter found it. We knelt in silence.

After a while Pilar asked the " Tommy " if she might take a snap-shot of the tomb for the mother of its occupant. " One moment," he said and ran away, coming back carrying a fir wreath tied with the black white and red colours of the old Germany. A young German girl had brought it the day before for the tomb of her bridegroom. For a short time he would borrow it so that Krembs's mother should not see her son's grave flowerless. " This wreath comes from Germany," he said, arranging it nicely. After the photograph was taken he returned it quickly to its place. It seemed to me as if the charitable hand of the Englishman had evoked over a German grave the sweet perfume of German fir-woods.

We left the cemetery with a feeling of real peace.

VII

1925-1929

Those five years we can group together. My mother went to Spain nearly every year but did not write

many of her *Impresiones*, dedicating herself entirely to her family and suffering country. In Germany life became more and more difficult and distressing, whilst in Spain she found certain consolations. She could remark progress in many directions. Under Primo de Rivera the people were working much harder than formerly; especially valuable was the repair of the roads. Railway communications improved daily, and modern hotels were being built in the different towns. Primo had recognized that it was necessary to give foreigners better travelling accommodation and conditions if Spain was to compete with other countries. The successes he achieved proved that he was right. Above all it pleased my mother that Primo was building new schools, literally by the hundred.

In summer, 1926, my mother went to France with my wife to be present at a Peace Congress at Bierville not far from Paris, and they both stayed with Aunt Eulalia in Auteuil. From the Congress she rushed for a few days with my wife to San Sebastian where the whole Spanish Royal family was congregated.

In April, 1927, we were all in Madrid and were invited to lunch by Primo de Rivera. He was still at the summit of his power and in the best of humour. He asked my mother why she had not written any of her *Impresiones* for such a long time. "Because I am afraid of you and your censorship; you know I am not always of your ideas." He laughed at this frank answer, saying she must go on writing; the Spaniards missed the *Impresiones* of the Infanta Paz. Of course we had met Primo several times before, but only on official occasions. This time we could converse with him privately. We found him *simpatico*, and he had not lost anything of his frank manner during his close contact with the Court. He was of an open character and was not afraid to express himself quite plainly, even if his opinions gave offence in Court circles. The King liked his honest blunt manners, but many of the politicians and courtiers were offended by it, and it was of course hateful to

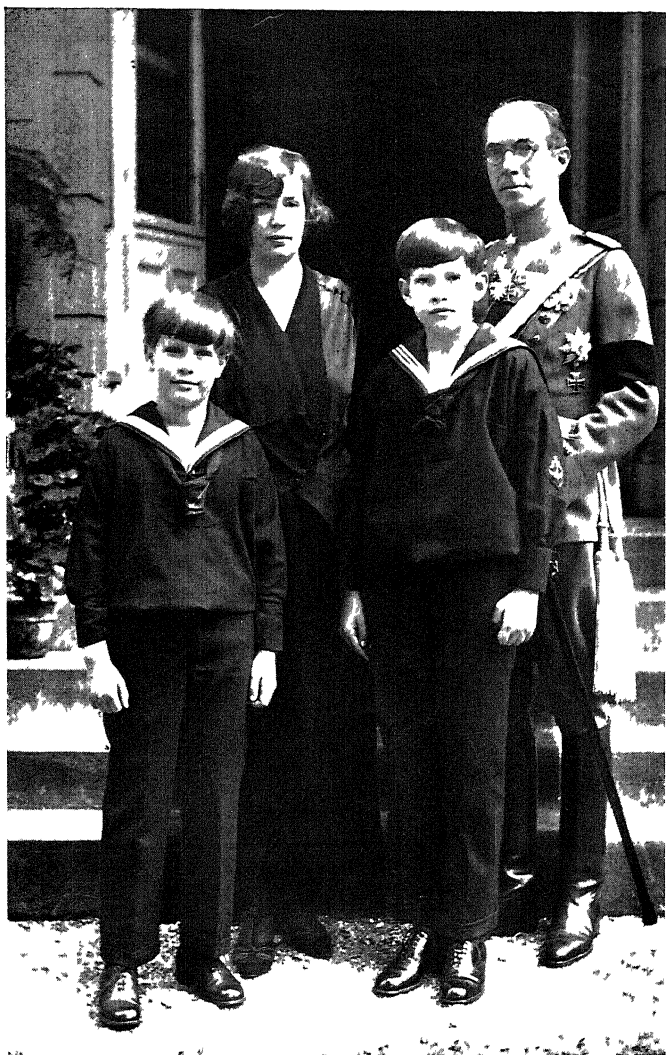
the demagogues to whom flattery is the breath of life.

Whilst my parents went to Lujan my wife, sister and myself made a trip to Seville for Semana Santa and the *Fería*. There we met the King of Sweden. The Spanish Court was in residence in the Alcázar where the Prince of Wales and his brother George were guests of King Alfonso XIII. and Queen Ena. Both the Princes were very polite and attentive to us, treating us exactly as if the Head of our House were still on the Bavarian Throne, and we all found them charming.

During our customary summer stay in Nymphenburg my mother received a letter which gave her a great and pleasant surprise. Count Güell, nephew of the Marqués de Comillas, wrote telling her that known and unknown friends of hers in the Province of Santander had purchased by subscription and wished to present to her a completely furnished and restored old house in Santillana del Mar, so that she could spend there some weeks every year. An official letter from the Alcalde would follow. The Comillas family knew well how from her girlhood my mother had loved Santillana, and what memories the village held for her. She was deeply touched and pleased by this delicate attention. In October she went there with Pilar to see the house and thank the donors :

Once I described in this Review ¹ a journey seated on a mattress in an ox-cart which was one of the quaintest remembrances of my life. How often in sad days I thought of those good people . . . and of the Castle in Santillana del Mar. . . . All those memories would have appeared to me to be a dream had I not had always beside me the valuable illuminated missal of the fifteenth century which the generous Carlist owner of the Castle had presented to me as a souvenir. Will the people of that part of Spain have forgotten me after so many years, I often asked myself sadly? They had not. Now, as times have changed, my compatriots on the other side of the Pyrenees bethought themselves that I am not so

¹ *Deutsche Illustrierte Rundschau*, München, No. 8, 1928.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ADALBERT OF BAVARIA AND THEIR
TWO CHILDREN, PRINCE KONSTANTINE (R) AND PRINCE
ALEXANDER (L)

well off in Bavaria as formerly. Suddenly comes a letter from the Alcalde of Santillana asking me in the name of the village and the landowners of the country if I would accept a house they had bought and arranged for me. . . .

So I came again to Santillana del Mar after fifty years. My hair has become grey, and, instead of my beloved brother, my daughter was sitting beside me in the car. In the house where I had received the lovely missal I was received by the lady who was then the little daughter of the Marqués—now like myself a grandmother. She accompanied me, as it is the custom in Spain, first of all to the Church. The marvellous Roman Colegiata with its cloister stood there unchanged. What are fifty years to stones that have survived so many centuries ! . . . After the *Te Deum* we—that is the Authorities, officers, priest, ladies, gentlemen and people—walked through the rugged mediæval streets to the lovely old house their generosity had prepared for me. The Alcalde in his speech linked the past and the present and handed me the key on a velvet cushion. I opened the door myself and entered a courtyard ; I went up the mediæval stone staircase, and all followed me to be witnesses of my joy. It is indescribable—all the house contains of art, taste and love. . . . They had thought of every detail, even of a library full of books and a balcony full of flowers.¹

During the following summer (1928) we all met in Santillana, my parents coming there from Madrid, my sister from Barcelona, and my wife and myself direct from Munich. My mother very proudly showed us her new Spanish home, and took us to all the places dear to her from girlhood and filled with recent remembrances. Now it was easy to travel rapidly by motor-car on Primo's excellent roads—in an hour we could reach Santander where the Royal family spent a part of every summer in La Magdalene the King's palace on the seashore.

That was the last time my mother saw the Queen-Mother Cristina. She died very unexpectedly on the

¹ Like everything the Princess owned in Spain it was sequestered by the republic and the Dictatorship of Señor Azaña although, in International Law, they had absolutely no right to touch the property of a German National.

sixth of February, 1929. When the wire with the news arrived my mother could scarcely believe it. A letter from my brother Fernando's wife told her details :

THE INFANTA LUISA TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW PRINCESS LUDWIG
FERDINAND

MADRID, *February 10, 1929.*

. . . You can imagine what a blow this has been to us. On Tuesday afternoon we were all at the Zarzuela theatre at a charity performance on behalf of the Red Cross. The Queen-Mother was in good spirits and was pleased. In the evening after dinner we all went to the cinema in the Palace ; she was sitting beside me and seemed in the best of health. We accompanied her afterwards, as usual, to the entrance to her rooms and she ordered us all to be there again the next morning at eleven o'clock to receive together the King and Queen of Denmark. Who could have believed that this was a good-bye for ever !

At five in the morning the telephone rang. The King's aide-de-camp reported to Fernando what had happened. Naturally we rushed immediately to the Palace : the King was quite broken down, Queen Ena and the children in despair. There is general mourning. I helped to dress her, and Fernando himself placed her in the coffin—it was the last we could do for her. I know you will all be very sad, especially Papa of whom she was particularly fond.

Luisa and Fernando came to Munich for my father's seventieth birthday ¹ at Nymphenburg. My brother intended to give him a surprise and was somewhat disappointed that we had not kept the secret. Tommaso di Genova and his children also came for this memorable day. Heaps of congratulations and proofs of kindness and thankfulness poured in quite as generously as on the occasion of my parents' silver wedding. Amidst so much love and friendship my father greatly missed his sister Isabella and his brother-in-law Count Wrba.² Such gaps cannot be filled. There were therefore no formal festivities. My father wished to remain undisturbed amongst the members

¹ October 22, 1929.

² The Count had died on Christmas Day, 1927.

of his family. My mother was especially glad to show to Luisa—it was her first visit to Bavaria—the house where Fernando had grown up, and listened with emotion while he described his childhood in Nymphenburg to his wife.

She would have liked to keep them longer with her, but Fernando felt that he had to get back to Spain where the dissatisfaction with Primo's Government had begun to take suspicious and dangerous forms, and serious signs of coming storms were daily more apparent.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Fourth Revolution : Spain, 1931

1931

THE Spanish revolution of 1931 was not so astonishing to my mother as was the German one of 1918. She had felt it coming for some time, and spoke of it to us. One cannot say exactly when it began ; but we can take the fall of Primo de Rivera in January, 1930, as the beginning of the end of this sad chapter in Spanish history. Its primary beginnings lie deeply embedded in the past of Spain and in the character of her diverse and richly gifted peoples.

From a monarchical standpoint the worst thing of all was that the politicians of the old Parliamentary system, their friends and supporters, and many of the people, could not in their own minds separate the King and Primo ; the Spaniard always thinks subjectively and while this is delightful in social intercourse and richly fruitful in poetry, literature and art, it is fatal in science and politics, where objectivity is essential. The King, admittedly to save Spain from civil war, had accepted Primo's benevolent dictatorship, and for that enforced acceptance his political enemies could not forgive him.

It was the Army that made the Dictator and ordered—there is no milder word—ordered the Sovereign to accept the Dictatorship. The Captains-General as good as told their Sovereign Master that he would refuse at his peril. The King knew only too well that this was bitterly true. In 1923 the Army and the Guardia Civil were the only organized bodies in

Spain : if they broke in the King's hand Spain was lost.

If we are to understand them we must place the events that compelled Don Alfonso XIII. unwillingly to accept the Dictatorship in their contemporary circumstances and perspective.

Primo had with great energy instituted countless reforms, put down many abuses—never a popular thing to have to do—and had won at home the applause and respect which, as a valiant and successful soldier, he had already earned in Morocco. After the Great War he had secured to Spain her rightful place in the Councils of Europe. Yet in the end his great and undeniable services to Spain availed him nothing.

In January, 1930, knowing that he had long since lost the confidence of the King, Primo sent a circular letter to all the chiefs of the Army asking them if he could still count on them ; their unitedly negative answer was not what he had expected, and the career of the man who had brilliantly and disinterestedly served Spain came ignominiously to an end.

Something had to be done at once lest anarchy intervene, and the King chose General Berenguer, the Chief of his Military Household, as Primo's temporary successor. The General had the best will, but an almost impossible task. He and the King worked together to try to reconcile internal political dissensions, recall to Spain all political exiles, and prepare the way for an early return to a parliamentary regime. Their failure to unite the country in the accomplishment of this patriotic task ensured the triumph of the small but united subversive minority. All the enemies and critics of the Government now felt themselves free to act exactly as they pleased ; Primo's enemies blamed the Sovereign for the Dictator's rise ; his friends for the Dictator's fall.¹ In short, the Spaniard, uniquely and aggressively individual, displayed to perfection his

¹ For details of what followed see *Don Alfonso XIII. : A study of Monarchy*, by Princess Pilar of Bavaria and Major Desmond Chapman-Huston. London, John Murray, 1931.

inherent incapacity for political collaboration and co-operation.

II

My mother left Munich with Pilar for Madrid early in March. Directly she arrived she went to see her sister Isabel. We already knew that she was suffering from a slight stroke of paralysis, but had not perhaps realized that on the verge of eighty the most minor illness of this nature is serious. Aunt Isabel was sitting in a chair, her head slightly bent, completely clear in her mind and full of interest in everything, but not able to move without help. Throughout her stay in Madrid my mother spent most of her time at the Calle de Quintana, read to her sister and tried to amuse her, realizing from the first moment she saw her that she would never be well again : true to her tradition and life-long habit my aunt maintained a brave front and her usual good spirits. She would say laughingly : " My head is all right, but my legs won't do what I tell them." She would smile rather wistfully when relations and friends made plans for her future. She knew. Seated amongst her treasured souvenirs of all the great musicians of her lifetime, she daily received all who came to pay their respects to her—and what a representative crowd it was ! Arriving one day my mother met coming out a group of nuns who had been there to beg, and in the *salon* found Rachel Meller the famous *chanteuse* who was amusing my aunt by recounting some spicy incidents from her rather variegated career. Naturally Aunt Isabel and my mother discussed the Spanish political situation ; both thought it very serious, although the new Ministers assured them there was no real danger.

Once again as in her youth my mother took part in all the stately Easter ceremonies at the Palace, inwardly convinced that she was too old to be likely ever to do so again. She had the inescapable premonition that it was her last visit to Spain. In this spirit she made

a pilgrimage to her beloved Lujan, but stayed only for a day or two as she wanted to be as much as possible with Aunt Isabel. Her subconscious mind, impelled by an oncoming fate, contemplated with sadness all the dear familiar spots so as to keep them graven in her remembrance. Especially to the holm-oak in the garden did she bid a long farewell. A friend of the family who accompanied my mother and sister to Lujan brought back to Madrid a sprig of rosemary from the garden and presented it to Aunt Isabel—a little attention that deeply touched her.

Queen Ena's mother, Princess Beatrice of Great Britain, had been very ill and Ena had hurriedly left Madrid for Kensington Palace. Happily, in a week or two, the Princess was sufficiently recovered to enable the Queen, accompanied by her sister-in-law Lady Carisbrooke, to return home. During her absence in England the political situation in Spain had become so seriously acute that the Queen had said: "My husband is in trouble and my place is by his side." Perhaps it was as a tribute to these brave words that the Queen on her arrival in Madrid was given a welcome so tumultuously affectionate and loyal that it was never surpassed in all her four-and-twenty years in Spain. The Spaniards are a paradoxical people, and it is almost impossible to predict how they will react to any given circumstances.

Soon after this the King also went to London to see Princess Beatrice. By the time he returned my mother and Pilar were back from Lujan and, with all the members of the Royal family then in Madrid, went at nine o'clock in the morning to the railway station to meet him. The Queen with her two daughters received from the family and officials a particularly warm welcome because it was the first public appearance of the Infanta Cristina after an operation for appendicitis. The Infante Alfonso and the Infanta Beatrice were accompanied by their eldest son Alvaro who was on Easter leave from his Engineering College in Zurich, and all three were in mourning for Alfonso's father

who had died a few weeks earlier.¹ Of course my brother Fernando and his two boys were there in uniform, and all the Royal Household.

One of the very first things King Alfonso did was to go to see Aunt Isabel and promise her a present of a new motor-car large enough for her to be moved in and out of seated in a chair. A fine horsewoman, and loving both movement and the fresh air, she insisted that it should be a very big open car, and the King laughingly protested that in such a conveyance as she desired she would look exactly like the famous statue of the goddess Cybele in her marble chariot drawn by lions in the Plaza de Castelar. Like the rest of us the King was deeply impressed by Aunt Isabel's undefeatable courage and devotion to duty. Only a week or so earlier the Argentine Ambassador had asked her for an audience. She had never forgotten that in 1910 she had the honour of being sent by King Alfonso on an official Mission to South America as the representative of Spain—nor have the South American nations. From that moment Aunt Isabel never refused to see anyone from Spanish South America. Therefore, ill though she was, she had herself correctly dressed, put on splendid jewels and all her Orders, and at an evening audience received the Argentine Envoy with that unique combination of due ceremony and warm friendliness of which she had the rare secret. It was her last act of public duty. The scrupulous fulfilment of her duties to her family, her country, personal friends and servants, and of her duties to her God and her religion, only ceased with her dying breath.

III

My mother's hours in Spain were hurrying swiftly past—winged with tragedy and loss. On the Sunday

¹ The Infante Don Antonio de Orleans y Bourbon, Duca di Galliera 1866-1930 (husband of the Infanta Eulalia), died in Paris December 1930.

night before their departure she and Pilar were present with Fernando and Luisa and their children at the customary Sunday evening family dinner party at the Palace which, as things turned out, proved to be the last but one for all of them. Next day they paid a visit of inspection to the magnificent new University City which, at the King's express wish, and largely as a result of his personal efforts, was being built just outside Madrid as a memorial of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign.

Then came for my mother one of the hardest moments in a long life which has been by no means easy. She had to say good-bye to the eldest sister who as long as she could remember anything had been to her a second mother and an ever-faithful friend and adviser. When, as a result of the first revolution she has experienced, my mother, a childish exile, accompanied distracted Queen Ysabel to Paris, the warm meeting there with her eldest sister did much to remove her feelings of woe and disaster: now the darkness of death stood between them and in that shadow she must somehow contrive to say a stout-hearted farewell. . . .

Soon after Easter the unavoidable moment came. As they passed through the grand *salon* in Fernando's house my mother could not shake off her miserable forebodings as she glanced at the lovely tapestries which had belonged to her father King Francisco and had hung on the walls at Epinay. On the way to the station they went to the Calle de Quintana. Fernando and his two sons, in uniform, his wife and many relations and friends assembled in the Royal waiting-room at the station to see them off.

On the tenth of April my mother and Pilar arrived at Munich. "It is very bad in Spain," she said to me when we met.

But events hurried on even more furiously than she had thought possible.

IV

Late on the evening of the fourteenth of April the Spanish Consul-General in Munich told me very agitatedly by telephone that a republic had been proclaimed in Spain, the King had left the country, and the Royal family was hurriedly preparing to follow. My mother was in the room when the news arrived : " I did not think it would come so soon," she said with the greatest tranquillity. Yet it was a terrible blow. She realized that in the long run it could not be good for Spain.¹ She did not know what would happen to her elder son and his family, or to her poor sister who was so ill ; she had no doubt that Aunt Isabel could not support a journey, and yet was quite sure that, whatever the cost, she would never remain in a republican Spain : she would not as a girl of eighteen ; she would not do so now as an old woman of eighty.

During the late afternoon of the following day my mother received a telegram from Major Desmond Chapman-Huston saying that he had just seen the Queen, all her children, and Lady Carisbrooke leave Escorial in safety, that they were well, and that Aunt Isabel and the others were safe and well.

That very day we heard with the utmost sorrow of the death of Tommaso di Genova. Lovely Queen Margherita's brother, as one would expect, had great charm and courtesy of manner and we all loved him. More, we admired him for his great services to Italy and the Italian Navy. Once when the Italian Squadron under his command officially visited Toulon the French Naval Commander, Admiral de Beaumont,

¹ In a lecture at the Madrid Athenæum Club Professor Unamuno, the one-time ardent Republican, evoked loud applause when he said : " The Spanish Inquisition which had accorded certain guarantees to its victims for their defence contrasted favourably with the police system under the Azaña Government." He added that as enough lay schoolmasters could not be found in Spain ecclesiastics would have to be admitted in order to teach.—*The Times*, November 29, 1932.

when toasting him said : " He is not only a Prince ; he is a sailor." He went to school in Brighton in England, and as a Harrow schoolboy he was offered the vacant throne of Ysabel II. He declined, or rather his father Ferdinando Duca di Genova declined for him, and it was accepted by his cousin Amadeo. It was curious to reflect that my father's brother-in-law might have been King of Spain, and that at the moment of his death the Spanish Crown was again in danger.

A few days later the following letter from Major Chapman-Huston reached my sister Pilar :

MADRID, 17th April 1931.

I really do not know how to write you about the horrible events of the last few days. You will see everything public in the papers ; I will try and fill in some private details. On Tuesday evening about eleven o'clock I called and saw Don Fernando, who told me that he and his family had gone to the Palace about five-thirty to say good-bye to the King. H.M. left the Palace by the Campo de Moro gate (near Don Fernando's house) at eight-forty-five. He said good-bye to the Queen and Royal Family upstairs, and to the Household at the door on the West terrace. H.M. was perfectly calm and collected, and said that to avoid bloodshed he must go.

I had tried to get into the Palace and failed. No one was allowed to go near the doors. About one a.m. I got through on the telephone (after many attempts) and asked if I could do anything for the Queen—telephone or telegraph to England perhaps. H.M. had already succeeded in getting a message through to London.

As I wired to the Infanta, I had the sad duty of seeing the Queen and Royal Family leave Escorial shortly before noon on Wednesday. H.M. deeply grieved, but composed and dignified, was wonderful, as were the young Infantas. Doña Beatrice even asked me how the book was getting on ! Such poise and courtesy ! Don Jaime was splendid and the little Don Gonzalo so quiet and dignified. The poor Prince of Asturias was far from well (he had injured himself a few days earlier while shooting). He remained in his car until the Royal coach came in, and smoked a cigarette. The Queen and Family were in the Royal waiting-room for nearly forty minutes as the train was late leaving Madrid. Although the Queen, in

order to avoid a demonstration, kept the place and time of her departure secret, a good many loyal people were there to say farewell. One was glad to see them, but they all wept too much—especially the men! I felt strongly that it was so unfair to the Queen and young Infantas. *They* set a perfect example of courage and serenity. Poor Lady Carisbrooke was, I fear, suffering, but bore up well. I helped her into the railway coach and the Queen said she must at once “put up her feet.” Indeed, H.M. thought of everything and everybody. She said to me: “My husband has not abdicated” (this with great pride). She also said I might give a message of love to the Infanta Isabel to whom she “had written a little note before she left the Palace”!

Although up all night packing, and distressed by the endless noise around the Palace the whole night long, the Queen and Infantas were looking well. I asked the Queen if I should telephone or telegraph to Princess Beatrice at Torquay. She said Yes. So I telegraphed. To telephone was impossible as I had no address. The Queen had with her the wonderful old Duquesa de San Carlos, her Mistress of the Robes, the Marqués de Bendaña, her Lord Chamberlain, the Condesa del Puerto, the Marqués de Hoyos, Alcalde of Madrid, the Duquesa de Lécera and the Marqués de Santa Cristina (grandson of La Reina Gobernadora Cristina); the Prince of Asturias had the Marqués de Camarasa, and his Doctor, Elosequi.

I went to Escorial and back with the nice little Conde de Guevara who helps de Torres.¹ When we got back to the Palace firemen with a long ladder were covering the Crown on the eastern parapet with the Republican colours. We got in with some difficulty and went up to de Torres' office which was empty and deserted. . . . For some time from the windows of the office I watched the huge, excited crowd in the Plaza de Oriente. . . . Then, nearly dead (I had not slept a wink), I came here and was having a dish of tea to pull me together when de Caux² of *The Times* came in. I told him all I could about the departure from Escorial and praised the Queen's marvellous dignity and fortitude and that of the whole Royal Family.

I then went to pay my respects to the Infanta Isabel. She

¹ The Marqués de Torres de Mendoza, Principal Private Secretary to King Alfonso.

² Mr. Ernest Grimaud de Caux, *The Times* correspondent in Madrid since April 1910.

was really pleased, I think, to see me. She kept saying: "I must get away: I must get away." I said I would gladly accompany her to Munich—the King suggested she might go there—or anywhere she liked. I then went to the Infanta Beatrice but, worn out, she was resting. . . .

Yesterday, Thursday, I saw the Infanta Beatrice. Many people were there and an agreeable Chamberlain was on duty. While I waited the Duque and Duquesa de . . . came in. Safely in the ante-room the Duquesa took out of her bag and pinned on her dress the red bow with the Queen's cypher and crown in diamonds of a Dama de la Reina. I should have admired her more had she put it on in front of her dressing-table—as she had been accustomed to do for years—and proudly worn it through the streets—or left it at home.

The Infanta Beatrice is intrepid! She declines to leave the Infanta Isabel or to budge until she is quite ready to do so. The Doctors have said it would kill the Infanta Isabel to move her now! I offered to stay here indefinitely if I could be of any use to either of the Princesses, but Doña Beatrice says it is unnecessary. In the circumstances I think I will leave here on Sunday morning (the nineteenth) for Napoule and Daisy—via Barcelona—to see Doña Maria and hear all the news from there.

This afternoon I will go again and see the Infanta Isabel.

At no time was the Queen or any member of the Royal Family in danger. Indeed the crowds, although stupidly noisy and irresponsible, were most good-tempered! They were only boys and girls—quite silly! I could hardly find a person over forty in the streets.

I hear that all the men who were in the Dictatorship have run away to Portugal. Why? This I cannot understand!

I think, dear Princess, that I have now told you everything. . . . With my most respectful greetings and deepest sympathy to the Infanta Paz, to you, and to all the members of the Royal Family. . . .

V

"Go home, get your pistols and a tooth-brush and pyjamas; you are a great strong man, and the King may need your help." These were the words of the Infanta Beatrice to her husband, spoken in the Palace amidst all the turmoil of that awful Tuesday evening

of the King's departure. Don Alfonso went. A soldier's first duty is to his Sovereign, not to his wife and children. The two elder boys Alvaro and Alonso had already returned to their engineering studies in Zurich and, as the foregoing letter shows, the Infanta Beatrice now found herself and her youngest son Ataulfo, a lad of seventeen, alone in revolutionary Madrid. Living only a few doors away in the Calle de Quintana, Beatrice, at the King's express wish, now took charge of all the necessary arrangements for Aunt Isabel's journey to Paris. Moreover, after the departure of the Queen and her daughters on the Wednesday, as she was the only available Infanta left, she continued her usual morning audiences, receiving all who came. Many did so; some openly; some—as we have seen—with an exaggerated and superfluous discretion. Except that they removed the soldiers from the guard-house of her Palace and the two sentry-boxes from before her doors, the new Government left Beatrice entirely in peace; the sentries before Aunt Isabel's house and the home of my brother Fernando were also removed.

After the Queen's departure Aunt Isabel had all her blinds pulled down and they were not raised again before she left her home for ever except once for a few minutes as the Host was borne past her doors. On the Sunday morning she worshipped for the last time in her private Chapel and afterwards received her intimate friends, high or simple; during the afternoon she said good-bye to her two faithful ladies-in-waiting, Doña Juana and Doña Margarita Bertrán de Lis y Gurowsky, to her Secretary Don Francisco Coello, her staff and her servants, nearly every one of whom were old friends who had been with her for years. Each one of them, with tears streaming down their faces, affectionately kissed her hand. Indeed, many of those around her were older and more infirm than herself. Amongst the many who came on the Sunday morning to pay their respects for the last time was a lady in by no means sumptuous black who alighted

from a taxi amongst the crowd surrounding the gateway. She openly carried across her arm a bunch of red and yellow tulips tied with broad red and yellow ribbons of old Spain—a fine contrast to the obsequious Duchess, and all the finer because every taxi in Madrid sported the red flag those days, and one poor man we knew of had to walk miles simply because he would not sit behind communist colours.

As Aunt Isabel was carried out of her house on a stretcher and placed in an ambulance she was accompanied by the Infanta Beatrice, Doña Margarita Bertrán de Lis, Dr. Varela and a Red Cross nurse. Many in the waiting crowd sobbed audibly and, weak as she was, Aunt Isabel waved her hand.

It was her farewell to Spain.

VI

On the evening of April the twenty-third a telegram came from Aunt Eulalia saying that Aunt Isabel had died in her home in Paris.

The long journey, following the revolution, was, as everyone had foreseen, too much for even her indomitable spirit; yet she had been pleased to be with her family again. The King was still at the Hôtel Meurice; the Queen and the children were already at Fontainebleau. Don Alfonso went immediately to see his aunt (who was also his godmother). They spent a long time alone together and what passed between them in that sad and sacred hour no one knows. During the night of the twenty-second the overstrained heart gave signs of collapse; at a quarter before three in the afternoon of the next day beloved Aunt Isabel fell asleep for ever.

THE INFANTA LUISA TO PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND

CIBOURE, BASSES-PYRÉNÉES, *April 24, 1931.*

. . . Till now we had no time to write. Our departure from Madrid was awfully sad. We all knew things were bad, but we did not think that the catastrophe was so near. On

Sunday the twelfth we dined as usual with the family at the Palace and remained there all the evening. One already had the impression that the elections would not turn out well. On Tuesday evening the King left and all was finished. Fernando and the children went to the Palace and said good-bye to him, and the next morning we all did the same to the Queen and children; we had difficulties in entering the Campo del Moro to do so. It is horrible; one cannot understand it. Madrid was not to be recognized, all full of red flags. The populace drove in carts and taxis through the streets acclaiming the republic. The Cuesta de la Vega before our house was full of yelling people. . . . I cannot tell how sadly we left Madrid, abandoning our home with all its dear remembrances. God knows when we shall see it again. We have passed days and hours full of emotion. . . . It is lucky that we have this small house here where we are living now, till we know what will happen to us. Fernando and his two sons have taken their leave of the Army. As soon as we had established ourselves here as well as possible we went to Paris to see the King before he left for London. We took the two boys with us. The King is very sad, and thinks only of his country. The Queen is with her daughters in Fontainebleau. We of course visited your sister Isabel. We found her unchanged but very tired. We dined with Aunt Eulalia at the Villa St. Michel. The next day we took leave of both your sisters and left Paris. Yesterday morning we returned here. As we don't know what may happen we have reduced our expenses. You, poor you, will also feel the difference. . . .

P.S.—At this moment we receive a telegram from Aunt Eulalia with the news of the death of your sister Isabel. It surprised us greatly because, when we saw her, it did not seem as if the end was so near. Dr. Varela had accompanied his patient to Paris as the King had ordered it. Poor Aunt Isabel; what must she have suffered those last days! And then the long journey; it was too much. We are most sad to have lost her, but believe it was merciful of God to have taken her out of this situation and called her to Himself.

I know how serious this loss will be to you, although you will not have been astonished as you had left her in such a state in Madrid. . . .

Some time afterwards my mother received from Aunt Isabel's maid a most welcome and deeply appre-



FAMILY GROUP TAKEN AT NYMPHENBURG ON THE SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTHDAY OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND, JUNE 23, 1932

Back row Infante José, Prince Adalbert, Infante Fernando, Infante Luis Alfonso

Seated : Princess Adalbert, Princess Pilar, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, Princess Ludwig Ferdinand, Infanta Luisa, Infanta Maria de las Mercedes
Seated on the ground : Prince Alexander and Prince Konstantine

ciated letter in which this old, devoted and faithful friend and servant described for us the last sad days. Maria, who succeeded her mother, spent her life in Aunt Isabel's service :

MADRID, 16th May 1931.

SEÑORA !

I allow myself to take the liberty of sending my heartfelt condolences to Your Royal Highness, as also to the Prince, on the death of my beloved saint and martyr, the Infanta Isabel. We always said she was a saint, and now we can say martyr also because of all she has suffered from the time we had to tell her of the national cataclysm. The first day we kept it from her. She told me to turn on the radio, and I said : " Señora, it is out of order." Every evening it was Her Highness's custom to speak over the telephone with the Palace to inquire about their Majesties, as she had not been able to go there personally for the past three months. When that night she wanted to do so I said : " Señora, the telephone does not answer." After dinner she asked for the newspapers : I said they had not been delivered. And so the day of the fourteenth passed. But early next morning I said to the Señorita Juana that we should have to prepare the Infanta somewhat, as the Infanta Beatrice had let us know that she was to come after she had taken leave of the Queen and Infantas, to break the terrible news ; so, with the permission of the Señorita Juana, when I went into my mistress's room at eight o'clock, I said to her : " Señora, the tradespeople who come from outside are bringing us bad news. I don't know what is happening, but they say the King will have to leave until the Cortes Constituyentes is elected—and they say ever so many things besides." And so we left it until ten o'clock when the Infanta Beatrice came in to my Infanta. She was sitting in her roll-chair in her bedroom when the Infanta Beatrice was announced, and to prepare her a little more, I said : " Señora, when the Infanta comes at this hour she must be bringing some bad tidings. God only knows what it may be."

The Infanta Beatrice came into the bedroom and remained alone with her Highness to tell her the terrible news.

What my Infanta must have suffered only God knows, because she was so courageous she said nothing : but it must have been horrible. Everyone said, " This will kill her ! " And it did. The Infanta Beatrice was charged by H.M. to

remain with my Infanta until she should leave. She was most kind and affectionate with her, and it was arranged that our Infanta should leave on Sunday night the nineteenth. She said : " It is only on account of my illness I am still here ; if it had not been for that I should already be gone." Only eight days before when she said farewell to Your Royal Highness and Princess Pilar she had had herself rolled in her chair to the lift, and then quickly back again through the galleries to get a last glimpse of you from the balcony—but when she got there the auto had already left and she only said : " They are gone ! "

It went to my heart to see her so sad and I did my best to cheer her. Señora, who could think then that this cataclysm would fall on us eight days later, that in thirteen days we should be in Paris, and that in the same room Your Royal Highness had occupied in the Villa St. Michel our beloved Infanta would pass away on Thursday the twenty-third at a quarter to three in the afternoon. I had the great consolation that she died in my arms after she had received absolution and Extreme Unction. Although she did not speak and had her eyes closed she knew what was going on as she made the sign of the Cross and kissed the Crucifix that we had put in her hands. After the Pope's blessing had come, she passed peacefully away as if in sleep. I forgot to tell your Royal Highness that our Infanta had confessed and received Holy Communion in her own chapel in Madrid on the ninth and seventeenth, so that although at the last the Viaticum could not be administered, it was only seven days since she had received Our Lord.

I am still in the Calle de Quintana, at Your Royal Highness's disposal, waiting for further orders. It is calamitous here. The eleventh of May was a terrible day, convents and churches burning the whole day, and we were told this house was in danger, but up to this, God be thanked, nothing has been touched.

Señora, pardon me if I have troubled Your Royal Highness with all this, but it comes from my heart.

At the Royal feet of their Royal Highnesses, and at the feet of your Royal Highness,

Your humble servant,
MARIA CUEVAS LAMAIRE.

Every line of the Madrid newspaper *A.B.C.* of April the twenty-fourth was occupied by tributes to

Aunt Isabel and full accounts of her career in all its aspects which was, in view of the recent revolution and the intimidation and suppression of the Press,¹ a proof of noble sentiment and courage. But she had no enemies. Even in the middle of the agitation and upheaval of those critical times all who had known her—that is the whole of Madrid and thousands all over Spain—showed for her their respect and sorrow. Nevertheless her most beautiful obituary was written by my mother :

Everyone respects the majesty of death. I feel as I write this a great homesickness for the past that has been buried with my sister Isabel. It seems to me as if she were imploring me to write : Tell my dear Spaniards that I may now protect them without disturbing anybody : speak to them of the last days we were together ; for of such things they will surely like to hear. So I obey her : It was an inspiration of my daughter Pilar to insist that we should both go this spring to Spain. If we had waited, as I proposed, till the month of May I should never have seen Spain nor my sister Isabel again. When I told her I was coming soon, she answered that she was now no use, she could not accompany me anywhere. As soon as I had arrived in Madrid she called me on the telephone and asked what time I was arriving at her house. She wanted to prepare me for how I should find her—not able to move, her head bent down, tied to a chair. When I did see her I tried to look cheerful and began to speak as if nothing had been changed ; but I could never deceive her. Once when I was a girl and wanted to hide from her something that was not to her way of thinking, she gave me—with that tender feeling of which so few are capable—such motherly advice that I never attempted to deceive her again. It was just the same now. When we invented something to make her believe that she was getting better she only said : “ *Comedia*.” At first she thought it might be a sacrifice for me to pass all my afternoons with her, but she soon saw that life inside the four walls

¹ This well-known independent and responsible Madrid newspaper, like hundreds of others, was suppressed by the Dictatorship of Señor Azaña from August 11 to November 30, 1932 : the day it was re-issued after one hundred and eleven days of silence over a hundred thousand copies were sold.

of her own dear sitting-room in the Calle de Quintana was much more precious to me than society gatherings or many birthdays. All the letters she got were read to her ; they came from every social class. She herself never forgot a birthday feast of any of the people she knew ; she dictated to me the titles and address of each one who had written to her. She chose prizes for races, for shooting competitions, flower shows, and charity fêtes. I can hear her ask her secretary : " Have you given to those poor people their railway ticket for Segovia ? " and smiled well pleased when he answered : " Yes, Señora, they went away very happy."

I lacked the courage to leave her when my allotted visit of two weeks was over, so my husband understandingly allowed me to stay longer. The next week was Holy Week with all the ancient religious ceremonies of the Spanish Court. Isabel insisted that I ought to take her place, and, as I had not brought any with me, lent me the dresses and jewels I needed for the various ceremonials. That gave her great pleasure, and she took care that every detail should be correct. I had to describe everything afterwards, and my observations amused her. Although I was sad to go to Court without Isabel I was glad that the King gave Pilar ¹ and myself the opportunity of taking part with Fernando and his family once again in those centuries-old traditional ceremonies. While we were all at prayer in the Chapel Royal, Isabel would follow the Services in her private Chapel. On Good Friday, dressed in mourning, she listened to the sermon in the Chapel Royal through the radio. The fulfilling of her duty was the principal thing in her life. How often had I told her in better times that when God should call her she could answer " ready." Now I avoided that subject. Yet I knew well that she looked death courageously in the face. . . .

All this now seems to me a dream. One must nevertheless keep the eyes open and face the reality. The King has given us the perfect example when he sacrificed his Crown and dynasty for his country in order to prevent a civil war. As the cruiser *Principe Alfonso* left Cartagena taking him into exile he called out : " *Viva España.*" Let us all, wherever we are, do the same.

¹ My sister was lent the necessary dresses and jewels by Aunt Eulalia's daughter-in-law, the Infanta Beatrice de Orleans y Bourbon.

VII

In the mutability of all human things only two impregnable forces remain. Love and fellowship. Love and fellowship between God and man : Love and fellowship between man and man : Mutual forgiveness for every wrong.

Misfortune and loss have, if that were possible, intensified my mother's love for her Creator, for her relatives and friends, for her two countries—for all mankind. Her nearest and dearest are more precious to her than ever, and indeed, one and all, they joyously shower love and devotion upon her. And none more so than her beloved nephew King Alfonso XIII. Now, at the New Year of 1933 we are all praying for a better, a nobler, a more peaceful, more prosperous, more love-filled world. Many greetings reach my mother, and she wants to put here, as typical of them all, the words addressed to her by her nephew ; his heart, so big and understanding, far from being embittered or hardened by sorrow, ingratitude or misfortune, is more magnanimous and forgiving than ever ; she therefore feels that his New Year message is not alone for her and Spain, but for all those who, reading this book, cherish for my mother and her family one warm or friendly thought. To each one of them, known or unknown, wherever they are, she sends forth a friendly greeting wishing them, as her nephew wishes her and Spain, the peace of God that passeth all understanding, which, overleaping all barriers of race, colour, politics or religion, unites all men and women of goodwill everywhere in the love of God and the service of mankind :

2. 1. 1933.

DEAR AUNT PAZ !

At the beginning of the New Year I wish you every kind of felicity and happiness, and God grant that our dear Spain may find the way to continue progressing and, above all, to achieve the peace she so sorely needs.

I embrace you.

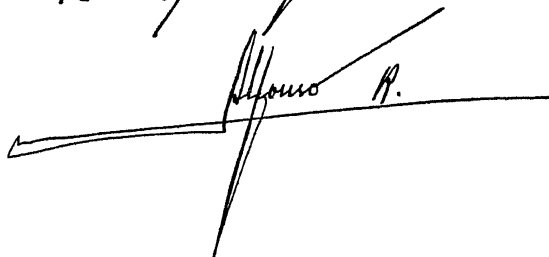
Your affectionate nephew,
ALFONSO R.

2. I. 1923.

Querida Tía Fay.!

En este año que empieza te deseo todo género
de felicidades y quiera Dios que nuestra
querida España encuentre el camino para
seguir progresando y sobre todo para tener
la paz que tanto necesita.

Te abraza tu afeto. sobrino



VIII

To sacrifice self, to control her own feelings for the sake of others is my mother's dominating characteristic. She never knew selfishness. Perhaps it was because of this that she was enabled to accept with such quietude and serenity the tragic events that took place in Bavaria and in Spain. She loves both countries as much as before, and harbours no bitterness. She has kept her own world in Bavaria, but the gates of Spain are for the moment shut against her. "The dear remembrances cannot be taken from me," she says when one has pitied her: "Other people have suffered

even more than I have." None of us has achieved such resignation. She is unchanged ; exactly the same as when she lived in the splendour of Courts ; a simple wife and mother thinking only of her country, her family, her friends, and the poor. She says most of life is imagination and what men think so important is not worth while. To see life in such a way one must be like her and refuse to build one's happiness on material things.

In all my mother's passionate love for Spain she has always felt since her marriage that she is a Bavarian, and has ever kept before her own eyes and those of her children the love of the Fatherland as a fundamental principle. During the years of the World War she felt German with all her heart : true she was glad, and said it always aloud, that Spain was not involved, and was therefore enabled by Providence under the inspiration and leadership of the King to keep alive amongst the nations the ideals of service and brotherhood : She was proud and grateful that her beloved nephew Don Alfonso XIII. initiated and carried out through five long years his marvellous work of help and healing for all prisoners and captives, for the wounded and for widows, orphans and the bereaved.

War is for her both horrible and futile : peace her greatest wish and prayer : her whole character is built on reconciliation—and her name itself is Peace.

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APPENDIX I

To Her Majesty Isabel II., Queen of Spain, Madrid.

YOUR MAJESTY :

Last Sunday Your Majesty's Fleet sailed happily into the Port of Gaeta, and yesterday it was a great consolation to me to see it, to bless it and to admire, in conjunction with His Majesty the King, the beautiful sight.

The spirit of religion displayed by the Fleet inspires me with confidence even more than does its martial valour, and I heard from the lips of the brave General Cordova that not only the arm, but also the heart, is dedicated to maintain the rights of the Holy See.

I rejoice with Your Majesty that you have in your service such troops, and I thank you for the part you take in favour of the cause of the Apostolic See, which I look upon as the cause of public order.

Receive the Apostolic Benediction which with all my heart I impart to Your Majesty and the whole Royal Family and the nation.

PIUS P. P. IX.

Dated at Gaeta, 29th May 1849.

APPENDIX II

YOUR MAJESTY :

With paternal affection I express my gratitude for the good wishes Your Majesty has sent me, and I pray that God may grant you that light which you desire, and which is so necessary in the present difficult circumstances. Praying with purity of thought and heart you may be sure of consolation, and that you will receive the spirit of counsel to augment or exclude whatever helps or impedes what is best.

The Nun¹ of whom you speak has on other occasions given grounds for much criticism. Now, I shall have Mgr. Chigi written to, as I do not remember the conditions with respect to her Community.

It will be a great consolation to me to see you here in Rome in company with His Majesty the King, and your daughters who wish to receive the Sacraments of Confirmation and Holy Communion.

I leave it to Your Majesty's judgement to decide if it would be desirable for you to meet certain personages in Rome who are making life for the Pope so hard.

With all my heart I bless Your Majesty, the King, the Prince of Asturias, your daughters, and the whole of Spain.

PRUS P. P. IX.

Given at the Vatican the *25th January* 1873.

¹ Probably Sor. Patrocino (Maria Rafaela Quiroga), b. *circa* 1809, d. 1891, famous Spanish nun and mystic.

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GENEALOGICAL CHARTS

(These charts are incomplete, showing only personages prominent in the narrative)

1. Showing the descent of Princess Ludwig Ferdinand from Carlos III. (1716-1788) King of Spain 1759-1788.
2. Showing the descent of General Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, M.D., from Maximilian Joseph I. (1756-1825): Elector, 1799-1805; King, 1805-1825.
3. Showing the connection of the Bourbons of Spain and of Naples and the Two Sicilies since 1777.
4. Showing the descent of the Carlist Pretenders from Carlos III. of Spain.

CHART NO. 1

SHOWING THE DESCENT OF PRINCESS LUDWIG FERDINAND FROM CARLOS III OF SPAIN

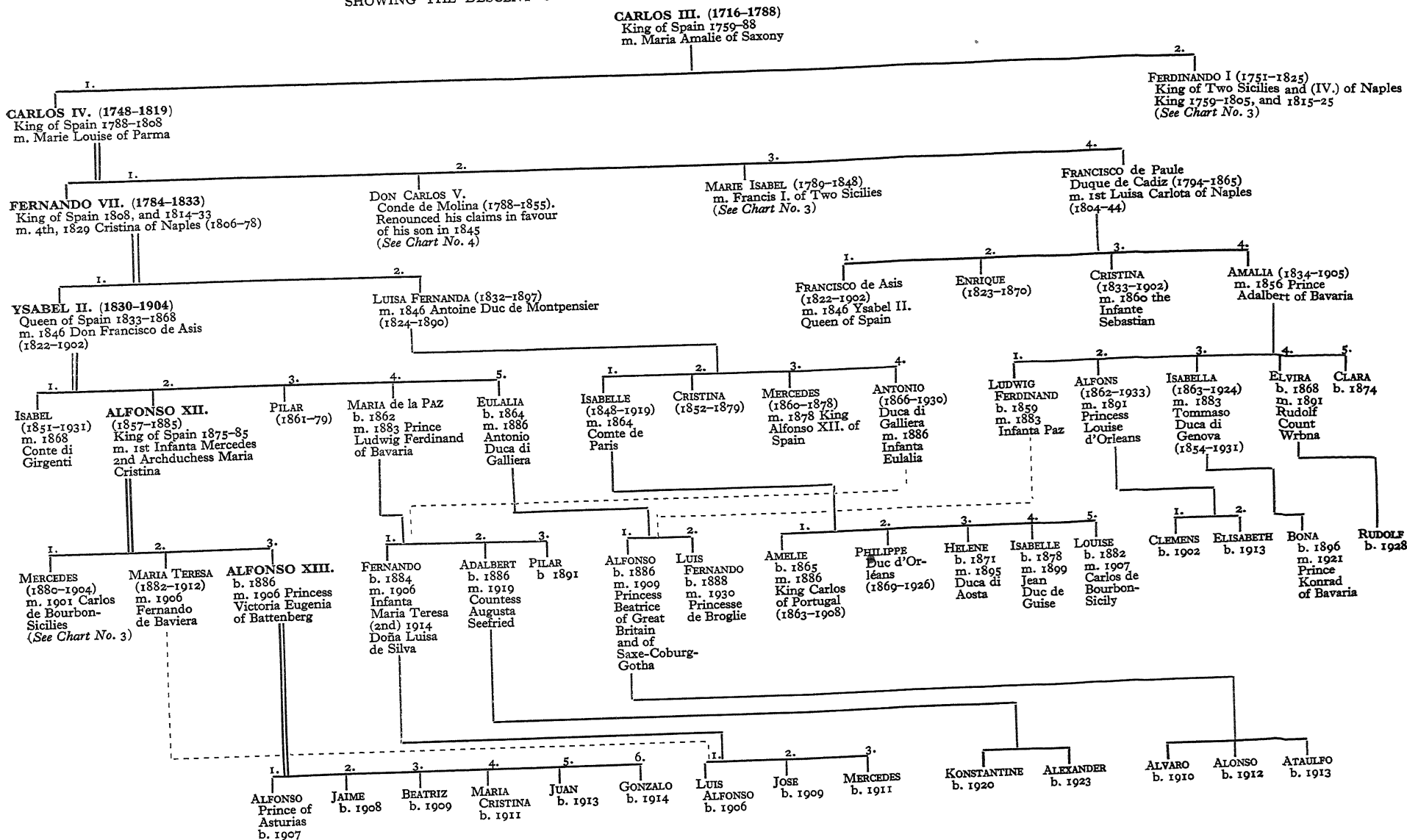


CHART NO. 2
SHOWING THE DESCENT OF PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA FROM MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH I. (1756-1825)

(The Ducal Line)
PIUS (1786-1837)
Duke in Bavaria

MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH I. (1756-1825)
Elector of Bavaria 1799-1805 : King 1805-25
m. 1st Wilhelmina of Hesse Darmstadt (d. 1796)
and Karolina of Baden (d. 1841)

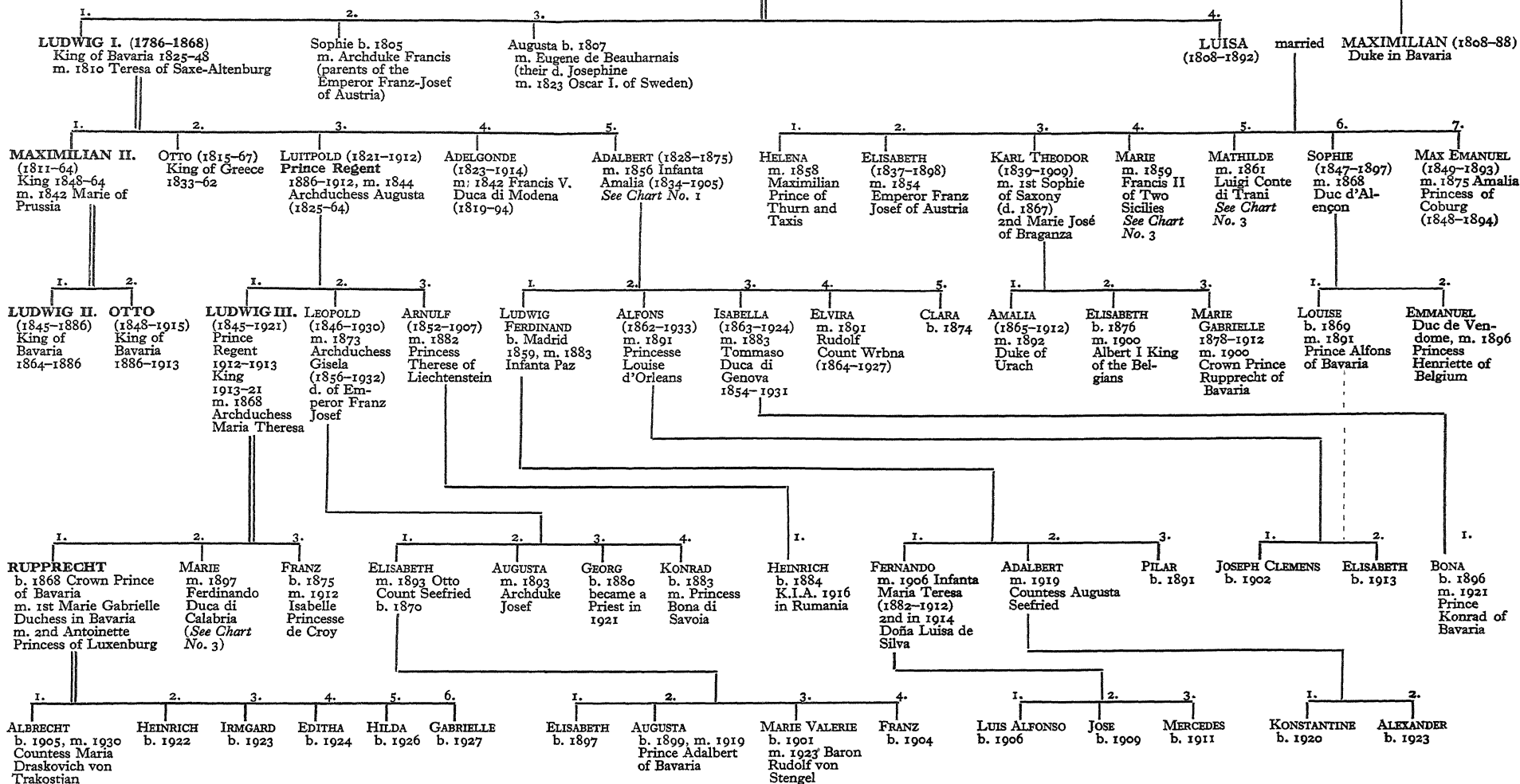


CHART NO. 3

SHOWING THE CONNECTION OF THE SPANISH BOURBONS WITH THOSE OF NAPLES AND THE TWO SICILIES

CARLOS III. (1716-1788)
King of Spain 1759-88
m. Maria Amalie of Saxony

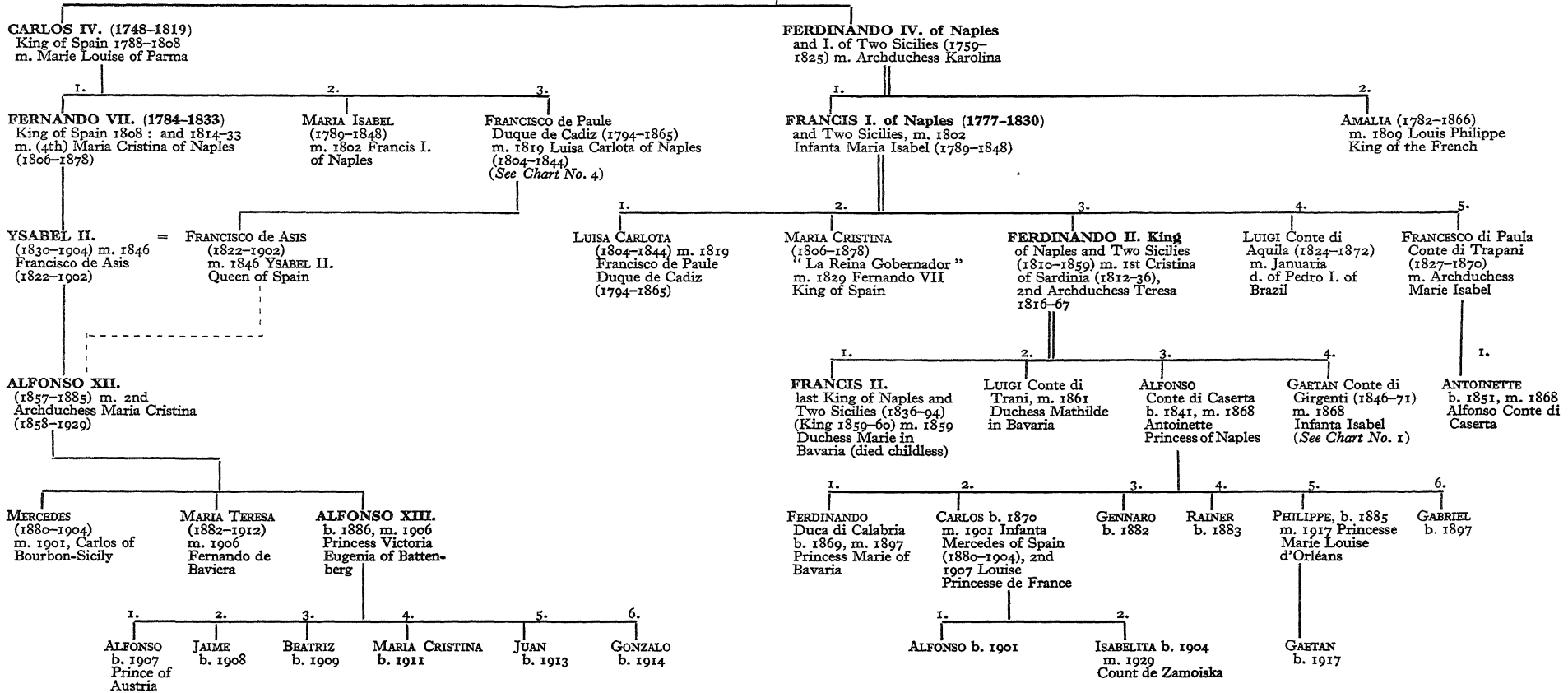
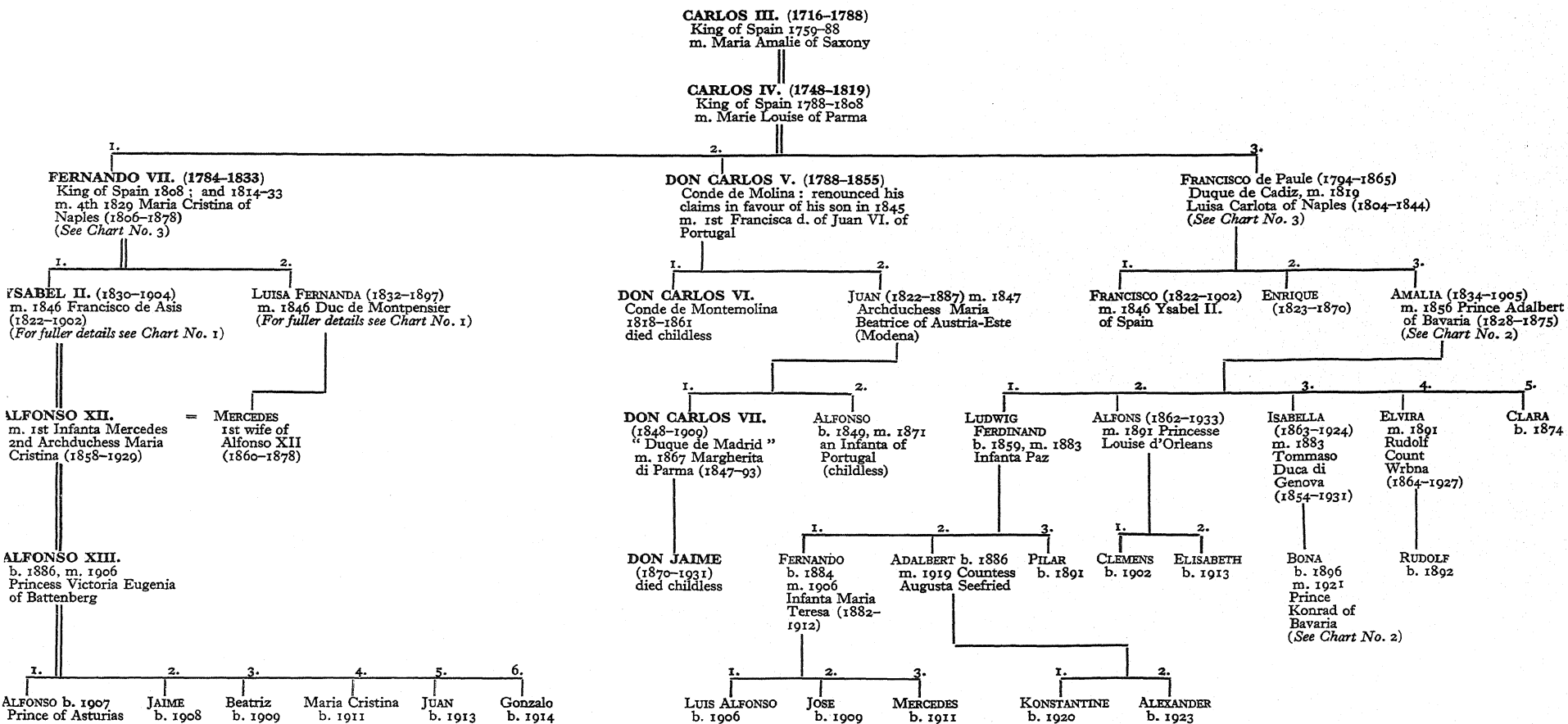


CHART NO. 4
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